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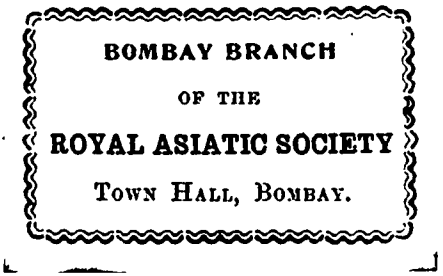

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MISSION-LIFE

AMONG THE ZULU-KAFIRS.

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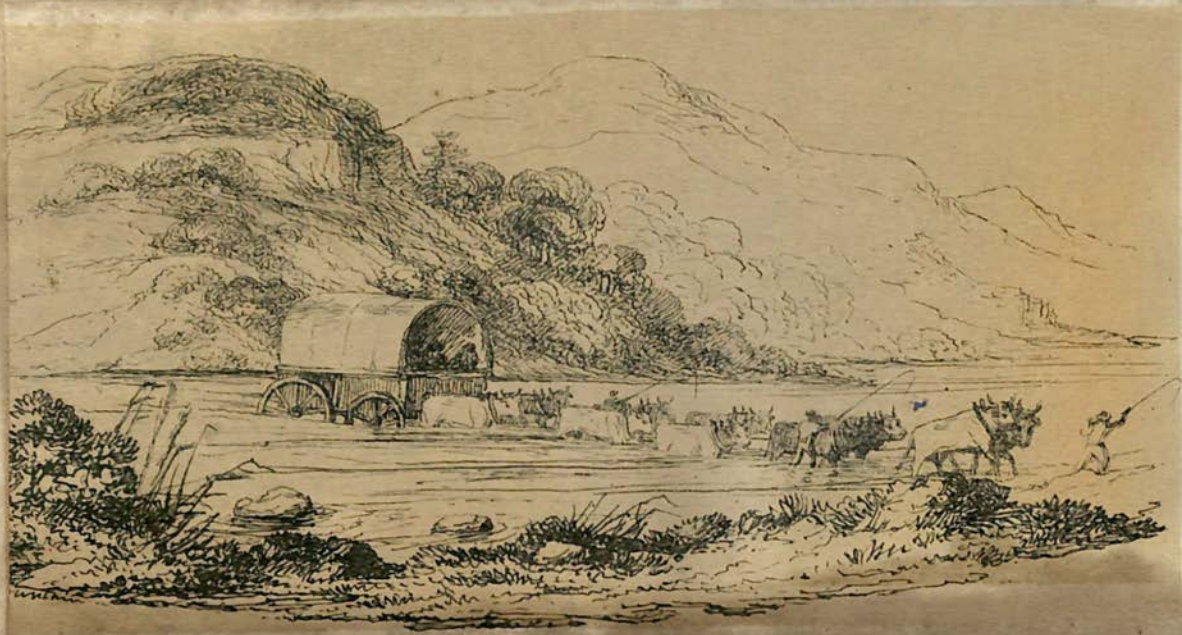

Travelling in Zululand.

MISSION LIFE AMONG THE ZULU-KAFIRS.

MEMORIALS

OF HENRIETTA ROBERTSON

WIFE OF

THE REV. R. ROBERTSON.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS WRITTEN TO THE LATE BISHOP MACKENZIE AND HIS SISTERS.

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EDITED BY

ANNE MACKENZIE.

RX. b 24A

CAMBRIDGE:
DEIGHTON, BELL, AND CO.
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1866

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TO

MRS ROBERT MOUNTAIN AND MISS GOURLAY

WHO BY THEIR SYMPATHY AND GENEROUS KINDNESS

CHEERED AND ASSISTED THE LABOURS OF

MR AND MRS ROBERTSON,

THOUGH PERSONALLY UNKNOWN TO THEM,

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE Editor wishes it to be understood that she alone is responsible for the publication of these letters of Mr and Mrs Robertson. They were written amid many distractions, and often much discomfort, and solely with the view of keeping up the interest in their work, which was already felt by those to whom they were addressed. They are now published, with the omission of a few passages which are of too private a nature to be generally interesting, just as they were written. To this cause must be attributed the defects of composition, which it is hoped will be more than made up for by the life and reality that always accompany genuine letters, or rather journals, written from day to day, with no thought of being seen by other than friendly eyes.

During her life Mrs Robertson was loved for her earnest self-denying zeal, and her tender consideration for others, especially the natives of Africa, for whom she left her own home and country. That the memorials of her now published may do good to many who never heard of her, so that she being dead may yet speak, is the prayer of her friend whose labour in compiling this work has been one of love.

Any profits that may arise from the sale of this work will be devoted to the Kwamagwaza Mission in Zululand.

The Editor wishes to add for the information of those of her readers who may have become sufficiently interested in the subject of these pages to desire to know more of the Mission and to help Mr Robertson, that further accounts of his labours, of the Christians on the Station, and of the princes and people beyond, will be given in a monthly serial of Missionary Intelligence, called "THE NET CAST IN MANY WATERS[1]."

[1] Published by Lothian and Co. 12 Ave Maria Lane. Price One Penny.

which she proposes to commence at Christmas. It will also contain information gathered chiefly from private letters and non-official sources, of Mission work carried on in Natal, Cape Town, Zanzibar, Honolulu, Melanesia, and other places.

The illustrations have been kindly supplied by Mrs Robert Mountain from drawings made on the spot.

13th December, 1865.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

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Burial Place at Kwamagwaza, opposite page 201.
Kwamagwaza Missionary Station, opposite page 256.
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Map of Natal and Zululand, at the end.

ERRATA.

Page 18, omitted, Heading and number of page, "Mission Life among the Zulus, 18."
" 27, line 18, *for* "Mr Robertson" *read* "on the Station."
" 48, line 6, *for* "Mrs Robertson" *read* "Mr Robertson."
" 79, line 3 from bottom, *for* "Umnnna" *read* "Mnn."
" 89, line 17 from bottom, *for* "them" *read* "him."
" 101, line 10, omit semicolon after "glad" and insert "that."
" 176, line 17, *for* "ukubella inhlela" *read* "ukubeka inhlela."
" 205. Thirteen lines from bottom omit comma after pink.

MISSION LIFE

AMONG THE ZULU-KAFIRS.

CHAPTER I.

1854—1855.

"Behold I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her,.....and I will have mercy upon her."

HOSEA II. 14, 23.

Only let my Lord precede me,
Only let Him deign to bless me,
I shall follow—lead me, lead me,
Up into the wilderness.

Rise, glad soul! thy prayer is granted,
Soon thy longing eyes shall see
That for which thy heart hath panted;
Rise, thy Saviour calleth thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

"They forsook all, and followed Him."

ST LUKE V. 11.

THE attention of the English Church has been more and more directed towards Missionary effort during the last three or four years, and this Memoir is now put forward as a sample of a quiet hardworking missionary life, in the belief that it will help to show both what the labour is, and how it may be performed in a spirit of true love and self-devotion. The letters of those engaged in this work have in general

been left to speak for themselves, except when they have clearly needed explanations and elucidations, such as I, from having been an eye-witness of some portion of the work, am able to give.

It is with the strictly *Missionary* part of the labours of the subject of this memoir that I am about to deal. She was a widow lady who had long been working in a truly missionary spirit in her own country. Influenced both by missionary zeal and by the hope that her frail health might improve in a warmer climate, so as to enable her to work more effectually than at home, she was led to embark for Natal at the close of the year 1853 with the Bishops of Cape Town and Natal, when the latter made his "Ten Weeks" Visitation Tour in his new Diocese. On her way she spent a few weeks at Bishops Court, Cape Town, where so many Bishops and other Missionaries have been hospitably entertained and sent forward, cheered and strengthened on their way. It will be seen hereafter what a loving recollection she retained to the last of this happy visit.

On her arrival in Natal, she was placed in charge of the then promising Church Orphanage at Pieter-Maritzburg, and some of her letters which appeared from time to time in the *Gospel Missionary*, raised up friends in England, who continued to assist and correspond with her during the remainder of her life. Some of these letters will be familiar to many of my readers who knew the writer by the name of Mrs Woodrow, by which name she continued to be known until her marriage in 1855 to the Rev. R. Robertson, who had been sent out to Natal two years before by the Bishop of Cape Town, and who was then the only Missionary Clergyman to the Zulus in the Colony.

My own acquaintance with her did not commence till the year 1855, when I went to Natal with my brother, then Archdeacon—afterwards Bishop—Mackenzie, so I must glean the history of her life during this first year in her new home, from the letters mentioned above, and from others to valued friends in England, to one of whom she thus wrote from Pieter-Maritzburg on the 8th April, 1854.

"At last I am permitted to write to you from my destination; and to turn away from outward life to do that, seems to me some foretaste of that happy day, when redeemed from all that separates us in body and mind, we may meet in sweet communion. When I think of all my dear friends at home, it is with such associations that it would seem to me even less happy to look forward to another meeting with them here. For I feel to realise what a treasure I shall have in Heaven when my pilgrimage on earth is ended.

"Our voyage from the Cape, which should have occupied a week, took us a fortnight. It was a great relief the last evening we were on board, when the Captain told us he hoped to cast anchor in the Bay at Durban before sunrise. We begged to be called, and at 4 A.M. he summoned us on deck, and there in the bright moonlight was the Bay, the fine bluff running out to the sea wooded on all sides, the morning star shining brilliantly. The anchor was let down, the cannon fired, the blue light signalled and answered from shore. We watched the moonlight gradually changing into dawn, then the pilot-boat came out, as the sun was rising over the bluff, revealing more distinctly the beautiful scene. We were received on shore most cordially, and next morning we proceeded in the government mule-waggon to Pieter-Maritzburg.

"It was something like a large carrier's-cart with eight moroon-coloured pretty little mules, and two Africander drivers. Carpet bags were our seats so long as we could

keep them. Two drivers are necessary; they alternately drive and run by the side of the mules with their long whip, shouting the most inhuman sounds. The country called the Berea, beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Durban, is beyond description lovely, park-like, shrubbery-like and garden-like; trees with scarlet flowers, and masses of the convolvulus, blue and lilac, hanging from tree to tree, luxuriant and graceful. Hibiscus, large cream-coloured purple eye, and many strange flowers, which I coaxed the whipping-man to leave off his screaming and collect for me. Some I could reach overhanging our wagon. This was all smooth road, and we went a steady pace, but soon we came to open undulating grassy country, singularly beautiful in its strangeness and novelty; stony roads, frightful hills which they gallop down, indifferent to the huge stones and projections of iron rock. At first we laughed so heartily at our vain attempts to sit still, that we tired ourselves all the more; but I was soon past laughing, nearly insensible, and by the time we reached Pine Town, fourteen miles, I was quite gone, no voice, and I felt great fear lest I should never recover it; but rest, and the kind care and arrangements made, carried me through, and we reached Maritzburg the evening of the second day. The Bishop entrusted me to Mr Shepstone's care, and he brought me here where I have been with his dear wife and children most affectionately welcomed.....I leave these hospitable friends next week, and begin housekeeping in a pretty cottage with three little English orphans. Two of them lost their mother only six weeks before my arrival, and I hope to engage a Christian Zulu who has been in Mrs Shepstone's service as cook.

"All the houses here are on the ground-floor, with thatched roofs and verandahs, overgrown with climbing plants and roses, the willow and seringa-tree growing about them, and running water below the terrace, sounding cool."

The Christian Zulu mentioned in this letter was "Boy," of whom Mrs Woodrow thus wrote:

"Our Kafir 'Boy' sleeps in the stable, not in the kitchen; I could not get reconciled to that un-English custom, and now he has begged that his wife may come, which request Mr Shepstone advised me to grant, and in gratitude she washes the children's clothing. He is really good and affectionate, and a great favourite, and so is 'the Missus' with him, when she does not find fault with him. He has been baptized 'Abraham' since he has been with us."

He has never, however, lost his name of "Boy," and it has become a surname of his wife "Mary."

At a later date, Mrs Woodrow thus wrote of him:

"Our 'Boy' is getting on very nicely. His wife is improving, and they are both so anxious for their children to grow up in Christian and civilized ways, that I think they will gradually become my pupils. They observe the improvement in my children from soap and water and neat clothing, and come and look at us while at our lessons and work. I like the Kafirs, there is something you must respect in them."

Still later on the 3rd July, she wrote:

"Our Kafir 'Boy' and his wife are the greatest comfort. I cannot be thankful enough for such a blessing. We really could not be better cared for by English servants.

"We are all well, and thoroughly enjoying this delightful winter weather. The scringa-trees, after passing through the varying tints of autumn, are now nearly leafless—the peach entirely so; but the grenadilla, laburnum and banana, are quite green, and the willows have not lost all their foliage. The China roses, with their deep pink, in the bright morning frosts, are delightful remembrances of home. This is thought a very mild winter. But *I* am

glad of my English winter-clothing, and a fire at sunset; and even then it is very cold. Yet, they tell me I shall feel the cold much more two or three years hence, when the summer heat has told upon me. Two days after Midsummer in England Zwaart Kop (close to Maritzburg) was covered with snow, and I believe the Drakenberg is still white, as it may be seen two miles away from the town."

In the next letter encouragement is given to kind hearts, who remember the needs of those who are labouring among the heathen, to whom gifts of clothing and of pictures are invaluable.

"Now I must tell you about our Missionary doings. 'Boy' takes great interest in the coloured illustrations of Scripture, which Mr Rose gave to the mission. Through little Georgie, as my interpreter, he now thoroughly knows them; and I have learned enough Kafir to teach them to his wife. Our pictures are become so well known, from first one coming to the house and then another, that Kafirs arriving out of the country come to 'see the Missus's pictures, and learn about Jesus Christ.' The more one knows of the Kafirs, the more one gets interested in them. You *must* value them. There seems to be an increasing earnestness among them to learn, and they beg for schools. One day 'Boy' came in, 'Missus, Boy is very frightened; more Kafirs come to know about Jesus Christ.' This tone of *deprecation* was used because I had told him that my children must not be neglected, and that I cannot teach the Kafirs in their lesson time. Now the Kafirs about here all know me, and I might have my room filled with them—some of them knowing *something* about Christianity, but imperfectly, and are earnest to know more.

"Pray tell Mr Rose how much his pictures are valued here. I always tell them, 'A good man in England gave them to the Bishop to show to the Kafirs,' and this very much pleases them. The pictures of the sufferings and crucifixion of our blessed Lord cut them to the heart.

They turn away at the sight of them, so that it is quite a relief to show them the Ascension, just as one turns to Easter Sunday from Good Friday. Their questions, indeed, show both feeling and intelligence; and it is very often ten at night before they leave me, grieved that I do not know more of their language, I humbled by their earnestness. Often, when their eager faces are around me, I think of the disgust expressed by some in England at the thought of teaching coloured people, and I wish that I could only bring these simple-minded, earnest, *noble* people so lovingly before them, that they might love them as we do. They come to me of all ages, men and women, some old men from the country, with their *rings* upon their heads, and wrapped in their house-blankets. Then they sit down upon the kitchen-floor, our 'Boy' telling them in his earnest way about Jesus Christ. These I cannot speak to; but I manage to let them know that I care for them, and 'Boy' says they go away with 'tears in their hearts.'

"Mr Robertson comes to us very often on Sunday from his tent on the mission-ground; and yesterday some Kafirs came in while he was here, and he went through some of the pictures in their own language. One of them, a young man who had been partially taught, told us that when he was a little child, he did not know about Jesus Christ, but now he heard about Him, and wished to know more, and *how* he might get to Him when he died. Again and again he said, '*How* I get to Him? What I do to get to Him?' Then, with a very thoughtful look, he asked me if *prayers* would make him clean? Would they make his brothers and his sisters clean? And he was quite rejoiced when I told him that it was his duty to pray for his parents, and his brothers and sisters, and then to pray that *all* people might know Jesus Christ. He finished by asking whether he might pray for me, and might he come again, and he begged to know if black people, as well as white, might go with *Him* (the Lord Jesus) when He comes again. There was but one answer to this.

"One evening four Kafir women came, and it was touching to see how they appreciated the picture of the 'little children coming to Jesus.' With their infants in their arms, they told each other that *they* might come to Him.

"'Boy' so thoroughly loves the whole work, that he is only waiting for clothes for himself and his wife Mary and children to come to our church[1] to have them baptized. Mr Robertson will take part of the service in Kafir.

"It is encouraging to see Mary's improvement. She can now work; and it is the greatest kindness to teach them to work, now that the Government requires them to appear clothed in the towns. They cannot be tidy until they can work for themselves. She now mends her husband's clothes, and is making herself a gown, while I *fix* it for her.....It is so pleasant to look into our kitchen of an evening: Mary sits working, and 'Boy' reading to her; and when they go to their *stable* at night to sleep, you may hear them singing hymns. 'Boy' in his simple earnestness is quite a missionary. He says the 'Bishop' must have schools up the country where his 'Baba' (father) and his Bruders are.'

"It is a good feature in the character of the Kafirs, that, when they know anything of the truth themselves, they always wish their relations to know it. 'Boy' has a noble, warrior-like brother, who he is anxious should love 'the Book.' He is employed as a waggoner, and whenever he comes to town, we are sure to see his fine face at our window, where he stands to look at the pictures.

"I have been obliged to get the children warm winter clothing, and our wood for fires has been an increasing expense. It is not only very dear, but scarce in this neighbourhood. Some days it is bitterly cold, others are so like mild spring weather, you wonder you do not see primroses and violets. I have never been so well in winter as I now

[1] The Government school-room, used as a church.

am; indeed I have not known so much real happiness, in a sense of usefulness, ever before."

This improvement in Mrs Woodrow's health was not of long duration, for on Ash-Wednesday of the following year she thus wrote to the same friend:

"Our week-day service is at 8 in the morning, and at 5 in the afternoon, but *our* time is two hours and five minutes in advance of you. After morning service we have lessons, housekeeping, cutting out work, working, and studying Kafir all the day long. We always find if we allow ourselves to do nothing for half an hour, everything is set back. We love the Kafirs, but of course they have not our ways, and you must see them do almost everything. The summer has been dreadfully trying from the damp oppressive heat, and I am just recovering from a chest attack, and have been more or less ill for six months. Dr Callaway has examined my chest and throat, which are in a very unsatisfactory state, and I am getting thinner and thinner, but this is the last month of the summer rains and heat. Our house is still the Kafir church, and every Sunday evening it is arranged for the service, and we make it look as churchlike as we can. We are also the hospital to the Mission station, and one Kafir has been nursed well of a broken leg here. He is preparing for holy baptism."

This was the lad of whom Mrs Woodrow afterwards wrote:

"Kumgani has been under my care for six weeks. He is now returned to the Mission station with Mr Robertson, and his mother has been to visit him, brought by reports in his tribe that Kumgani was becoming a Christian. Mr Robertson had cherished hopes about him, but was not prepared for such a touching scene as his mother's visit caused. With great emotion Kumgani told her that it was quite true—that he would never return to his tribe as one of them—that he would continue to love them and send them presents, and would visit them after a year's

time. He begged her to give what he had of his own at the kraal, as remembrances to those of his tribe who were most dear to him, reserving the best spear he had for Mr Robertson.

"It was a most painful thing to hear the plaintive pleadings of the mother telling him that 'it was breaking up his kraal,' that 'to lose one son was to her like losing all,' and to witness the poor boy's distress in taking leave of her. Mr R— said it almost depressed his own spirit amidst his heartfelt rejoicings at this first-fruits of his Missionary labours. Kumgani's accident was the means of keeping him from being carried back to his own tribe, for the Chief sent his own son for him to assist in a sacrifice to be made by the whole tribe for one of his daughters who was ill. It was a Sunday evening when the Chief's son arrived, and found poor Kumgani removed to the orphanage."

So many duties, with her weak health, were now telling upon her. To the same friend she continued to write:

"I have had so much to do that the excitement of a mail coming in and going out in a few days has always been too much for me, and I have had the disappointment of seeing the time slip away, my voice gone, and I quite prostrated in my room, unable to think even."

It was at this time that the Bishop arrived the second time in Natal, bringing his family and a large missionary party with him.

My Brother, then Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop Mackenzie and I were of the number. It was on the 20th May, 1855, that we landed in Durban, and after a week spent there we proceeded to Pieter-Maritzburg, where we heard of Mrs Woodrow's engagement to Mr Robertson, and rejoiced that she would now

have some one to take care of her, and prevent her from working beyond her strength.

I had read many of her letters, and looked forward to being introduced to her, with more pleasure than to any one in the Colony, nor was I disappointed. My first visit was paid to her. She came into the room with a little black baby in her arms, which she laid on my lap, telling me it was her youngest charge, the child of her two servants, "Boy" and Mary, who were both Christians.

I had not then the love for the coloured people, which after intercourse is sure to bring, and the thick lips and large nostrils of the little Hali (as he was afterwards christened), were not prepossessing; but it was impossible not to be touched with the sight of this little infant, on whose brow the cross was soon to be marked, when he should be washed in the water of baptism, and brought up as a Christian English child, for his parents "Boy" and Mary said, he was to be the Lady's boy.

This name, *the Lady*, was one we delighted to give her; and it seemed peculiarly her own, for any one might have envied the marvellous power by which she would make the poorest and most scantily furnished hut look more than habitable. When I first saw her, I wondered how she had strength for all she did, her look gave such an impression of delicacy and weak health, and this was confirmed by Dr Callaway, who told me her only strength was nervous strength. The prostrating illnesses to which she was subject proved how true this was.

I must describe her to you. She was tall and fair; her shoulders were narrow, and the length of her neck added to her apparent height. Her face

was very pale, and she wore her flaxen hair in long loose curls.

She spoke very slowly, but in spite of her evident weakness, one could perceive in her a strength of will and purpose, which enabled her to bear up, when most others would have lain down unable to do anything; indeed she never gave way.

Immediately after her marriage she and Mr Robertson proceeded to Durban, where their very small cottage of three rooms exemplified what I have said of her magical power. No one could have recognized it as the same house before they took possession and after they left it.

The following letter, written by myself to a friend, gives an amusing description of one of her difficulties.

"*November* 15, 1855. The other night when Mrs Robertson went home she found her sitting-room full of flying ants. They have very large wings, and flabby bodies, a dirty soft white colour. They swarmed on the carpet, got into her eyes, ears, neck, and she was alone, Mr R— and all the Kafirs being at school.' In flapping them off she put out the candle, and could find no matches. When Mr R— came home, he said they were the same as those I have described before, which make large heaps, bigger than molehills, on the floor, and that the walls are full of them. He found a hole in the fireplace of the next room where they had made their exit, so he desired the Kafir boy to light a fire, and shut himself in the room. He did so, and came back shortly after, smacking his lips, and saying he had roasted and eaten them all, that they were 'bagna muthly,' *very fine.*"

And on December 1st I wrote:

"Mrs Robertson is still often plagued with dense swarms of flying ants in her room, which are followed by eight or ten toads, hopping about and eating them."

My brother was at this time appointed Rector of Durban, and thus our friendship with the Robertsons, which had begun even before we met, became every day more warm and true. We had daily intercourse for many months, and mutually helped each other in our various duties, trials and illnesses.

It was impossible to know Mrs Robertson as we did without being struck with her earnest self-denying character, so holy, so raised above this world. I cannot even imagine a more true-hearted missionary than she was; but her letters will depict her better than anything I can say.

Of her life in Durban at this time she thus writes to a friend in England:

"You will know of my marriage to Mr Robertson, at present the only real Kafir missionary. He has so mastered the language, that he is gaining great influence with the natives, and we trust with God's blessing the Church may take root amongst them. We have much to cheer us, although we are often inclined to say, 'What are we amongst so many?' But the very existence of the Church here is acting as a testimony throughout the land. Kafirs, even those who have never heard the sound of the Gospel, do no work on the Sunday, because the white man rests. The light seems not to shine in vain. On Sunday Mr Robertson was returning from his distant parish to his Kafir services in town, and called at the kraal of the chief of the Kafir police. He was out, but Mr R. introduced himself to his people as a missionary from the Bishop, and invited them to his church and school, and stayed some time, telling them of the kingdom of God. Then leaving his invitation to Ututa their chief, and begging them to tell him all they had heard from him, he went on.

"Early next morning, when we were going to breakfast, Ututa came with two of his men, thanking Mr R. for his visit, and telling him that he not only wished the police

to be under his care, but begged Mr R. to come to his own kraal in the country, to teach his wives and children. This was just the opening we had longed for—to have it in our power to teach them in their own homes; and Ututa's kraal is within an easy ride through the most lovely country, quite putting it within the power of us all to visit them. So Mr R. arranged to hold a service there every Saturday afternoon. We had already in one of our rides, without knowing who they were, made friends with some of their little boys who were cracking whips in the road to make echoes from the neighbouring precipices, and with an aged woman of the tribe, who gave us water to drink, and gathered flowers for us by the river.

"The Ven. Archdeacon Mackenzie and his sister are valuable friends and fellow-labourers. After working so long alone, I cannot tell you the pleasure and happiness it is to have such a *sister here*—which she really is to us. And the Archdeacon is an invaluable addition to the Church here—his earnest piety and tenderness of character combined with so much judgment and talent, are already gaining a deep influence. Although the minister of the white people, he is especially interested in the Kafirs, and is rapidly mastering the language, and so is Miss Mackenzie.

"We are all working in our Kafir school every night. The people are taught reading, writing, singing and chanting, concluding with direct religious instruction and catechizing and prayers.

"I think you know that two of our Kafirs were baptized last Easter Eve; they have been living in our service ever since. One (Mabuto or Joseph) is with the Archdeacon, and the other (Kumgani or Benjamin) with ourselves, and we have great cause hitherto for thankfulness in their steadiness in their religion, and faithfulness in their service to us. Another boy, who has been some time with us, we hope will be prepared for baptism next Easter.

"I like to tell you of these things, dear Madam, because you care for our work, and these are the few bright

gleams we have to cheer us amidst much anxious working. We are *so few*. Mr Robertson has it very much at heart to devote himself solely to the heathen, but at present, besides holding two services on Sunday for the Kafirs here, he has to ride altogether thirty miles to conduct an English service and school in a neighbouring village, which is very exhausting in this climate.

"We have just been rejoiced by the arrival of a bell from Maritzburg, which the Bishop has sent us for our Kafir church and school here; it is so difficult to *tell* the Kafirs the *time* for assembling, and now they will hear our bell. The schools *must* be *evening* schools in the towns, because the people are working through the day."

The Robertsons' household at this time consisted of a Hottentot woman called Mam, or Mama, and her three children, John, William, and Alice, who had been baptized in Church with Hali, my little black friend, the baby whom I first saw in Mrs Robertson's arms, the youngest child of "Boy" and Mary: (the father of the Hottentots was a waggon-driver, called Adams, seldom at home, so the children were adopted and educated by the Robertsons, and they have been in their service ever since:) Kumgani, who was baptized in Maritzburg by the name of Benjamin before our arrival, and who was their groom, and two Zulu refugee girls, whose Kafir names were Umadelwazi and Umasigoza, and who did all the work in the house and kitchen. Their Christian names were afterwards Emily and Louisa.

These two young women came to the Robertsons perfect savages, unclothed, with only a blanket between them, but under Mrs R.'s kind and wise training, they soon became very useful. At first they were sad and moped, saying they had only left their own country in Zulu-land because they were afraid of

being speared. When Mr R. spoke to them of their blessings in having friends to teach them, they said they had friends at home, and when he spoke of their clothes which they now wore, they said it was pleasanter to be without them, as they had more air about them. One of the first things that seemed to give them real pleasure was to hear the concertina played. They were entranced and said, "We had nearly died without hearing that." They were apprenticed to Mr Robertson for three years by the magistrate, it being a law in the colony, that all natives who fled from Zulu-land and took refuge in Natal, should be assigned to some white master, who should be bound to pay them fixed wages, and treat them with justice.

Those were fortunate who were given to the Robertsons.

Another of their servants was called Josanna. He was a short time in our service, but my maid and I could make nothing of him, he was so fat and lazy, so he returned to his first friends, who never lost faith, patience or hope with any one, and Usajabula (which is his name now) has never left them. He was baptized by my brother and Mr Robertson on the Festival of the Conversion of St Paul, which day I have ever since associated with him.

We had some discussion as to what name to give him, as we all disliked the Jacks, Toms and Jonases, which the Kafir servants generally adopt, and the Scripture names of Benjamin, Joseph, Abraham, &c. which the Wesleyan Kafirs prefer. *I* wanted him to be called Inhlalifa, which means *Inheritor*, alluding to his becoming an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, but the word signifies literally, one that eats by

death, and our friend Josanna having a prodigious appetite, Mr Robertson objected to what others might make game of, so he was named Usajabula, *one that rejoices,* and he is now one of the Catechists at the Kwamagwaza Mission Station in Zululand, of whom I shall often have occasion to speak.'

His baptism was a very interesting ceremony, and the Kafir manner of kneeling, being rather prostration—touching the ground with the face—added to the solemnity of the scene.

He was accompanied by Benjamin, as his witness, when he took his baptismal vows. He had then been under teaching for two years, and he told Mr R. that he had often prayed that he might be baptized, but had been afraid to ask it. Mrs Robertson told me she heard him saying his prayers very early in the morning at the kitchen-door.

It was a very happy day to us all, and one I shall never forget, for it was the first baptism of an adult Kafir, at which my brother assisted and I was present. Usajabula was confirmed with others by the Bishop, the following year.

CHAPTER II.

1856.

We looked upon the fields
  Which white to harvest grew,
Far, far and wide the harvest waved—
  The labourers were few.

And then in our distress
  We to the Lord drew near,
And with one voice we cried aloud,
  "Lord of the harvest, hear."

O Lord, give Thou the word,
  And labourers shall come in
From home, abroad, from far and near,
  These golden stores to win.

O hasten, Lord, the time
  When in Thy boundless love
These whitened fields shall one and all
  Be garner'd safe above.

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

St Matthew ix. 38.

Early in 1856, 500 acres of land on the Coast were given by the Natal Government to form a Church Mission Station. It was arranged that it should be conducted by Mr Robertson, under my brother's superintendence, and there the Robertsons took up their abode in the month of March. It was a very good situation as regards beauty, fertility of soil, and the number of Kafir kraals in the immediate vicinity.

The Mission Station was named Ekufundisweni, which means *a place of teaching*, but as this word is difficult of pronunciation, and as the station is on the river Umlazi, it became much better known as the "*Umlazi Church Mission Station.*"

Mr Robertson was called *Umfundisi*, a name meaning Teacher, commonly given to all missionaries, but with us it became distinctively his own, so in future I shall often speak of him by his Kafir title. And here I will copy a description, which I wrote at the time to a friend, of the road from Durban to the Station, which was so often and so happily traversed by us all.

"On leaving the town (Durban) and the glebe land, near which are more venerable trees than are often met with, we ride through a long sandy flat. This is the head of the bay, and at full tide it is covered by the sea. On the right lie the prettily wooded banks of the Berea, through which is the road to Maritzburg. The Umbilo, a tidal river, is the first obstacle that may delay a traveller. After heavy rains it is often impassable, and at high tide he must swim his horse across. A couple of miles further on is 'Sea View,' also known as 'Dunn's farm,' where there was a military encampment during the civil war between the British and the Boers. The orchard of orange, lemon, and banana trees here is as beautiful as it is productive.

"A mile beyond is the river Umhlatuze, which after a flood it is no easy matter to cross. Coming from Durban, the Archdeacon and Mr Robertson most frequently cross it in the dark, but in this they do not consult the pleasure of their poor horses, who are often very frightened, and sometimes refuse to move, though pulled in front and pushed behind. Not knowing exactly what is the danger, but greatly fearing to go on, they sometimes stretch out their forefeet, as a cat does its paws, and sitting down on

their tails, refuse to move, until impelled by a force they cannot resist, they make a desperate plunge into the water.

"Claremont is soon reached, and in a very picturesque spot is a little wooden church, where Mr Robertson officiates every alternate Sunday morning. A burial-ground in which is a magnificent tree was consecrated by the Bishop on his first visit to Natal. A bush-path is the road now, beautifully overhung by branches, on which twine innumerable creepers, convolvulus, thunbergias, &c., and at no season of the year is it without flowers. This is succeeded by a rather uninteresting flat, until in due time is seen the beautiful Umlazi river, with its shifting sand-banks, clear sparkling water, and precipitous rocky banks, on the top of many of which may be seen Kafir kraals, this people having a remarkable knack in selecting picturesque spots for their dwellings.

"The Mission station is on the summit of a hill just above the drift or ford, and is approached by a steep winding path through the bush, opening suddenly at the top on the few huts that were built as temporary residences for Mr Robertson and his family."

Of the difficulties thrown in the way of mission work in Africa by the superstitions and customs of the natives, much will be seen in the letters that will appear in this Memoir, yet perhaps it may not be amiss to mention here a few of them, such as the dreadful curse of polygamy, and the payment of cows by the men for their wives, the consequence of which is that young girls are virtually the slaves of their nearest male relatives—bought and sold as such.

Again, every misfortune that occurs is believed to be the work of an Umtakati, or evil-doer, and the witch-doctor is at once sent for to *smell out* the offender. In Natal, the life of the unfortunate accused, who has generally nothing to do with the

crime imputed to him, is of course protected, but he is made so miserable, his neighbours shunning him, and even the children refusing to associate with his little ones, that he is obliged to leave that part of the country and seek a home elsewhere.

In Zululand things are in a very much worse state, as we shall see in the course of this Memoir.

It was in the beginning of June that my brother and I paid the first of many happy visits together to the Mission Station.

The Archdeacon had been with our friends there several times, and Mr Robertson with us, but we ladies did not meet till a hut made with poles had been built for me. The last preparation for my comfort when we were seen crossing the river, was made by Mrs Robertson, who called for a rake, and desired that the floor should be raked smooth, before the mats were laid down.

A still more amusing incident occurred on my brother's first visit. He was to occupy a Kafir hut built expressly for himself, with a high door, but otherwise looking like a gigantic beehive. When it was ready a day was appointed when he was to come out and take possession of it. It happened to be very rainy, so Mr Robertson did not expect him. The day before he and Mrs R. had been pleased with their Christian Kafirs for buying a cow, which they wished to make into sausages and salt, instead of, according to Kafir custom, making a feast, and gorging it at one meal. But great was the lady's horror when the Archdeacon arrived, and she was introducing him to his hut, to find it pre-occupied by the cow hanging up preparatory to being cut up. It was immediately dismissed, but the next morning it was

found in the bath, the Kafirs saying there was no other place for it. So the old truth was forced upon her, that there is no unmixed good upon earth, and that if the Kafirs are to eat salted beef, instead of devouring a whole cow at once, she must suffer some inconvenience.

We had constant intercourse by letter, and on the 7th April she thus wrote:

"Dear Miss Mackenzie, we do so wish to have you here, it is such a pure air and fine country, every thing so beautiful, and our house quite bearable, all so much better than I expected; although there are many finishings off still to do, you would be quite surprised at Mr R.'s many nice arrangements, and he would like to have some of his long Kafir chats with you. The floor of our house is so *springy*, that we make the furniture spring as we walk. We have frogs and ants and spiders and mice, but we are daily finding out new ways not to have them. We have coffee-coloured walls and brown thatched roof. It is a very brown looking house. Yesterday in the storm the rain came down on our dinner-table, R. said it was arranged there should be no rain after we came."

My readers will agree in the comment I made in sending this letter home:

"Is not this a good missionary's wife? She is so delicate that it was feared the clay floor might be damp, so planks which can be used afterwards are laid on sleepers, but too few, which makes it so *springy*."

The house at this time consisted of one room 30 feet by 14, floored with loose planks, a false step on which produced occasionally a portentous commotion among the tables and chairs at the other end of the room.

It was divided by screens, so as to form a dining-room, drawing-room and bed-room.

A wide verandah in front served the purpose of a sitting-room, the many scenes enacted in which are well told by my sister in a little book of hers called *Seeing and Hearing, or First Impressions in Natal;* portions of which appeared in the *Mission Field,* and which is now published as a separate volume by Messrs Grant and Son, Edinburgh.

The Kafirs hailed the arrival of the Missionaries among them, but it took some time before they would accept any of the advantages offered them. They were jealous of the attempts made to civilize and clothe their women, and fancied that if they let their little ones come to school, they would be made Christians by force.

On one of the first Sundays after their arrival, when a great many men and women were present at a native service, Mrs Robertson offered dresses to the young girls, who had only a piece of blue calico round their waists. She was proceeding to put them on, and was shewing how they were to be worn, not perceiving their dislike to it, when one of the Christian Kafirs came up and begged her to desist, or she would frighten all the women away.

The following letter begun by me and ended by Mrs R. which was written to a friend at home, will give a picture of the life at the Mission Station:

"*Umlazi, June,* 1856. I must give an outline of how our days pass here. The sun rises at 7, but an hour before all are roused by the ringing of a large bell hung on a tree. This is heard by families on the plain at a great distance. At about 8 Mr R. has Kafir prayers for his own servants, then we breakfast, and *our* prayers follow.

Before they are ended many Kafir children have arrived to be taught. We have now eight who come regularly. The little Hottentot Alice and some of the servants take them to wash themselves, and then we teach them the letters of the alphabet as in infant schools. The children all like to come so much, that in some of the kraals where the parents keep their children to work, nurse the infants, or watch the cows, they make them hide when they see us coming to invite them. One of our pupils is a lame girl of about 12, but very intelligent. She is a half-caste, her father having been a Frenchman, and her features are European, but her hair and colour like a Kafir. When Mrs R. first saw her, she was quite savage, wearing no clothes; now she is never without a garment.

"All this time I am writing as if I formed part of the Mission, whereas I am but a visitor and help in the teaching while Mrs R. is engaged in household duties, that we may have more time to enjoy ourselves together afterwards."

(This Mission letter was continued by Mrs Robertson.)

"We generally pass the afternoon in visiting the different kraals in the neighbourhood, and make many friends in this way, but with children and parents there is as much difference in the tone of different families as in English villages; some are so much more gentle and domestic in their manners than others; the parents and elder sisters tender and gentle with the little ones, who always seem happy and intelligent; and they have home employments and duties binding them to each other. One little girl has charge of the baby, others herd the cattle, the elder ones work in the mealie-garden, which is also the employment of the wives. The fathers work too in keeping the huts and fences in repair.

"At one kraal that we visit (a very nice one) the father is a basket-maker; and they make their own cooking utensils of a kind of clay which they burn when moulded, and

they are not without taste in form: they also make wooden jars, which they have a way of burning sometimes entirely black, or in patterns, and we often meet them at sunset on our way home, winding up the hills with a water-jar on their heads, a green branch put in it to keep the water from upsetting: others are coming home chatting and laughing, with the cows they have been herding, and the Kafir cranes are flying high over head, as our home rooks do in the evening. Miss Mackenzie wins the children to pat her horse, which they are much afraid of, and then she gives them little packets of sugar, which they share with the whole family, the father and mother taking pinches of it as eagerly as the children. The children who know us best are fond of riding on our horses, and the archdeacon accommodates a great many on his. There is one a great friend, a bright looking *good* boy who has attached himself to the archdeacon, and came home with him one night on his horse, and slept in his room. He is as obedient as a faithful little dog, and watches us with his large wistful eyes to see what we wish him to do. He has almost domesticated himself with us now, and with two more is sleeping in the archdeacon's hut to-night. They stayed in the room at evening prayers, and when he saw our little ones clasp their hands in standing up to chant, he stood up also and clasped his own. We might have others if their parents could spare them from their work.

"At present we are only able to make friends among the people and gain their confidence. We are often inclined to feel impatient at the little we are really doing, from want of time and other difficulties in the way of distance from the families, which prevent our holding classes with many at once, or their coming to us for daily teaching. And home duties take up so much of a missionary's time in this country from want of good servants and various causes, that we quite wish people at home should be prepared to find we are still *in* the world though we are missionaries, and a very troublesome one we sometimes find it. We are apt to look upon all such trials as inter-

ruptions to our work, and not as a discipline in our daily lives, as we do at home. And the climate itself, although so delightful, makes us more sensitive to annoyances, and tempts us to bear them impatiently. Missionaries would do well to be prepared for this. There is also so much to make our lives happy, that we often think they would be too luxurious if it were not for some such drawbacks in our home comforts."

A very gentle, pleasing looking youth, Uncepai by name, used to come very often to be taught. He sat for hours on the ground at the open door watching us, and seeming pleased when we spoke to him. My brother asked if he would like to be taught. He answered with beaming eyes, "Yes, I like to hear of the narrow road." We asked him how he *had* heard of it; he said, "On Sundays," meaning at Church. Then with earnest solemnity he added "The way to Satan is a bad way."

These remarks were the fruit of Mr Robertson's reading and preaching to the whole congregation. Uncepai had received no private teaching from him or any one else, which confirmed us in the hope and belief that those who appeared to be attentive, were really imbibing the truths which Mr R. with so much earnestness endeavoured to deliver.

Our happy visit ended for this time, my brother and I returned to Durban, where I received the following from Mr R.:

"I trust the work prospers. The school has not fallen off, and I think I can say that Fingwane and Ungafa" (my brother's two friends) "have improved. At half past 11 all start on a good long walk until 1. On our way we sing hymns, say the catechism, and sing a round to the tune of 'A boat, a boat to cross the ferry.' The words are about cows, which suit the Kafir children better; and we con-

clude on returning home with a chant and the Lord's Prayer. I ought to tell you moreover that on the way they gather firewood to cook the porridge with."

These walks were very successful. We used to call them "raids," when Mr R. took with him the few children who attended school, and who wore little dresses, and were very happy with him. They would enter a hut and begin to sing hymns and catches, which attracted many to the spot.

The first result was, that some children were allowed to come to school, but only on condition that they were not to be clothed. However before a week was over, the children themselves petitioned to be dressed like the others, and no objection was made, nor offence taken.

In August the Robertsons paid *us* a visit, and told us of the happy death of the first Christian convert made by Mr Robertson. She had been baptized a few weeks previously, and his visits and prayers with her were her greatest pleasures. She was the wife of a white man named Fea, who worked on the Station, and her little infant called Billy, who was of the same age as Hali, was added to the number of Mrs R.'s adopted children.

When hardly able to speak, Mrs Fea repeated after Mr Robertson the creed and the prayers he said in her own language. Umadelwazi, one of the refugee girls, seemed much struck with her earnestness, and with the joyful way in which she spoke of her approaching end. Kafirs have so great a dread and horror of death, that this made the greater impression on her, but it was very transient, for when Mr R. reminded her of it, and spoke earnestly to her on the subject of baptism some time after, she was silent.

When pressed for an answer, she replied, "I think the porridge must be cooked by this time."

The good seed was sown however, but it took months to ripen.

In September my brother and I went to Maritzburg, and we received the further history of the Mission in the following letter.

"*September* 26th. Uncepai (the young man who spoke to you of the broad and narrow way) paid his daily visit with an older man from his kraal, the father of the boy we hope to have in our school. I shewed them the new pictures of Natural History, Trades, &c. Uncepai was delighted and remarked on them to the old man, who grunted and gave the children a push whenever he could not see them. They stayed a long time. Next day they came back, and Umfundisi (Mr Robertson) talked some time with them, and the old man asked if God lived in England.

"On Sunday we had a very good congregation of Kafirs in the afternoon, but the wind was so high the voice could scarcely be heard, and at last Umfundisi was obliged to move them all. They were very orderly considering the numbers present, but we do want a *real* Church. All the young girls on one side begin to chant sweetly, and the men join in the responses in a hearty way, as they did *not* when you were here. It is very beautiful to hear their deep sonorous voices in such a subdued tone. We always go round and chat with them all after the service, and they seem quite to regard dear Umfundisi with loving looks. I am getting great friends with Shilling, the man from whom you bought your assegai, the evening Fingwane guided us into such a scramble. We spoke to a little group of girls, and I was much struck with one of them who seemed about 11 or 12, and who I fancied was the daughter of the man you thought so handsome. We asked her father's name, but the poor child turned away, and the rest told us very sorrowfully she had lost her father. The

child hid her face and cried bitterly, and I was comforted in seeing the kind way in which Joseph's wife soothed her, and told us about it."

This Joseph was a Christian and an excellent man who had been rescued from a slaver when he was a child, and his wife Lydia was a Kafir woman. She was much more civilized than any other on the Station, and I used to admire her neat dress on Sundays, for she was the only one who wore white cotton stockings and shoes.

All the time Mr Robertson was at the Umlazi, he held services on Sunday forenoons to white congregations at Claremont and at the Isipingo alternately, these places being about four miles distant from the Mission Station, in different directions.

His Kafir services were held in a clearing in the bush, and for a description of them I will again refer you to my sister's little book called *Seeing and Hearing*. They were very picturesque, but could only be held in the open air in fine weather, and we longed for the church, which was in process of building, to be finished.

Mrs Robertson continues her letter thus:

"Little Umakema came to dinner, and is getting quite bright and friendly with us, and chanted the grace himself, 'Boy's' little Hali clasping his fat hands, and trying to join in it, 'Boy' returned from Maritzburg yesterday. He has left his eldest boy with Dr Callaway.

"*Sept.* 29. 'Boy' and I took the coloured school, while Umfundisi went to the Isipingo to start the Kafir in cutting the right kind of grass for thatching the Church. He found a new road with no bogs or flats, but high and shaded with trees, so that we may hope to go to Church through the summer in spite of the rains. 'Boy' was

excellent in the school, keeping the children attentive and bright, and in thorough discipline in such a nice way. If they looked at me during the reading lesson, he asked them if it was the Inkosikazi (the Lady) who was teaching them. Then he made them stand according to their sizes, his own little boy being the smallest. When my class of sewing girls was over, I told Vanisa they might go, so they were all running away, when he called them back, placed them in a row, clasped their hands, and made them sing the Missionary hymn. Joseph's little children, who when you were here, used *only* to sit at the table, are improved wonderfully. All the children are, but in the little ones the improvement is more apparent. They seem to have so much more understanding. It is very happy to have 'Boy' again, and employed in such a nice way, thanks to the Archdeacon. After dinner we decided on going to Ujojo's and the other kraals near. We met Ujojo, and I told him how much I wished to have Gitshema. He said he was afraid to come alone. I proposed that whichever of the little Hottentots went for the milk should bring him, and he seemed really pleased, but when we reached the kraal, the mother told me he was afraid to come, because he had torn his coat, *i. e.* shirt. I promised him another. If he does not come now, I must manage to go myself for him, and tempt him with a ride. The progress things have been making since I have been ill makes me strong at heart about the work. We went next to see Umandemela, who is a great friend now. He has hurt his foot and is unable to come to work. When we arrived the whole family were out, herding the cows to keep them from the young mealies which are looking so green in the different Kafir gardens. We saw your friend, the old woman who is Umandemela's grandmother and quite blind. Umfundisi offered her his arm to help her to come and speak to me. I wished I could have sketched them, such a contrast, and the old woman looked so happy as he guided her. As we were going to the kraal we met one of Ujojo's wives the oldest

one, and she asked me what I was going to do with the flower in my hand. Umfundisi told her we only gathered them, and she laughed in amusement, asking if we were children. Umfundisi told her Who made the flowers, that we thought them very beautiful, and that we thanked Him for them. She did not laugh then, but asked if God made every thing, pointing to every thing about. Ujojo's youngest child who is still called by your name 'Pretty Baby,' stands alone now, and comes to me on Brownie (Mrs R.'s horse), and when it wishes to go back to its mother, does not cry, but only looks at me and holds out its arms to her. Such a sweet little thing.

"*September* 30. Umfundisi took the school this morning, and when I went into the hut, it was such a pretty scene, the pupils were all round him, so quiet and attentive while he was teaching them *Steps to the Catechism* in Kafir. On the mats three babies were sleeping soundly. We had placed them there, after their clean frocks were put on, and smoothed down, and each baby had a little pillow: they looked so pretty, but Umfundisi had all the benefit of the babies' sleeping, for they all woke up crying for their respective nurses during the sewing class which succeeded the lessons. Alice superintends the girls, teaching them how to use their needles &c., and her brother William the boys. He and Ungafa worked together, and he threaded the needles.

"This morning your favourite horseshoe hill was the rendezvous of a hunting party of Kafirs with assegais to kill the wild boars which are committing sad ravages in the gardens. The boars are in the woods around. Parties from different kraals assembled, and then they joined in a hunting song which sounded wild and exhilarating across the river.

"When I first came here I wanted you so much to see the spot, because it was beautiful. Now I want you to see how wondrously beautiful it is in all its spring colours: the shadows are deeper and the outlines softer from the

increasing foliage, and the colours are brighter and more varying. Before it seemed passive, now it seems to be rejoicing in its own loveliness. At Maritzburg you will see the morning mists clearing away from the hills about you, but here it has been like real dissolving views.

"*October* 2. I have had such a happy morning. I went to Ujojo's kraal, but my friend Gitshema resisted all my coaxing, and after I had him before me on my horse, he kicked and roared so that I could not hold him. His mother said it was the elder boys who had so frightened him with threats of our punishment for spoiling his dress, and that that made him afraid. The mother gave me 'Pretty Baby,' the sweet little thing. I asked if I might take it home. She said, Yes, if I would bring it back. So Unomuko, Unomkila and Fingwane, and all the other children came back with me, thirteen in number. The baby rode the whole way, for some time holding the reins and whip, and galloping itself on my knee. Then I took it on my arm to change its position, and it nestled its little woolly head in my neck, and went fast asleep. I felt so grateful to the mother for giving me her baby, and quite proud that she had trusted me."

The date of the next extract is not given, but it would appear to be some time in November:

"I daresay you will imagine that the rivers have kept us from sending into town. I was very ill when Usajabula came back on the 19th, and before that, we did not know where to write to you. We wished for you so much on the 17th, which was Umfundisi's birthday. We took all our people for a treat to the sea, and to visit Mr Jeffel's sugar-works. It was such a very happy day. Everything went on well. I was so much better, but I caught a bad cold which made me very ill, from Brownie falling into a quicksand just as we were returning. It gave me a thorough wetting, but 'Boy' caught me off just as Brownie was sinking, so that I took no other harm. But it was frightful to

see him sinking *after* I was off. That was the only thing that went wrong, which was quite enough you will think. I am however getting out of my room again a little now.

"*We* passed the day with the Jeffels, and went down to the sea in the afternoon. They were quite pleased with our people: there were twenty there, and 'Boy' and Benjamin were so intelligent about the sugar-works; they seemed quite to comprehend the machinery. It was very interesting. We saw the whole process, from the pressure of the cane to extract the juice, to the drying of the sugar. Every one looked so happy: the children were in perfect enjoyment, and you *know* dear Umfundisi would be so with all his people there.

"We have eight children from Uncepai's kraal added to our school; we have 50 names now on the school-book; numbers of little girls, all with babies, which sometimes are very interrupting. Umfundisi has the most loving patience; sometimes they are all crying, but he pats them and says, 'Oh, I am glad to get them even so;' and when the noise is unbearable almost, he says, 'They are a little cryey to-day.' But we have an excellent device in little strips of sugar-cane, and Mr Jeffels has promised to keep me supplied with it.

"Little Mali's baby begins to stand and imitate the others in clapping its hands when they are counting. Their love for Umfundisi is quite pretty. He is working very, very earnestly, the first up ringing the bell before sunrise, and the last to rest at night, and never resting through the day, and his labours are being blessed.

"Uncepai, when I asked him if he had any message for you, said in Kafir, which Umfundisi translated, 'Tell the Inkosazana that I rejoice,—that I am glad when she is well, and that I sorrow when she is ill. When she comes to town again, I will go and see her.' He is more and more hopeful."

Bright gleams such as these were the more grateful, as disappointments were experienced in others for

whom much had been done. The Hottentot family were allowed to build a cottage close by the Mission-house, but the three children quite lived with, and were supported by, the Robertsons.

Work was procured for old Adam the father, who, when he was in want and distress, had brought his wife and children to them, entreating that they might be cared for, while he pursued his former occupation as waggon-driver; but about this time he took offence at some trifle, and claimed his children, only allowing them to come to school, because Mr R. said if they did not they must leave the mission ground. Having been baptized, and two of them being our godchildren, this would have been very grievous; and we were particularly sorry to lose little Alice, who was improving very much under Mrs Robertson's training, and had become quite useful.

Adam had the impudence to say he only let Mr R. have his children because he was a young teacher with no children, and he wanted to encourage him; that Mr R. was a young mouse with a very short tail, whereas he, Adam, was an old rat with a very long one!

I do not think I ever saw so hideous a couple as these Hottentots were. Adam is now dead, and his family are with Mr R. in Zululand.

Of the refugee girls Umadelwazi and Umasigoza, Mr R. wrote me the following nice account:

"I gave a Kafir Prayer-book to each of the Zulu girls. One of them, Umasigoza, has been in a hopeful condition for some time; the other, Umadelwazi, the reverse, always persecuting her whenever she made any attempt to learn. Latterly however she has been very different. She takes a delight in learning to read and write, and is surpassing

those who have been at their books two years before her,—coming to prayers *without being asked* as hitherto; and I trust and pray that a real change is being gradually wrought in her heart. A few days ago, hearing some one reading aloud in one of the huts, I drew near, and found that it was Umadelwazi reading the Lord's Prayer to a little child. I entered and guided her as to the words, for she was really repeating it by heart. Since then she has frequently given me opportunities of doing the same thing, and has always received it with thankfulness.

"One day, just as I was going to breakfast, a woman came to say that her husband was dying and wished to see me. Of course I went at once. His name was Ululu, and he is the brother of Unomcilo (the lame half-caste girl). He has been long ill, and I have been in the habit of visiting him regularly of late. When I reached the kraal, I found him in a very excited state, his nostrils distended and his cheeks wet with tears. After a time he became quiet, and said to me, 'I am dying, Umfundisi, I know I am, but I wish to be good, and to do according to your words.' He also said that he wished me to convey him to the Mission Station that he might die there; and he pressed me so hard, and begged so anxiously that it might be so, that I consented, and after having prayed with him, returned home and had a stretcher prepared, and marshalling the school children, 32 in number, we all set out to bring him. It was a melancholy procession, the school children marching silently in front, and his mother and sister crying behind him. His wife was too much overcome to accompany him. We were very gentle with him, resting him under every shady tree, and whenever we did so the children gathered round him, and we sang a hymn or psalm. He always tried to join very earnestly when we sang the round 'Baba wetu si ya tanda si fundiswe,' *Our Father, we wish to be taught.* We reached the Mission in safety. Yesterday and to-day I have spent in instructing him in the nature of the Christian faith and the holy Sacrament of Baptism, as he was able to bear it, and this evening I had

the happiness of entering him by that sacred rite within the fold of the one great Shepherd. God grant that he may indeed 'end his life according to this beginning,' and may his relations soon follow his example. His mother and wife wait upon him alternately, and support themselves. They were careful to tell me that they would bring their own food with them."

It pleased me very much to be told that "Boy," Benjamin and Usajabula carried poor Ululu, and the two latter gave up their hut to the sick man. Heathen Kafirs have such a superstitious fear of sick or dying people, that it was only Christians who would have carried in his state, one who was a stranger to them and to their tribe.

When I received Mr Robertson's letter, I remembered that on our first visit to the Umlazi, my brother had crept into Ululu's hut, for he was sick at that time, and he was the first Kafir to whom he ministered in prayer in their own language. The poor man was dying of consumption.

On St Stephen's Day Mr Robertson wrote again:

"I have so much to say that I scarcely know where to begin. We have had a very very happy Christmas indeed, and I trust it has been the same to you. Mrs Robertson I am happy to say is really better. She has been able to leave her room to-day for the first time. Thank God for this. I trust she may soon be strong again. The young man I wrote of who was so ill, is still alive, but his time cannot be long. He is fast going I trust to the happy home.

"Sunday the 21st we had a very good congregation of Kafirs; upwards of 200 were present. This Christmas-day has been a very happy one. We had the best Kafir congregation I have ever seen. There must have been nearly 400 present, if not more; and there were eight baptisms, viz. Mary and Mawa Fea, 'Boy's' little son; Joseph Africander's little daughter; and Umpangela and her three chil-

dren. In the evening the Kafirs had a feast. To-day we gave our school children their feast. Many thanks to you and your brother for kindly helping us in it. There were 52 children present with their parents. Between 11 and 12 o'clock the little darlings began to make their appearance, each with a little bundle of sticks for the fire, which was to cook an ox. After they had nearly all assembled, we sang a hymn together and I addressed them, after which they set out in high spirits to prepare for the feast. Four of the elder girls had the care of the fires. Another party had to draw water, and a third to keep up the supply of fuel. Eight large Kafir pots were provided and placed in a row as the Kafirs place them. The whole ox was put into them, except a small portion, which the married men begged they might have to cut into strips (their favourite way of roasting meat, laying the strips on the embers). The children seemed very happy. It was very pleasant to see eight of them carrying a large pot of mealies and water from my hut to the fire, which was down at the old school-place under the tree. They all got hold of it with their little hands, and with loud voices from their chattering tongues, keeping it just a few inches from the ground, conveyed it to the fire. We were, however, soon helped by the mothers, who began to come in considerable numbers, and who seemed to think that the working department was entirely their own, and that the *Amadoda* (married men) *nezinsizwa* (and the bachelors) had nothing to do with it.

"During the afternoon I had the children occasionally together to sing a song. After the food was cooked, they all assembled in the large verandah, which we have built since you were with us, and the food was distributed to them kraal by kraal, the children excepted, who formed *my* kraal. The food consisted of meat, porridge, boiled mealies, and a mixture of coffee, treacle and sugar. There was an abundance of everything, and all seemed very happy. Of course we began by chanting the grace, and after all was eaten, they sang two or three of their national songs.

I addressed them again, and, after a short service, concluded the whole by singing 'God save the Queen' to Mr Shepstone's Kafir words. The expense of the whole was £1. 3*s*. 6*d*. I intend, however, to spend 6*s*. 6*d*. more in the purchase of a looking-glass, an axe, and some cheap knives, to be contended for on Wednesday next by the Kafir men in the throwing of the spear, running, leaping, &c., which will make £1. 10*s*. altogether."

Thus ended the year 1856.

CHAPTER III.

1857.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith,..Thy God reigneth!"

ISAIAH LII. 7.

Spread the news, go spread it wide,
Spread the joyful story;
Tell how Jesus lived and died,
Spread the Victor's glory.

Having heard the joyful news,
Let us not conceal it;
Rather let His people choose
Boldly to reveal it.

Let us then with zeal engage
In a work so glorious;
Knowing though the foe should rage,
Truth will prove victorious.

IN the beginning of the year 1857, we paid a long visit of nearly four months to the Robertsons.

My brother was no longer Rector of Durban, and his duties obliged him to be moving from one place to another, whilst I made my home at the Mission Station, where I was joined by my sister from Scotland.

The preparations for her comfort are amusingly told in the following letter written to my brother by Mrs Robertson.

"Now I must tell you about our doings. You would have been rather amused at the appearance your hut had assumed before you could have reached Durban. Everything out of it, the floor dug up, and the girls (the two Zulus) and two Kafirs prepared to make a new one (by smearing it with cowdung and antheap, that is, anthills). The rain coming on, Fea gave me all the Mission Kafirs to work in it, and to fetch the clay from the Umlazi; and in the afternoon it was finished, and I quite laughed at myself for having so much pleasure in the *luxurious* preparation for your sister, and thought she could scarcely be expected to appreciate our labours. If Umfundisi comes home to-night, as you hint is possible, but which he had no intention of when he left us, he will find nothing in his hut but a damp floor and a fire on it, but I will manage somehow. We have got tall reeds from the ground before the window, a sort of grating to break the hens of the habit of coming in, which is preparatory to your more finished invention of the wicker-work."

I do not mention every illness Mrs Robertson had, her illnesses were so frequent, and the marvel was, how even when confined to her room, she exercised so much influence over all at the Station.

The school continued to increase in numbers, and one week in March nineteen new scholars were added to it, who came from kraals where we had been assured there were only grown people; and the making dresses for the children occupied much of our time when not in school. The afternoon was generally spent in riding over the beautiful country, making friends with the people, and trying to gain more to come for instruction.

The most beautiful lesson in school was the catechizing of the children by Mr Robertson, and the daily Bible teachings; the Bible stories illustrated by pic-

tures, being as interesting to them as to any white class at home.

They also sang very sweetly, and were taught to chant a grace before their meals, and Mr R. was told by the parents, that they were sure the children would become believers, as even at home they would not take their food without singing thanks for it.

Our endeavour to make the women wear clothes was also beginning to be crowned with success. Our nearest neighbour Umapinda, the father of Ungafa and Umamkema, had four wives on whom we had often pressed skirts and jackets, but had been always answered with a decided "Ca, a si tandi," No, we don't like. But one day Ungafa's mother remarked how good it was to see all the children dressed so nicely alike. We told her we should rejoice to see the women also wear the clothes of white people, and would not she accept them? She said she would, if Umapinda made no objections. Next day he came to the verandah, and told me it was good for women to be dressed on Sundays, but that on other days they must work, and then he told me he had five wives. One of them however I discovered was not his wife but his mother, so being an old woman, I let her off with a blanket. The others arrived in good time on Sunday, and one of them when we were dressing her said, she knew they would be oppressed and persecuted at first, as the children had been, but that when people were accustomed to see them, they would wish to be like them. It was very amusing to see the decided tastes they shewed in the skirts,—the oldest wife despising a sombre one which we thought suited to her years, and which Ungafa's mother was quite pleased with. The youngest wife

is a mere girl, with a pretty, sweet innocent face, and we delighted in putting a pink skirt and white bed-gown on her. We thought it very nice to give Umapinda a pretty pink shirt when his wives were so well got up. His eldest wife made us very sad. She was once almost a Christian when a very good American missionary lived here, and Umapinda had also serious thoughts, but unfortunately all her children died, and this was more than their faith could stand, so they said one to another, "Let us put all this aside, and buy more wives, who will have children."

Their eldest daughter was married to a man who had been baptized, but he had relapsed into heathenism. When talked to he said he was very miserable, and believed he was possessed by a devil, but still he would not allow his wife to come to the service, nor accept our offer of clothes to wear on Sunday.

The service on Easter Sunday was most intensely interesting. For the first time I received the Holy Communion with five of the Christian converts who had been confirmed, and the offertory was devoted to the building of the much wished-for church, for which we were collecting funds. On this subject Mrs Robertson wrote thus to a friend in England:

"I have not yet asked you to *pray* for us, to make our work here *especially* a daily prayer. It is a truth one realizes more and more that our work chiefly depends on prayers: it is *spiritual* work we aim at, and I am sure there is something deadening in looking so much to funds. If our friends love us and pray for our work, and our faithfulness in it, everything else will follow. To remember us especially in the daily prayer 'for all sorts and conditions of men,' and in the 'Litany,' would help us. Our life here is one of so much care and toil, we know little of the calm

leisure of English hours; we are labouring in the vineyard all the day, and need the prayers of others."

In the beginning of May my brother and sister and I went to our new home at the Umhlali, a distance of 50 miles from the Umlazi, and here we received the following from Mrs Robertson:

"Ekufundisweni is not dull, for it is as full of work as ever, but the many departures that have lately taken place from it, have, as the Kafirs say, made 'a hole,' which it is not easy to fill up. We had an addition to our school this morning of four new pupils. 'Boy' has not yet returned from Maritzburg, but we are getting on very well. Usajabula is excellent; Ungafa is a monitor, and I am endeavouring to improve the discipline (quietness and order) by making the monitors responsible for their classes. Do let us pray that the Master's blessing may not be withheld."

Mrs Robertson went on with the letter thus:

"*June* 1. We are so looking for Umhlali letters, and longing to hear that you are settled somewhat in your new temporary home, and that you have had help and strength through it all, which I am sure you have.

"My new little boy, Umamkema, is quite settled with us, and Umapinda told Umfundisi the other day that both he and Ungafa were our children, and we were to do what we pleased with them. This was when Umfundisi thought he heard him complaining of our making the boys work at gardening, so he spoke to him about it; but he entirely disclaimed it, and said *his* boys were *our* children, and we were to do as we liked with them.

"Our three great boys remain firm. Fingwane is sometimes sent for to work at home, but he gets back as soon as possible. The last time we went to the Isipingo Church they asked to go, and were extremely quiet and orderly. I saw Utshetshingwane looking up so earnestly at Umfundisi when he was reading the Lessons, as if he longed to

understand him, and *felt* it was something holy he was engaged in.

"One day last week, Friday or Saturday, they were so struck with the improvement that soap and water and combing had made on little Umamkema, that they came to beg me for a comb. I promised them one on condition that they took soap and went to the river the next morning, which they did not forget to do, and you cannot think how nice Utshetshingwane looked. Little Umamkema has so far adopted his new habits, that the other evening before tea, not finding any one to make him neat, he came and pushed his comb into my hand in the drawing-room. He speaks pure Kafir, and I am so sorry not to understand what he says, he is so confiding.

"We have a new girl called Gudu; she is very active and understanding, but wild rather; her white teeth glitter with laughing and excitement in the school, and she is up to any amount of play, if not romping, but at present she is restrained by a word. She is part of the morning in the school doing needlework, and so is Umadelwazi, and all the three girls work in the afternoon, which tokozas (rejoices) our boys particularly as they get their clothes mended; and then Gudu takes the coloured children for a walk. 'Boy' now works with Usajabula at the church, and gets his meals with us. The rule for our three boys is, to garden after Kafir prayers, until it is time to get their breakfast ready, when they lay their own cloth. We have the mealies for porridge ground over night, so that we have our breakfast out of the way generally before nine, and then they are to bathe whilst we are at English prayers. We cannot get the school assembled much before 11 now. The mothers are all preparing the ground for mealies, and say that for the next month they cannot spare so many of the children, but we generally have between 30 and 40 I *think*. Umfundisi says, 'Yes, the average is 37.' Sometimes we have *all* Umapinda's children at the evening school, but the attendance of the Amadoda (married men) at the Sunday services is not improving. Umfundisi thinks social

causes may account for it, so many marriages are going on, but it is sad. Next Sunday we hope to have our building forward enough for service, which may help us, as the people have been complaining of cold in our present church.

"To-day we had a meeting of the Amadoda in the *immediate* neighbourhood to have an *indaba* (talk) about cultivating their land; they had coffee, a cup each, and sweet potatoes, and just enough slices of meat for *them* to consider, I daresay, that they had a slight sandwich luncheon. Umfundisi did it well, working up their interest so thoroughly, all the time telling them how secondary it was to the *Izindaba* (good news) which he came expressly to teach them.

"*Improving the soil* which they have quite exhausted, was the first thing discussed. Then *the cultivation of a greater variety of things*, so that they might not be entirely dependent on mealies; sweet potatoes, bananas and pine apples were proposed both for sale and for food. We had one pine apple. Scarcely one of them had tasted a pine before; it was divided amongst them, and the different attitudes and play of countenance are scarcely to be described, but only looking on you would have thought that some great affair of state was being discussed. Umfundisi means to work them up to it. Umapinda being the nearest, we hope to help him to take the lead in it.

"To-day was chosen for the taking up the sweet potatoes in the boys' gardens. The parents were most thankful and surprised at getting them. Utshetshingwane's mother gave him a little lecture for not being neater with his garden, and put it all in order for him, planting the new potatoe tops. To-night there was a petition that the boys might go and share in the feast of potatoes at Umapinda's, but they came back for prayers. We are remembering Joseph Africander who is very ill in the daily prayers; he is not better this evening, but still not worse. I *walked* half way with Umfundisi yesterday after Kafir service to see him, though I knew of course I could not get there. I came

back with the children, and we watched the grand sunset, and thought and *talked* of you all—and said we would remember that sunset next year.

"Umfundisi has been having a worn tired feeling, and I am dosing him with quinine and sherry. I am quite as strong as I can be."

In July of this year my brother paid the Robertsons a short visit, and he told us when he returned of the sorrowful death of Joseph Africander. He was living in a house he had built for himself a mile from the Station, but he used to come daily to work. His illness was a very short one, and when it was evident that his days were numbered, he begged to be brought close to the Umfundisi; so the Zulu girls, Umadelwazi and Umasigoza, gave up their hut to him and his family. When at the point of death he bade his wife farewell, and all were struck with her quiet grief, so different from the heathen wail on similar occasions. She continued to live on the Mission Station till she came to us at the Umhlali; and after our departure from Natal, she was married to Heber, and they are now in Zululand with Mr Robertson.

My brother was much pleased with the continued improvement in all the people, but especially in the children. Hali had always been a great pet of ours, and was a very thoughtful boy. Although only two years old, he used to remark that Mrs R. and I liked to have a footstool, as the clay floors made our feet cold, so without being told, he never failed to bring us one. Another Zulu girl named Gudu,—of whom we have already heard from Mrs R.—had meanwhile been assigned to our friends. She had been unkindly treated by her former mistress, and this perhaps made her the more ready to listen to the teaching so ear-

nestly given to all. With joy we heard that she had asked to be prepared for baptism, but the next letter from Mr R. will shew something of the persecution that is endured by all who shew a leaning towards Christianity. It is dated Sep. 7, 1857.

"Dear Miss Mackenzie, we truly rejoice to hear of your work among the Kafirs, and that your love for them increases. May it yet more and more. Mixing as we do with the Kafirs (hearty good-natured fellows most of them), we are too apt to forget that they are *heathen*, and therefore *not* in a state of salvation. The opposite to this I cannot believe. Recent events have impressed it upon me more than ever. In the heart of every unconverted man however amiable, there is a spirit of bitter enmity to the Gospel of Christ, and where that exists how can we preach peace to them? Would you believe it that since Gudu made her profession, she has been an object of scorn and derision to almost every heathen here, including (God have mercy upon them) Umasigoza, Fingwane and Utshotshingwane. We know how vain it is to fight against the truth which must conquer, and it is cheering though at the same time most sad to think that young ones like Fingwane think and act thus. It shews us that they *do* think and are capable of being acted upon. Thank God, Ungafa sternly refused to join with them in deriding Gudu, and is in consequence styled by the others 'Isiula' (Fool).

"With respect to Gudu herself I am happy to say she is 'all right.' Back-goings there have been at times, but by God's mercy ending in confirming her more and more in the faith of Him we love."

She was baptized soon after by the name of "Christina," and afterwards married to Usajabula. She is now almost as good as a white woman in point of usefulness, forethought and a desire to keep things straight.

Hearing of the misfortune that had befallen us in

having the house we occupied burnt down, Mrs R. wrote to me:

"*July* 28. Thank you so much for sending your letter; indeed you must keep us well informed of all you do, for we are beset with enquiries from our Kafir neighbours when they hear anything of you. Thank God *you* did not suffer more. We could not help fearing any even the most aggravating circumstances you might be exposed to, such as the fire happening in the night, and the Archdeacon away. You can imagine how restless we were until we learned how and where you all were. Umfundisi guessed by the direction of the wind that the huts would be safe, if the fire did not originate there. We nearly had our house on fire on Sunday the 19th, by the chimney catching fire. We were at dinner, but I was obliged to leave the table to rest, and almost immediately afterwards the flames were curling round the chimney piece. We are not a *small* party at dinner, and the flames were soon got under, but it was some time before the wood-work was entirely safe, and now I am looking every day at the burnt front of the fireplace and chimney, and telling myself I must put it to rights. I hope this sudden cold weather won't pinch you too much. I feel quite ashamed of my luxurious room sometimes, and long to send it to you; and this time twelvemonth how sorry I was *only* to have it for you when you came. Don't mind for a long time *seeming* to have but little work, you *must* be making way, and will feel it in His own good time. I know we felt it so much when we first came here, and then it is so helpful to think of good 'Aunt Sarah' in *The Experience of Life*. He wants our wills, and He will do His work in His own way, and then He sends His ministers where He Himself will come.

"It was a great happiness seeing the Archdeacon again."

For some time Mr Robertson had been in the habit of holding services once a month at a place

called the Enwabi, and the next letter from him will tell of one of his visits there, and the ride home from it:

"It was very pleasant to have Mrs Robertson and the children to go with me on Thursday to the Enwabi. One of the chief's wives there has been very ill indeed, but is now recovering. She was so ill as to be given up for dying by herself and friends, and they attribute her recovery to some little kindnesses we shewed her. We hope much that it may bring good to them in the end. When I first saw her after she was taken ill she said to me, 'Pray for me that I may be well;' and ever since I have always talked to her especially and prayed for her, and it is encouraging to think that her husband asked me to do it, on two occasions when I did not go to see her immediately on first arriving. I should think Enwabi has been but seldom visited by English ladies, and a sight of Mrs Robertson is a great treat to them. On our return home we called upon Utshilin (sometimes spelt Shilling), who also has a wife very ill. The Inyanga (doctor) happened to be there, and was busy with his incantations. I did not laugh at or ridicule them, but remarked that medicines were good, and that it was the duty of all to try and relieve the afflicted by every means, but that all the *healing* came from Him who is above. To this Shilling, dear man, gave such a hearty assent, as if he felt quite anxious that I should know he did not think otherwise. May he not be far from the Kingdom of Heaven! He is a very regular attendant on Sundays. All send their very kind love to you. Pray for us, and write again when you have time, to let us know how you prosper. Please tell the Archdeacon that if by any means he can get me two or three good strong refugee boys, I shall be glad, very."

The law that all unclothed Kafirs who were seen in town should be sent to prison, gave Mrs Robertson

a greater desire than ever to make the people on the Station good needlewomen, and she took so much pains with them, that they were soon able to take in work, besides making and mending for their own families. Again towards the end of this year she was laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis, which prevented her writing; but the next letter from Mr R. will be read with interest. It is dated Nov. 4th.

"I trust the work is slowly progressing here, although there is not much to be said about it. We had 32 at school yesterday. The congregations on Sundays have been improving much of late, and at morning and evening prayer. The numbers are now generally about 20, Umapinda and several of his family frequently coming. Last week a young man and woman from the Umkomanzi came to be with us—an elopement. I know him well, and a very nice-looking intelligent young man he is. He has taken this step not only for the woman's sake, but because he is weary of the evils of heathenism.

"We hope well of our girls. The other day I overheard them in conversation with the new comers, so asked them in a kind of incredulous way, if when *their* time was up they would go back to heathenism. Their reply was a most emphatic *Never*.

"We have made a considerable step in gardening since you were here, and hope that in time this may be a help both to us and the Mission; but the labour and trouble at first are very trying to the patience. The hoes too are very slow when compared with the plough upon the flat. All this will come right in time, however. I feel always more and more the importance of attending to the temporal as well as spiritual improvement of the people, so that they may be able to support themselves by their own industry, and to help others.

"Umandumela has a pretty daughter about 18 years of age, whom he promised many years ago to give in marriage

to an old polygamist. She knew of it, but was too young to say any thing one way or the other. In the meantime, as years go by, she falls in love with a young man of her own age; the former she had probably thought of little if ever. It however came before her as a stern reality the other day. The old gentleman having obtained the required number of cows, came to claim his wife, upon which Umandumela called together his family and neighbours, and in their presence informed his daughter that she was forthwith to make this man her *husband*. As if electrified she sprang up, striking her head violently against the intsika (post in the hut), and said she would never do that. None but the son of Umfukuzele should ever marry her; and she became so excited that it was considered best to let the matter drop just then, not to give it up. This was in the morning. In the afternoon Umandumela whilst at work in the garden heard a cry 'Intombazana izamuka' (The girl is just gone). He ran out, but he was too late, and the Intombazana and two others were off. He and Ujojo pursued, but could not find them as it was then getting dark. After some consultation Umandumela and Ujojo determined to follow them to the young man's kraal. They reached it about midnight, and in answer to their enquiries received equivocating replies, which the Kafirs are so good at giving; and were just leaving when they heard a suppressed laugh in one of the huts, which they knew to be the voice of one of the young women who helped Miss Umandumela. They turned back at once, and looking in found the young lady and a number of others enjoying themselves. Umandumela made her come out, but just as she had got outside the kraal away she bounded like a buck among the bushes, where she was soon lost in the darkness, and Umandumela trudged home without her! For three days they hid her, Umandumela trying to get her away, and would probably have hid her until now, had not Umandumela consented to her marrying the Insizwa (young man.)

Mrs Robertson's account of their Christmas feast concludes the events of this year:

"I am sure you will like to hear of the children at the school-feast. You would have so thoroughly enjoyed the pretty sight. They were arranged on each side of long tables the whole length of the verandah, the white cloth setting them off to advantage. It gave me quite the idea of a home school-feast, they were so orderly and nice, so attentive to each other; it was quite pretty to see them cutting the food for their little brothers and sisters who could not manage it themselves.

"They had four joints of roast beef and shins of beef in soup, izinkobi (green mealies), sweet potatoes, and only a little porridge with slices of brown bread and treacle; and their drink was treacle and water. Umfundisi thoroughly tired himself with games and races, and made great fun at the dinner. They sang songs as they were assembling, and in the last round he impromptu-ed the words. 'Boy' took one end of the table, and our two girls the centre on each side, and every one was so appropriately attentive it was quite pleasing. Umfundisi made them laugh, calling over the names in the book of those who had attended the school during the week, only looking at the days he had marked the attendance to see if there were any to be sent away. Many were unmarked on his days, that 'Boy' and I could say had been on other days, and they were reprieved, which *we* had agreed on beforehand. It was all very cheering.

"But to day there were *only* 20 at school; it seems almost impossible to get them to come regularly, so that they cannot really learn a great deal, though a good influence may be gained. They answered well in Church yesterday, Umfundisi said, and that is good; but I do not think that, except Ungafa, they read better than when you were here. With many of them it is idleness keeps them away, but many of them are really keeping cows, and woe babies, which they are not strong enough to carry so far.

Their parents like them to come, but do not enforce it. Utshetshingwane has been away a month; his mother has told us she wishes him to come back, but he likes to be idle. When he left us Umfundisi said he read as well as Ungafa. The only way of getting a good school is for 'Boy' to be away the whole morning in every direction calling them; but then he cannot get back in time to do any good in the school, and is thoroughly tired out, instead of being fresh to teach. Even Unotshuto's children he has to go for. Impepu's children *when* they come, are always early and attentive—certainly the best. We rang the bell I should think two hours this morning, and even then Umfundisi had to send 'Boy' for them. I pretended to examine their heads to see if they had ears to hear the bell. I shall be very thankful if I may get stronger to be about *amongst* them more. My illness has been at times a tie to Umfundisi too in this respect, I am afraid, yet he has incessantly urged their attendance both with them and their parents, but our *both* going is a great help. I wish you were here too.

"Our girls and much of our *home* work are very encouraging. Wee Hali is getting on so well; though not pretty he is getting such a nice look, and is so full of fun and very active; but I quite believe is not rude nor mischievous, though often wilful and passionate with the other children. Both these wee ones, Hali and Billy, have had noon-day sleeps ever since Billy came, and this has the good effect of separating them entirely from the school-children. They are such an amusing little pair and great friends. If you give anything to Billy he says 'Give Hali,' and vice versa. Hali is such a sensible little fellow in going messages. When he comes to me from play I sometimes say, 'Oh Hali, look at your dirty frock,' he twists it round where it has not been soiled, and says, 'Keen frock here, Mama,' and then he laughs heartily.

"I meant to tell you in the industrial way which you used to be interested in, that Usajabula has grown such a fine garden of sweet potatoes that he *contributed* nearly

two buckets to the Christmas-day feast, and we had 2*s.* 6*d.* worth from him for the children, and Umfundisi thinks he has 10*s.* worth in his garden yet. Our children's feast cost 15*s.* We have added £1 to your contributions and are sending for the prizes. A good shirt 4*s.* or 5*s.* A cotton blanket 3*s.* Knives 5*s.* Axe 2*s.* Looking-glasses 2*s.*

CHAPTER IV.

1858.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

ECCLESIASTES XI. 1, 6.

Sow ye beside all waters
Where the dew of heaven may fall,
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow ye beside all waters
With a blessing and a prayer,
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
And sow thou every where.

Work in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own,
God guides the down of the thistle,
The wandering wind hath sown;

On with thine heart in Heaven,
Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

I HOPE my readers will not weary of hearing another notice of the feast already described by Mrs Robertson, which Mr R. wrote to me January 19th.

"We have had a very happy Christmas. The recovery of my dear wife, the many happy services and festal meet-

ings with the Kafirs, have all been very full of happiness, and causes of thankfulness, and I have good hope that seeds were sown which D.V. will ere long bring forth fruit to His glory.

"Saturday was a very successful day. In spite of the rain there was a very large gathering of people of both sexes. Enwabi was represented. The father of the 'pretty boy' won the axe;—Umapinda a blanket for his wife, by throwing the spear;—Umaposana a shirt, for throwing a large stone;—one of Unotshuto's wives a hoe, by running. These were the chief prizes, after which a number of small prizes were run or thrown for, among the winners of which figured conspicuously 'little Umputumgane,' Uncepai, Utshetshingwane, &c. Before they commenced, and after they had finished, I tried to inspire them with the desire to excel for its own sake; and at my wife's suggestion, proposed that they should meet for practice, as many as might wish it, every Saturday afternoon. We hope a weekly school may grow out of this."

It was now in January, the height of the Natal summer, always a very trying time to Mrs Robertson, and again she broke down. She was confined to her hut for many weeks, not able to speak, her cough was so severe. This was a great hindrance and loss to the work, but it brought out many pleasing traits in their black neighbours.

It is a common saying in the Colony that the Kafirs not only have no gratitude, but do not even understand what gratitude means, having no word in their own language to express it. They certainly practised it however towards the Robertsons, who received many presents of game from one chief man, which he shot on purpose for Mrs R.

She became so strengthless, that the doctor, whom she was at last obliged to send for, ordered her

change of air, and Mr Robertson proceeded to build a small house at the sea-side, near the mouth of the Umlazi, about seven miles from the Mission Station.

To help the building forward more quickly, Umapinda gave several days work to it, himself and his wives procuring the poles and thatch and reeds of which it was made, and their own servants used to work at it long after it was dark.

I never saw this cottage myself, but my brother used to describe it as a gem of beauty, so neat and small, and the situation so beautiful. Before leaving home she wrote to me:

"I am so sorry to go from this, but I am not of much use. I can only direct the making of frocks, which so tires me that I feel I am already losing ground and beginning to break down again, so it is much better to go.

"I thought when I could first look from my window, how beautiful everything is grown here, and how the work in every way seems more and more happy, and how blessed it is to be permitted only to look at it and wish it well, and think about it. I could *tell* you so much, but I cannot *write* more. Yesterday was such a very happy day, although it ended in a break down. I was present at the Kafir Service for the first time."

After her return she wrote the following letter to one of the friends in England, who knew and loved her, although personally they were unacquainted:

"If you could realize the happiness and gratification your letter and parcel gave us, you would not for a moment think that ingratitude could have had any influence in my long silence. Let me thank you for your very kind interest, which has often strengthened and helped us; and then explain my seeming remissness. Shortly after receiving the parcel I was quite laid by with an attack of bronchitis, so serious that I did not recover from it for three

months, indeed scarcely really recovered, before a similar and dangerous attack in November confined me to my room until January, when I was removed to the sea. Mr Robertson had a rough cottage put up for me there, and it has been the means, under God's blessing, of restoring me more than anything else. I have been trying to find leisure to give you some account of our work, trusting it has still an interest in your prayers and good wishes. It is not my lot ever to have much strength, and besides increasing demands on my time and strength from growing influence, it has been uphill work recovering the *lost* time in *one* sense of long illness, though we can neither of us regard this or the many trials of Missionary life as *lost* time. Each trial brings its blessing, so that we can only look back with thankfulness.

"The last time I wrote was from Durban, and I think I mentioned two Zulu girls who were with us, dressed in clothes you and your nieces had worked. These girls for a long time were afraid to listen to Christian teaching, because they thought it would separate them from their own people; and would hide their faces if we tried to teach them their letters. Even after the heart of one of them was evidently touched, and they trusted us, the fear of separation from their people still kept them back. Meantime another young girl (Gudu), younger than these, came under our care. She very soon expressed a desire to become one of our children, and in the course of last year Mr Robertson gradually prepared her for Baptism, but being under age, we could not venture to do this without the consent of her legal guardian, her uncle, a heathen man of reputed violent temper and hatred to Christian teaching. By the law of the land he could take her away at any moment and force her to become the wife, perhaps the third or fourth wife, of any heathen who would give the most cows for her. She was so decidedly a Christian in heart that it was painful not to dare to bring her into the Church of Christ, and Mr Robertson was thinking that he would go and see her uncle, who lives at a great distance, and had never been within

the sound of Christian teaching, when one day at the sea-cottage he suddenly made his appearance to claim her. I only thought so anxiously about the sadness of her being taken to a heathen home, that I quite lost sight of the opportunity this gave us of doing good to *him*, but directly Mr Robertson came in that was his first thought. He had a long and interesting talk with him: he is a clever man, superior as a heathen man, and defended heathenism as well as it could be defended, but it all ended in his becoming quite friends with us; and though not willing to come and stay himself, he quite gave this poor girl to us, consenting to her baptism. This was a matter of the greatest thankfulness, and on Easter Eve Gudu was baptized by the name of Christina. It was a peaceful hopeful day, and was made still more glad by the elder of our Zulu girls, who had long been on the verge of professing herself, coming to Mr Robertson and saying that she could no longer be happy 'without doing the will of the Lord,' and would he take her as his child, for she would stand quite alone from her friends, and teach her her duty. A few days after this the other made a like profession, and a short time ago they were both baptized by the names of Louisa and Emily. I can scarcely tell you the change that is apparent in these girls, who from being superstitious wild heathens are become quiet Christian young women. They are now my greatest helps in my work. I could scarcely go through my daily duties without them. They are excellent needlewomen, and we have more than 30 depending upon us for help in making their clothes. Christina is my nurse for the little children. She is so modest and earnest in her religious duties, that I quite know if I am too tired to go to my little ones at night, she will not put them in their beds without hearing them say their prayers.

"I must introduce you to these dear children. They are three little fellows from three to three and a half years old. One is a child of 'Boy' and Mary, whom I hope you still remember. He was baptized 'Hali' in his infancy, and has been under our care ever since. And here he has

lived with us as our own little child. He is an affectionate intelligent boy; he quite loves me as his mother, and knows no other, though I try to teach him the love due to his own mother; he loves her too, but says the Inkosikazi (the Lady) is his mama. He speaks English, and is, I think, as advanced as any English child. He knows from Sunday picture-books all the stories of the Old Testament—about Adam and Eve; and he points to the picture of them and says, 'They are crying very much, they very sorry to leave the pretty garden.' In his pretty baby way he goes through on Sundays all the histories from this to the life of Moses, and also the lives of the prophets Elijah and Daniel. I do not press him with any actual lessons, but he has thoroughly mastered the alphabet, and is beginning little words of two letters. I must tell you one story out of many that may give you an idea what a teachable loveable child he is. On Saturday last week Christina brought him to me when he was dressed to make him confess he had been very cross in his bath. On Sunday morning he came into my room, looking very bright and animated; 'Hali good boy to-day Mama, not cross to Christina.' After he had said his prayers, he repeated as usual in Kafir, 'Jesus Christ loves little children.' I said, 'Yes Hali, He loves little children,—they ought not to be naughty if He loves them.'—He shook his head and said earnestly '*Ca*' (No). I added, 'but Hali was naughty yesterday.' He said, 'Yes, but He loves Hali *very* much.' I said, 'And yet Hali was naughty.' He looked at me his head a little aside as he does when he is very earnest, 'He *make* Hali bless—He *make* Hali good.' He said this in such an assured and yet half pleading way, it was so pretty, and so hopeful too, because it was applying the meaning of one of his little prayers to meet the difficulty he was in;—'Bless me and make me a good child.'

"Little Billy, our next, is a little orphan boy; he is a very engaging child, more passionate and wilful than Hali, but affectionate and intelligent. He has such an ear for

music that you hear him singing the chants and hymns he catches from the daily service in the prettiest way. He is a sweet loving bright boy, but he has not at present the comprehension that little Hali has, so that I cannot reason with him on his naughty tempers as I can with Hali: he gets over all by saying, 'Billy not a naughty boy *now*, Billy loves Mama:' and he nestles so closely to make quite sure that 'Mama loves him again,' that you can only end it in his own way. He has delicate health, which we hope he is outgrowing, but it has kept him backwarder.

"Our third is a little *heathen* boy, a most graceful, noble looking child. He has attached himself to us from his babyhood; his name is Ujadu. I used to bring him on my pony as a baby asleep, so that his sister who took charge of him might not make that an excuse for staying away from school; and it has been a growing attachment, until at last it has ended in his parents allowing him to remain with us: he has fine sense, is a manly boy, and it is surprising how he adapts himself to our habits, and follows the example of the other children in all his ways, until you would scarcely think he had not grown up with us. Pray for us dear Mrs —— that this little lamb may be brought into the true Fold. It is hopeful to see how he yields to teaching: when he first came to stay with us, he was rough, and so spirited that he would always have his own way with the other little ones; but gradually he is becoming quite gentle; and now though he often forgets and knocks them down, or attacks them in some way if they do not give up their playthings to him, he picks them up again, and comforts them, and kisses them, until they are happy again, and then he turns to me, 'Ujadu will not do it again.'

"These little ones are a great interest and care. They are scarcely ever out of my sight or hearing, and I often see the mercy which enables me to do some good in this land with so much of weakness and ill health. I see that the love of these little ones has been given to me; and though for weeks I may not be able to do more than rest

in the open air, yet these infants on the lawn are always a charge and interest.

"We have from 8 to 10 little Kafir boys who live here voluntarily; Mr Robertson is much attached to them, and is having them taught many useful things, and has morning school himself for them, independently of the day-school consisting of the children we may win from the surrounding kraals. 'Boy' is our schoolmaster, and he with his good wife Mary has been a great help to us in the Christian teaching. They have a dear little girl, 'Katie,' who is coming to be mine when she is two years old. They live quite near us, but confess they do not know how to train children to be what they wish to see them. 'Boy''s real name is Abraham, but we do not break ourselves of calling him 'Boy'; he is most anxious to have all his father's tribe brought under Christian teaching. They live far away from this, not even in the Colony, and we often think what a happy result it might be if our little black 'Hali' should grow up to take the 'glad tidings' to them.

"Besides 'Boy' we have two other young men able to teach in the Kafir school. Benjamin, and Usajabula, a very clever youth, and good and earnest in all he does. Benjamin has been with Mr Robertson since he came out here, and from a wild ignorant boy is grown a sensible trustworthy young man, not so clever in his studies as Usajabula, but very attached and sincere.

"Benjamin is now building a cottage of bricks made by himself, preparatory to his marriage with Louisa, one of the Zulu girls, who will make a most excellent wife.

"Mr Robertson's hands are more than full. We have much to make us thankful, but it is hard to be content while so many around us are living in heathenism. Pray for them and for us that we may be stronger in faith, hope and love, and that their hearts may be turned to Him, who only can *turn* them to Himself.

"Mr R— desires me to thank you from him for your kindness. 'It is their kindness even more than what they

send that helps us,' he says; and indeed it is so, for it is lasting. It is happy to look forward to meeting such friends in a better world."

I must here introduce a little anecdote of Hali and Billy, to show how much alike in their plays and dispositions are coloured and uncoloured children.

One night the mosquitoes wakened them, so they sat up and began to play. Seeing a tin box out of which they used to get biscuits, but which was now empty, they crept along to get it, and pretended they were making a play feast, and they sang their Kafir grace before and after it. Then Hali said, "Vely nice, excellent," and Billy added, "Kumnandi kakulu" (very sweet). Mrs Robertson, lying in her bed, saw and heard it all.

On Easter Eve of this year, Gudu was baptized and received the name of Christina, as we have already heard in the foregoing letter, and her influence on the others was so good that Umasigoza at the same time asked to be prepared for Baptism. Mrs R. wrote to us:

"You would be quite happy to see the change in Christina; from being the most wayward impulsive girl, she is growing so tractable and quiet and watchful over herself, that she is rapidly improving, and she quite understands that she must fight the battle unto her life's end.

While the little band of Christians was increasing in numbers, heathenism with all its superstitious horrors was rampant around the Mission Station. I have already mentioned that all misfortunes, such as sickness or death occurring in a man's family or among his cattle, are attributed to witchcraft, which is a most heinous crime in the eyes of a Kafir, and

under this plea many enormities have been committed, and the grossest injustice perpetrated.

About this time a man called Unotshuto lost two wives, and under the belief that some enemy had bewitched him, he determined to leave the place and make a new home elsewhere, if he could not discover who the "Umtakati" (or wizard) was.

The whole neighbourhood took alarm, and a meeting of witch-doctors was called to discover who was the guilty person.

They fixed on a man called Impepu, the father of three of the best and dearest school-children, and quite innocent of the crime imputed to him. Towards sunset all the people went to his kraal, took possession of it, and watched it all night until the doctors came in the morning. They were to look for the "Umuti" (or medicine) by which the poisoning or bewitching was supposed to have been done.

The remainder of this story I will give in Mrs Robertson's own words as she wrote them to us.

"Umfundisi determined to be present, and he described the appearance of them under their supposed supernatural influence as most awful, but in spite of it they could nowhere find the 'Umuti.' He would not let them get once out of sight to resort to any artifice, and at last one of them said the presence of an Umfundisi was a counter influence. He had until then been only a looker on, but he could no longer keep quiet, and he talked to them so strongly of their wickedness and wicked work, that one of them changed colour, and trembled all over. Another confessed that it (their work) was all a lie. He determined to stay as long as they did, hoping it would end there. Poor Impepu was most grateful;—his wives and children were in great sorrow At last the witch-doctor decided, without being in the least able to find the

place in the floor from which they said it (the 'Umuti') had been dug, that the great snake had told them that his wife had thrown it into the sea. But this did not satisfy even these poor deluded people, who had been many of them horrified at Umfundisi's attack upon their sacred witch-doctors. However it ended that day in the doctors running away to a kraal on the opposite side of the river, shouting 'Mubi Umfundisi, mubi Umfundisi' (Bad teacher —bad teacher), until poor Umasigoza (one of the servant girls), who was washing at the river, came up terrified that such people should call him '*Mubi*.' Umfundisi afterwards followed these witch-doctors, and found the people they were with dreadfully distressed that *he* should have been favouring an 'Umtakati.' He stayed until one of the doctors promised to give up the whole thing entirely, and to come here (to the Mission Station) next morning. He did not come, but Umfundisi knows where he lives, and hopes to do him good.

"Poor Impepu was not suffered to rest here. The people all determined to go to some greater doctors at Ututa's kraal. There of course all confirmed the charge against Impepu without coming to search his house.

"I forgot to tell you that the doctor, before leaving Impepu's, demanded a cow of Umapinda, and then of some one else for not accusing them. They refused, and afterwards Umapinda sent over the river to ask them why they had indirectly accused them. They sent word back they had done with the Umlazi, and never wished to see it again. But these doctors at Ututa's not only accused Impepu, but went into detail, and declared that Impepu's son had taken away your horse that evening it was missed (in July 1856) when you were staying here—that he had ridden the whole night that his footsteps might not be traced, and had gone setting at work his malicious influences on the different kraals he meant to affect. Umaposana's wife and child, Unotshuto's two wives, poor Joseph Africander, and even Mrs Fea, are now said to have been

murdered by him, and several others; it being further said that he is the head of a nest of Abatakati.

"After this visit to Ututa's the matter was considered ended, and poor Impepu came early on Friday to take leave of us. Umfundisi said he would not consent to that. If he *had* done all those wicked acts, he must be committed by a magistrate and take his trial, and if not he *should* be cleared and remain. The Amadoda were determined against this, and said they would all leave the neighbourhood if he persisted in such a course. They regarded us with horror for any expression of sympathy with an Umtakati. I am writing this as I can, and now I must tell you to the end; for we have thought of you all so much in it, especially of your sister Alice, who loved Umputungwane (Impepu's little girl) so much.

"It has all been so very sad, so much that is horrible in heathen life has been revealed to us, that Umfundisi had known before but never realized. Can you believe that among this apparently kindly hospitable people the habit of secret poisoning is such a known thing, that the more nearly they are related, the more they dread each other, and that the custom of the host drinking himself or tasting the food himself before he gives it to a guest, is really necessary to assure him that it is safe to take it;—that the mere wish to have a neighbour's garden, or something that is a brother's, his cows for instance, is temptation enough to resort to poisoning, and then it is visited on a supposed 'Umtakati' through the agency of these witch-doctors?

"I was with Umfundisi when the people came to meet him about it. They strongly resisted the plan of going before a magistrate, and put before Impepu so strongly that he would be sure to be hanged (this was while we were at breakfast), that when we went back poor Impepu said, 'It is true; Umfundisi, I confess it all.' He would rather confess himself a murderer and go away with his children, than run the risk of appearing before a magis-

trate. I can scarcely tell you how horrible it all was, but Mr R. saw through it all, and how they had frightened Impepu into acquiescence, and he at once spoke severely to him, telling him No, he must not go; he would not connive at murderers, and he must be committed at once. The poor man turned to those heartless, unmoveable, snuffing Amadoda, saying, 'You made me say it,' with such a hopeless look, it was more than we could bear. Then the people told Umfundisi he might get out his gun and shoot him there, but they had determined not to let the case come before the court. Mr R. *determined* to go into town to see what could be done, and left them all regarding him with a fear they had never known before. And he thinks he has gained respect, though at present they all stand aloof except Umapinda.

"But to turn from this dark cruel people, who looked as if they would like to shoot me, because I was sorry for the children; let us go from them to the school, and see our dear little Umputungwane, and the rest, shunned by the whole school, as if their touch was poisonous, their eyes red, and their features swollen, so unlike their usual bright faces. You could only weep at the dark state of things which involved these little ones. Umfundisi managed to put them near our own Christian boys in the class, but they seemed more astonished than re-assured at our caressing them."

Mrs Robertson wrote a few days later:

"You won't be surprised after reading about Impepu, that we had none of the Amadoda at church yesterday, except Umapinda; we were, however, thankful to see the children of Unotshuto and Umaposana; but so long as Impepu stays, the people will not come near us, and even some of our own are living in fear of the 'Umtakati.' Poor Impepu is so grateful to Umfundisi, he says he shall speak of him to every man. He talks of going to Mr Ireland's Mission Station (Mr Ireland is one of the Americans), and this is rather a relief to us, for we feared they would go far away from any teaching."

While Impepu remained, all the people in the neighbourhood lived in fear; and one evening when Ungafa and his little sister were rather later than usual at prayers, their mother came for them, for fear of their being bewitched by him. Had all this occurred in Zululand, death would have been Impepu's fate, but British rule protects life, and murder is punished as in England.

In June of this year, Mrs R. wrote to my sister:

"I am not sorry now I could not write on Monday, because I can tell you that we are very happy and thankful that Umadelwazi, our last remaining refugee girl unbaptized, has begged to be prepared for baptism. She came late last evening to Umfundisi after the evening school was dispersed, to tell him she wished to do the 'whole will of the Lord in every thing.' I ought not to have said *unbaptized* but *unprofessed*, and now we quite hope that the two girls who have been as sisters in every thing will be baptized together. Umadelwazi is my especial girl, so I must have for her some very dear sponsors, and I wish very much to ask you and the Archdeacon to share the responsibility with a valued friend of mine in England. I wish her name to be 'Emily,' unless you have much wish in the matter. If you are so kind as to be her sponsors, I should give up my choice in the name, if there is any other you would prefer to it.

"Is it not very merciful that we have—I mean Umfundisi has—been permitted to bring them to Christ? May we all have grace given to enter together into the Kingdom of Heaven!

"Give my dear love to your sister. I am sure when she is better you will be stronger in Heathen work. I think it is the result of all the chastenings we receive from His loving hand, that they strengthen us for His work, whatever it may be. I always feel afterwards, if I could but have received them more *truly*, how much stronger I might have grown.

"You know, whether *I* come to visit you or not, Umfundisi can, and he will set you going again. *He* is the only ailing one at present. He has a troublesome cough and tired feeling the last week or more.

"Christina has been satisfactory for some time past, without any outbreak of temper. She is growing in real thoughtfulness."

We had been hoping for a long time to have the Robertsons as our guests at our home at the Umhlali, and the time for their coming had been fixed more than once, but a long illness which confined me to my bed for many weeks had hitherto prevented this. The pleasure it was to us all to be together was however only delayed, and early in December our friends arrived, bringing with them the two boys Hali and Billy, William Adams and his sister Alice, Christina, Benjamin, Utshetshingwane, my sister's great friend, whom she used to call the Prince of the school, and two or three others who were new friends since we had left the Umlazi.

We were especially pleased with Christina, who was a beautiful specimen of the effects of Christian teaching and training. Her temper was naturally so very passionate that even Umfundisi himself had almost despaired of her at one time.

Our guests had not intended to remain over Christmas with us, and one reason they gave why they must return to the Umlazi, was, that Benjamin and Louisa had been betrothed for some time, and they did not wish to delay the marriage. This difficulty was overcome by our begging that the ceremony might be performed at our place, and that we might have the pleasure of giving the marriage feast, and of entertaining as many of our old friends as Mr Robert-

son would bring back with him; for he was obliged to return himself on account of his services at Christmas to both black and white congregations.

They were so kind as to agree to our proposal, and on the last day of the year Mr R. returned with a large party, telling us that he could not resist the tears and cries of the many who wished to come. Umapinda's eldest wife was of the party, and she had had her clothes, which we had formerly given, nicely done up for the visit.

The bride Louisa looked very thin, but pleasing, modest, and gentle. 'Boy' and Mary we were delighted to welcome, also Emily and Lydia, and Usajabula, who with many others completed the party; and we were able to accommodate them all in the huts of our own people, and in those which we used as school-rooms.

The only drawback to our pleasure was to see Mr Robertson looking very delicate, white and thin, with a bad cold and cough; but the change and the rest and the happiness all did him good, and my brother so arranged his work that he was able to remain with us longer than he had intended.

We were very glad of the opportunity which this marriage gave us to collect our own Heathen neighbours together, when Mr Robertson spoke to them as we were never able to do from our imperfect knowledge of the language.

So ends the year 1858.

CHAPTER V.

1859.

"When we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed. And when we had taken leave one of another, we took ship; and they returned home again."—Acts XXI. 5, 6.

Yet deem not, on such parting sad
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad:
Divided in their earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescu'd soul,
The faithful champions shall embrace.

Oh then the glory and the bliss
When all that pain'd or seem'd amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Fill'd with each other's company
Shall spend in love th' eternal day!

KEBLE.

On the 5th of January, 1859, Benjamin and Louisa were joined together in holy matrimony in the church, where a large congregation assembled.

The marriage service was choral and in Kafir, and at the Holy Communion which followed, seven of the communicants were coloured. My brother and and Mr Robertson performed the ceremony.

I never saw a more happy couple than the bride and bridegroom appeared to be. She was as modest as an English maiden, and very neatly dressed in a white checked muslin frock made high. She had a little muslin handkerchief on her head, with the ends hanging down, confined by a band of ribbon given her by my sister, and she wore a green wreath with white flowers in it, natural ones of course.

A letter from Mr Robertson to a sister in Scotland will describe the wedding better than any thing I can say. He wrote thus:

"We have had the happiness of paying a visit to your very dear brother and sisters at the Umhlali, which from a fortnight was extended to six weeks. Their kindness would not let us leave at the time we first intended, and I confess we were not very difficult to persuade, for it was indeed very pleasant to be once more altogether again just the same as before at the Umlazi; if in any thing different, with our 'ukutandana' (reciprocal loves) deepened by the lessons and blessings we have all received since we parted, now nearly two years ago.

"It was very pleasant and very happy that we should all be present at our first wedding (of converts from heathenism), the first wedding in the church, and the bridegroom, Benjamin, the first convert made by the Church in these lands.

"You will, by this mail, get a particular account of all our doings on that happy day (January 5th) from others who can describe it much better than myself. I will only add that a more holy and respectable wedding than that of Benjamin and Louisa I have never seen; and it gives us strength and happiness to remember that your prayers before the Throne of Grace will be united with ours, that they may go on as they have begun, and be a pattern and example for others to follow. All things work together for good in God's hands, but there is no more powerful in-

strument for winning souls to Christ than the consistent straightforward lives of His children. But I will not say more. I am afraid to say much of our own work, lest we should seem to boast of that which in truth is not ours, but His. Ever pray for us, that we may be kept steadfast, and for the work that it may prosper. Believe me, ever very faithfully yours in Christ, R. R."

To the same sister Mrs Robertson wrote on the 8th January, and the letter was finished later at the Umlazi.

"I think I am not at all the best person to write a descriptive account of the marriage, a less interested person would do it so much better. It was such an unexpected pleasure being all together at the time, for your brother and sisters are *our* best blessings here, and to be with them again is new strength and refreshment. I think we have all the sort of feeling, that we are intended all to work together, though we are so far separated; and then it was a day of such grateful thankfulness, that a blessing had been given to Mr Robertson's teaching, that these two should be joined in Christian marriage, and that we had such loving sympathy in our joy. Benjamin and Louisa were like two obedient, grateful children, listening to every word of counsel from my husband, in such a humble teachable spirit. Nothing could be more decorous and impressive than the conduct of the Kafir congregation during the service. The Litany was intoned in Kafir, then the Marriage Service, ending with the Holy Communion. The bridesmaids were four in number, namely, Emily, Unomhlali, Usemune, a little girl of your sister's, and Unosidobula, a young girl likely soon to be married herself, a niece of 'Boy's.' It was very pretty to see the party winding along the path among the hills; I think there were seven couples. We followed on our horses, and they came home in the same quiet manner.

"Then we were very busy. Every one had gone to the

wedding, so there was no one at home left to prepare the feast, and there was a whole ox to cook—scarcely any fire. Our kitchen that day was in the open air; a piece of matting tied to posts served as a screen from too great a draught, and here were awaiting us large empty caldrons, that were to contain all the meat, vegetables, and puddings, for at least 40 Kafirs, and 20 white people. We looked at all in dismay, and 'Boy' joining us, said no dinner would be had unless some energetic measures were taken; so he headed a party with buckets to get water from the river, set another party to prepare the vegetables, and others to put the great joints of meat in the caldrons. After the cooking was fairly in operation, we joined the sports, for we all had to take a part in every thing; and the running races for prizes, and throwing the assegai, was a very exhilarating scene. It was most amusing to see the gestures of humorous disappointment when the assegai failed in its intended mark and lost the prize; and very pleasing to watch Bafute's eager interest in his young brother Umputuza, who won a knife in running a race, so earnest was he in watching his anticipated success, proudly patting him on the shoulder when he walked off with the prize. These amusements gave ample time for the dinner preparations, and we had then to arrange plates and knives and forks in the long building, decorated with evergreens, and the seven long tables required some ingenuity in making room for so many.

"We placed the Archdeacon at one end, Mr Robertson at the other. They were supported on each side by some white people, and the Bride and Bridegroom were at the centre of the table, 'Boy' and his wife opposite them, and the remainder of the guests at discretion. We had a great many troubles at this feast which none knew of but ourselves; one great one was, that just as we wished to have the coffee served at the cutting of the wedding cake, we were told there was no water in the kettles: it had all been used in washing the plates *we would have washed*, they told us reproachfully. No one, however, knew they

were waiting for coffee whilst the water was being brought up from the river and boiled. Then, again, in changing the plates for the plum-pudding, I was taking especial care to have a set of forks and spoons carefully washed for the white people, when the Archdeacon, supposing that none had been thought of, made a sortie into the real kitchen, and possessed himself of some not very nicely washed ones for them, but I do not think any one observed it.

"*January* 31*st*, *Umlazi*. Since I wrote, our happy visit to the Umhlali has ended; and we are again at home surrounded by so many duties that we hardly know how to write, but it is pleasant to look back and picture *them* all in their happy home and work. It is quite rest when I am tired, to recal their bright garden with green wooded hills sloping to the sea, which makes an ever-varying distance. It reconciles us to the distance which separates us, to have seen their wide and good influence, and the love and honour they have inspired. You would quite know those gentle, loving, black school-children, clinging to each other, and inquiring for Alice, on our visits to the kraals, were *her* children; they could be no one else's, and I quite felt when I saw such a happy band of school-children, their mothers so lovingly enquiring for her, that our grief at your brother and sisters leaving the Umlazi was more than repaid, and that we were being helped in our work in a more extended way. I do not think we at all grudge the Archdeacon to his laborious and widely extended work; he is doing what so few could do, *no* other here. I pray that I may really profit by all I gained in this visit.

"I think you would be much pleased to see our Louisa in her neat white-washed cottage, which she is furnishing by degrees. They are beginning their married life holily, and we hope their example may be blessed. She has such a bright happy quiet look, and so has Benjamin. It is quite a new interest observing their domestic life; industry and neatness mark it at present. She is an excellent

needlewoman, and very neat in her appearance, and will, I think, keep her husband so too. I am just going to look out some pictures to hang up in their house."

The happy visit ended only too soon, and our friends returned to their own home at the Umlazi, taking with them a Zulu girl called Pahlegazi, who had been apprenticed to us for three years. She was very ugly, with thick coarse lips, and a more flat broad nose than any girl I had seen, and yet at times we were all struck with her sweet expression. She greatly admired Christina's neat dress and ways, but when we urged her to imitate her also in activity and diligence, she answered that Christina had a very light body, whereas hers was large and heavy, and she could not move quickly. The friendship between the two girls was so happy to them both, and we hoped so much from the good influence that the Christian exercised over the heathen, that we were very glad to let Pahlegazi go with the Robertsons to the Umlazi, where she had greater advantages than with us, from the number of Christians already in their service, and from Mr Robertson's competent knowledge of the Kafir language and character.

Here I must insert an extract from one of my own letters, which will show how blessed these dear friends were in their teaching at this time.

"Mr Robertson is a very valuable Missionary, and God is making His blessing manifest on his work, and the fruits of Christian teaching are apparent to the most prejudiced against Mission work. One of the Kafir's superstitions is, a dread of a dead body, and dislike to touch it, or indeed to have any thing to do even with a sick person who does not belong to the same kraal: but a short time ago Mary Fea died of fever at the Umlazi, and Mrs Robertson had

only her two Christian girls to help her in nursing her, and in performing all the last offices: and the funeral was attended by all belonging to the Station, the grave having been dug by Christian boys. Poor Mary being the sixth baptized coloured person who had died on the Station, Mrs R. feared the people might think there was an evil influence against them, so you may imagine what a comfort it was when Mary, 'Boy's' wife, said, 'Surely this place must be near Heaven, so many are taken to it.'"

No opportunity was ever lost of adding to the number of those who could be brought under their influence, although, as must happen to all who are engaged in a spiritual work, their patience and faith and hope were often tried. Many would have been tempted to relax their exertions, and to give way to discouragement, when hopeful cases came to nothing.

The next letter will shew how Mr Robertson took advantage of every incident. Mrs R. wrote to me:

"A lame man having lost one leg from the knee is come to stay with us. Umfundisi had met him one day a year and a half ago in one of his excursions, and told him if he would come to him he would make him a wooden leg, and his father has just brought him. He is a fine-looking young man. He lost his leg as a boy from the bite of a snake in the foot. His whole body was swollen and the leg gradually decayed away up to the knee-joint. He manages to swing himself forward with great rapidity by means of a long pole, and creeps very actively: the stump is quite horny from the use he has made of it, which will make the new leg less painful. You would have been amused with Mr R.'s canny look when he said, 'You know it will take a long time to make; there is the tree to cut down and dry before we begin, and all this time he will be learning.' He is able to do a great deal of work, and has

been on the verandah roof tying the reeds and doing various things."

In the month of May we received the following letter, telling us of Usajabula's marriage to Christina, and of the marriage of Anna, a niece of 'Boy's' to a Christian lad named Robert.

"*Umlazi, May* 20, 1859. Such a happy day as yesterday leaves one so very tired, that it is not easy to convey a sense of it to another the next day, but we thought of you all continually, and of the happy day on a similar occasion at the dear Umhlali.

"We thought we would give a cold breakfast to make less work for every one on *the* day, so the wedding was fixed to be at 11 a.m., and we set out all the tables beforehand.

"We had invited only the Christian people and the catechumens, and Umfundisi will rejoice your heart by telling you of Pahlegazi being amongst the latter. This added to the happiness of the day. They were all most nice, but Christina quite endeared herself to us by her gentle, quiet, modest manner. You could have imagined her a quiet well-taught English girl.

"The church was quite full of heathens as well as of Christians. As Usajabula was the only one of the marriage-party who had been confirmed, there was not the Holy Communion, but it seemed a quiet holy time in the church. 'Boy' gave away his niece (Anna), and I gave away Christina. You will picture Umfundisi's quiet happiness in it all.

"Although in the verandah we had only the Christians, large parties of others assembled on the grass, hoping to catch some scraps, and it was a pretty sight. Umfundisi was in the midst of them all. Emily had the ring in the cake, and Mary Boy the sixpence; the thimble was visible, and it made a good deal of merriment, no one would touch that slice; it went round and round. After the breakfast,

Umfundisi addressed them all, and then the grace was sung, and 'God save the Queen,' the tables cleared, and the register made. Then came quiet talk, and soon 'Boy' and Mary said they must go to prepare *their* feast, which was to be a late dinner, and all were invited in honour of his niece. They gradually dispersed, and in a little time we went down to see them, and it was such a pretty scene: the table was under some euphorbia trees, and all was neatly arranged, 'Boy' just putting the finishing touch to every thing. Umfundisi asked for a blessing upon it, and 'Boy' and Mary presided at each end of the table. The guests were all very hungry in spite of their late good breakfast. In one part, according to arrangement, our Mission Kafirs (the working people) were all grouped together in their white and scarlet shirts, and we heard 'Boy' order a joint of meat to be taken to them; and he feasted besides many of the people from the kraals. There were chairs and matting placed for us, so that without checking the mirth it made it a happy merriment for them. After dinner, Umfundisi was again summoned to return thanks: and then rounds and songs sounded so sweetly in the open air: the stars were shining overhead when the party dispersed.

"Christina kept close to me, and crept into the cart after me, and so we brought her to her home. In an hour afterwards *all* were at evening prayer in our own home. It was a day of great thankfulness. I was so glad to be out, it would have been such a damp to it all otherwise.

"We have not yet told the people of your leaving, although we all think of little else, and wish to know much more about it. I have such a lingering hope that you will have strength to come here again if only for a night.

"I must tell you that in returning from 'Boy's,' Umfundisi had arranged us all in the cart, when I begged him to get in too. He said, 'Oh no, I am coming with Umama' (the Hottentot mother of John, William and Alice), and then we saw him offer her his arm, and she looked so well in her black-and-white cappy, that in the

twilight, which concealed the gnarled face, it was quite pretty. We had her in also: every fresh invitation to himself he answered by lifting in another child, until in self-defence I was silent. But even *he* confesses to being thoroughly tired to-day.

"I must tell you Umfundisi took two of the children for a walk to-day, and came home by Umapinda's kraal, and the *old* wife, followed by all the kraal, sat sucking her thumbs to intimate their hunger, they having been excluded from the feast yesterday. The *old* wife reproached Umfundisi severely, telling him she ought to have had the chief place at the table."

By the same post Mr Robertson wrote to me:

"*Umlazi May* 21*st*, 1859. This has been one of the happiest weeks in my life.

"On the 18th your child Pahlegazi came to me late, and said that she desired to be taught to pray, and to be taught to be a Christian. The 19th was the wedding-day. Yesterday afternoon a young man, Udhlupela, came and said that he also 'believed.' At bed-time, just as the last of them had said her prayer, Ufila, a brother of Usajabula, came darting into the room, and said, catching hold of my hand, that he also wished to be taught, and he has long resisted. God's name *alone* be praised. R. R."

The next letter will tell its own story. It was written to the same kind friend who had cheered and encouraged them so often by sending out boxes full of useful gifts, and who had written them letters full of sympathy and kindness.

"*Umlazi, June 9th*, 1859. I must begin by asking you not to look upon this note as *any* answer to your *most* kind letter;—only a very short acknowledgement of the box you were so good as to send us. I have only missed one mail since its arrival, when I was laid by with a short attack of illness, and now this mail our dear Archdeacon

Mackenzie and his sister are here, spending their last days before sailing in the steamer for England, on business connected with a new Mission he is hoping to begin in the Zulu country; and it is most difficult to find time for quiet writing, amidst so much to engross one about arrangements in their absence; and whilst sharing their society, every moment seems precious.

"I do not think I can describe to you all the happiness the contents of the box gave to every one you had so kindly remembered. Christina, Emily, and others are hoping to write (in their way) their grateful thanks for your kindness. I dare not begin to tell you how very suitable every thing was—each thing seemed just *the* thing we required so very much, and the thoughtful spirit in which it was all done, seemed to bring its own blessing with it.

"I dare not begin either to tell you much about our people. It has pleased God to bless Mr Robertson's work, and besides others who have been baptized, we have now ten catechumens preparing for baptism, amongst them Unomhlali, the young girl for whom I begged your prayers and interest last year.

"We had just completed a new temporary school-room when we unpacked the copy-books, &c. &c. and the pictures which were so appropriate for it. Our dear little Hali, Billy, and Ujadu are most happy in their toys, the little quiet thoughtful wee Hali is most careful of the contents of the Noah's ark. Billy calls every thing like a house 'England,' and says when he wishes for his box, 'Mama, me make my *England* now. Good lady give me my *England*.' They associate England with all their happiest thoughts, and if they are not friendly in their play, they shew their displeasure by saying, 'I shall not take you to England.' They are improving and growing in our interest and love. Hali has holy quiet thoughts, which he expresses in quiet moments. Billy is a most lovely engaging child-like boy, and Ujadu is a clever affectionate child, exceedingly handsome in his best moments, but he is restless and wild, and a far greater anxiety than the others. We shall shortly

have two more little boys to live with them about four and five years of age, and we shall trust in your prayers for them. One is a child of Christian parents, the other of heathens. The work-bags found most happy owners in our little Christian school-girls, some of whom begin to work very nicely, and are going to make some little things to send you as specimens of their industry. They quite know you and your dear nieces who have been so very kind in your remembrances, and Christina is keeping the written direction in her dress that she may remember who she may thank for it. She has made it up very neatly. The dresses for Emily and Louisa are most becoming and fit them well. Katie is so attached to her doll, that she often disputes her mother's will about putting it carefully away; she wishes to have it night and day. 'Boy' was so gratified at your remembering his little Katie; it does great good remembering them by their *names*.

"It has pleased God in His great mercy to spare me so much of illness this year, that with increasing cause for employment, I have been lately able to do much more. We have young married women and girls all requiring so much loving care, that my time is very busily filled: and I hope soon to write to tell more about what is so very interesting to ourselves. Dear Mrs Mountain, I never look forward to seeing you on earth, but I do trust we may meet in the Presence of our Heavenly Father, with many who may through His great mercy be our crown of rejoicing.

"The little girl whom we call *your* little girl is to be baptized by the names 'Frances Catharine Mountain.'"

The next letters were written to us in England, where my brother and I returned, as we all thought, only for a few months, but it was ordered otherwise for us.

We spent two days with these dear people at the Umlazi before we sailed, and were much struck with the growth in the work since we were there before.

The Christian village which did not then exist,

now consisted of several *square* built houses. (Heathens seem always to build in circles. Every thing belonging to a Kafir kraal is circular.)

There was a marked difference at the Morning and Evening Prayers between the baptized, the catechumens, and the heathens, and the numbers were steadily increasing of those who desired to be sworn followers of the Cross. Persecution was resorted to, and all arts used by the relatives and friends at home, but very often this led to other members being brought into the fold, when it was seen that by becoming Christians the fifth Commandment was not abrogated.

On the contrary, Mr Robertson used to urge that, in every thing lawful, even more love and submission should be given to parents, and to those in authority, by believers, than by heathen. And his people seldom paid a visit to their own homes without bringing back brothers or sisters with them.

I was introduced during this visit to many new friends. Amongst others, to Mr Samuelson, a catechist, who, with his wife and family of young children, was located in a hut close by the Mission House. Having a competent knowledge of the Zulu language, and being an expert carpenter, he was an acquisition to the Mission staff.

Several lads, catechumens, and others who we hoped would soon become so, visited me in the evening, and we were told of ten persons of different ages, who were shortly, D.V. to be baptized.

It was with a sorrowful heart that we bade adieu to the dear Umlazi, though I did not know it was the last time I should be there. My brother paid it one more visit in 1861, on his way to the Zambesi,

but the Robertsons were by that time in their new home in Zululand.

They accompanied us to Durban, where we found letters from home awaiting us. Among them was one from a very kind friend, suggesting plans and offering help towards building a better house on the Mission Station. We had much consultation on the subject, and we ended by drawing a plan of one which we hoped would be built and inhabited before our next visit.

But a young colony is not the place where work can be speedily accomplished, and the rainy season had again to be passed in an insufficient house.

These dear people helped us with our last preparations, and went on board the steamer with us.

It was on St Barnabas Day that we sailed. We had a farewell service in my cabin. My brother read some collects, and we knelt down together for the last time; then watched them in the little boat till it was lost to sight. Mrs Robertson rode home on my brother's horse 'Bob,' which was his parting gift to them.

They knew full well that absence in England would not diminish our interest in all that concerned them, and many days did not elapse before they began letters to us. Mrs R. wrote to me:

"It is just one of those very sweet light Umlazi days that makes it a very tempting employment to write to you: a day of which Mr Shepstone, who was with us at breakfast, said it felt as if it ought to be Sunday Morning.

"After we left you that day, we came straight on, securing some forage to refresh 'Bob:' we were very silent, only now and then saying how GOOD it was we had been with you—when suddenly Umfundisi shouted 'The very man in all the world we want to see.' 'Stop Mr C—'

(a builder). And then and there he told him about the house; it all seemed very easy then, he assented to everything, would make the bricks if we could find no brickmaker, was coming to work at Mr S.'s in a fortnight, and could quite superintend both buildings at the same time. We sent in the plan for his estimate; a letter from his daughter said he was from home for a week, and although we send every time of sending to town, it is always the same answer, 'He is out, but expected in a few days.' There have been nothing but failures. Not even sugar-boilers can get any one to make bricks; all the tambuti grass in this neighbourhood has been either cut by others, or burnt by the Kafirs around, so that we cannot even be cutting the thatch, which Umfundisi set about most diligently, sending all the people out, and joining them himself in the afternoon, but they could only meet with little tufts remaining here and there, and it ended in nothing.

"Then Mr B. came and suggested stone. He found in Durban that the brickmakers had struck, and that bricks would be very dear, and Mr C. is a stonemason, but we cannot get from him an estimate of the expense both in brick and stone, which we wished to have to forward to you. If it were not for my *faithfulness* to you and Miss G., I should have said long ago, '*Let us go on as we are.*' Mr Shepstone says '*No*' most strongly to that; advises us to thatch our present building for the next season; to get up the roof of the new house, and fill in the walls at leisure. I forget how we were to make the roof without the thatch. Umfundisi is gone with Mr S. to-day.

"It has been, and is, I think, colder than ever this winter. We thought so much of you going down the coast, it was so intensely cold. The people here all love to talk of you. Emily was delighted one day at seeing your photograph. It was on the table, and she betrayed her knowledge of it by a bright smile and start, before we remembered it was there. They none of them *took in* that you were going to leave that day, and we were greeted with lamentations that they had missed saying 'Good-bye.'"

The house was eventually built in Zululand, with the funds so generously given, and we were glad they had not been employed at the Umlazi, which our friends were to leave in the course of a year.

In July, Mr Robertson wrote to my brother:

"July 17th was a very happy day here. The ten catechumens were baptized. All the people are going on satisfactorily. 'Boy' is busy finishing his house.

"There are two young men, extremely quiet and orderly characters, come to stay with us of whom we are hopeful."

Out of the ten thus admitted to Holy Baptism there were four of one family,

Upatwa, then named ..... Heber,
Upatwa's eldest daughter ..... Hannah,
Unozindaba, (another daughter of Upatwa's) } Blanche Alice,
Uvonye, Upatwa's boy ..... Charles Mackenzie,

and two children of Lydia Africander, viz.

Her eldest boy, baptized ..... Joseph Sutherland,
Her youngest boy ,, ... Henry,

and three out of the four others were:

Pahlegazi ..... baptized ..... Susan,
Unomhlali ..... ,, ... Frances,
Udhlupela ..... ,, ... Warner.

The name of the tenth I have forgotten.

Heber was a cousin of "Boy's," a widower with a large family, and Lydia, the widow of Joseph Africander, was engaged to be married to him.

Mrs Robertson's letter telling me about Heber began thus:

"Heber is very earnest in Christian learning, and we are very glad for Lydia to have such a protector, and this marriage will bring all the children on the Station, for hitherto her children by Joseph have been living with her mother at a heathen kraal.

"It is a very suitable marriage for her in every way.

"It will give you some idea of his character to know of something we heard about him this week.

"His eldest daughter, Hannah, is just promised to a young man called James, who is now staying with us from Dr Callaway's Station. She is a very nice girl, and we are sorry to lose her, though it will be a good thing for her, for I should think he is one of Dr Callaway's best people. He came to Umfundisi one morning to tell him that Heber would not take any cows for his daughter, that he was determined she should not be sold; and the young man was distressed, lest if he (James) died, his heir should come and claim his wife, because, according to Kafir law, it would not be a binding marriage; and on that account he thought it right to insist on giving the cows, that no one should say Hannah was not his lawful wife.

"Heber we find was one of the men who came to my house at Pietermaritzburg when 'Boy' was with me. Do you not remember my telling you of 'Boy' coming to my room late one night, tapping at my door, and begging for the pictures to show to some of his people who had come from Faku's country, and that they were so interested in them that they were talking nearly the whole night? I saw them the next morning, they were Amadoda wrapped in stained blankets like all heathen Kafirs. Heber was one of these. I have not yet got the link between this and his directly giving up heathen life. He must have seen something of the Mission Station at Palmerston, as he would naturally pass that, but his visit to Pietermaritzburg, and his knowing that 'Boy' was settled with us here, seem to have determined him to come to us. He had two wives when he determined to come, and he told them he wished to remove where he could be taught: the elder wife refused to be taught, or to come where she could be taught, so strongly, that it ended in his giving her up, and she left him and went back to her own people in the Amaponda country, and he quite gave up all claim to her. She left all her children with him. The other wife was one in spirit

with him, but she was taken ill by the way; they stopped at Mr Wilder's Station, where, after a lingering illness, she died. Charles Mackenzie is *her* child. Then Heber came on with his family; they having learnt a good deal during their stay with Mr Wilder, and now they are quite a leading family in all good things. He will not allow his daughters to take snuff, and he is so wise in his management of them, so tender and yet so strict, and they are a clever family. Hannah, the eldest, is to be married to a young man from Dr Callaway's Station; and although we thought he had yielded to James's entreaty that he would take the cows for her, from fear at his death of her heathen relatives claiming her if she were not James's wife according to Kafir law, he has not, but has made a decided protest against such an unchristian custom as *selling his child*, which he calls it, and declares that he has *given* her to James. This has been duly witnessed to prevent any future doubt about it.

"Our girls are now so clever in sewing, that there is no difficulty when I can get things cut out. I am to tell you as an especial message from Umfundisi about some of his Sunday congregation. You will remember, I dare say, that large party of grown-up girls; they have been getting more and more rude and noisy at church. On Sunday week he had been quite disheartened at their conduct, and determined to punish some of them. Last Sunday they were again very annoying, running noisily out of the church in large bodies; he stopped and spoke to them, and ordered them to come and be punished. Their punishment was to be, digging a piece of ground. They came this morning, but were so very humble that he had not the heart to enforce the penalty. We hope it will have done good; but Umfundisi's humorous expression that he would like too 'to have got the ground dug,' I cannot put in a letter with due effect."

Pahlegazi was, as we have seen, baptized by the name of Susan on the same day as Heber, and two of the boys baptized with them were named Henry

and Warner. Udhlupela was the heathen name of this last. The evening of their baptism Mr Robertson was going round the last thing, and gently looked into their room to see if they were there. He saw them at opposite corners of the room in earnest prayer; Henry was the nearest, and he heard him offer many short petitions, each ending "Ubaba wami," My Father. He came quietly away.

The touching history of Udhlupela is told by Mrs Robertson in the following letters.

"Udhlupela, one of the two boys who were introduced to you in your bed-room the first evening, had a great trial to go through about his becoming a Christian: his father came over and *kala*-ed (cried) terribly about him, and urged his returning home, representing his mother as ill. We were very anxious, but Udhlupela gave us great comfort: he looked so sorry to see his father so really grieved, and said most firmly he would go home to see his mother, but should not stay; and when Mr R— suggested that it might be too great a temptation, he told them he did not think so. The next morning Umfundisi sent him to say 'Good bye,' and asked me to repeat his words of caution. I said I was so afraid he might stay and lose the teaching necessary for his baptism, and forget what he had been taught; but he was sure he should never forget that, and that he would be back after two Sundays. And true to his word, he left home the Monday after the second Sunday, and on the Tuesday night tapped at the window to tell me he was come back. He told Mr R. no one had been glad to see him at his kraal, and that he was very happy at the hearty greetings which welcomed him here: and it is a very good feature in the people, how heartily they welcome every new convert."

The next letter told us of the birth of another son to 'Boy' and Mary; of the marriage of Lydia and Heber; and of the sad death of Udhlupela, whose

Christian name was Warner. If Mr Robertson's suspicions were correct, he may be considered the first martyr among the Zulu Christians, and his steadfastness may entitle him to be ranked among them, whether his death was caused by poison or not.

Mrs Robertson being ill again added to the sorrow of all on the Mission Station.

"*Umlazi. Sept. 5th,* 1859. I am almost afraid even to begin writing—looking at the paper half makes my head ache. I have been very ill—in my room for the last three weeks, and was obliged to have the doctor, whom I had not had before for nearly two years.

"I am beginning to get about with the help of a stick, and have been once down to Mary Boy on 'Bob,' but that was too much, and brought back the faintings.

"Mary Boy has another little son, who was born so near St Bartholomew's day, that he has been baptized by the name of Bartholomew. She is doing well, and sees a likeness to wee Hali in baby, but I think him more like Samuel, her eldest boy. It is very pleasant to see her with her clean baby.

"It was a memorable week in which he was born, the day after the marriage of Heber and Lydia Africander, and the day before the illness of poor Warner. He is one we love to think of, he was so meek and reverent, and had such calm strength of character, which no doubt was purified in the trial he went through in becoming a Christian. *We* did not know the full extent of it until after his death. All he said to us when he returned from his home visit was, that no one had been glad to see him, and he contrasted the heartiness of his reception here with that at his own kraal. But from Mr Samuelson, and Henry (his brother in baptism) and others of his companions, we heard during his illness and afterwards, of the force and violence that had been used to prevent his return to us; and that from the time of his return, many had thought that he had taken poison, from the internal pains he complained of. Ukemba

told Mr Samuelson of it at the time, but he did not think much about it until his sudden death. We did not even know he suffered; he continued at his work, and was such a strong looking boy, and always so steady and earnest, that Umfundisi afterwards said, 'I think he is the only boy I have never had to find fault with.' And as he lived six weeks in this way from the time of his return here, we could not think it possible he could have been affected by poison. We sent for the doctor, but poor Warner died an hour after the messenger started. He came the next day, and Umfundisi had purposely postponed the burial that Dr Taylor might make any examination he wished, but he said that vegetable poisons could not be detected: that the Kafirs use such subtle poisons, that it was quite possible his death might be caused by poison, even at that distance of time. Dr Taylor was struck with his beautiful expression as he saw him in the coffin; and Umfundisi said it was most delightful that in the midst of such intense suffering you heard no complaint; nothing like impatience, but joyful trust in God.

"Can we be too much to those who give up all to be taught in the right way?

"His grave is near the bench where we have sat so often, a little lower down. All here loved him."

Mr Robertson, after telling my brother the same story, adds:

"My heart is very full. He is now at rest from all his troubles, and it is comforting to remember that he had grace given to him to stand in his fiery trial."

After this sad story, it was refreshing to read the following:

"All our married couples are giving us great comfort, they go on so steadily. Louisa has just been preparing a set of baby clothes she is likely to require, but they are all especially busy getting the ground in order for planting.

"Pahlegazi, or Susan, as I ought to call her, came into my room just now, her face behind a post, and stood. I

asked what she wished. She said in her soft voice 'Ukukonzela Inkosazan' (to send my greetings to the Inkosazan.)"

This was the name by which I was known to all the Kafirs on the station, and to those in our own service. It means unmarried lady, or chieftainess.

I have already mentioned that the eldest daughter of Umapinda had been married to a man who had been baptized, but had relapsed into heathenism. Of him Mrs Robertson wrote:

"We have left off calling Ukepuza the relapsed *man*, because we found that he was only a boy when he was baptized. He did not wish to be, but his family being Christians forced him to it; but what is so sad is, that he now again uses force to prevent his wife from coming, for fear it should end in their separation. We were getting on so happily with the help of 'Bob' (the horse). I was able to go over and help her in reading. One thing pleased us very much: Umapinda told Umfundisi in confidence that it was her husband who prevented her coming, and that he and his eldest wife (her mother) had been obliged to interfere, and they *wished her* to come. Oh it would make you sad to see her troubled thoughtful feeling countenance, and yet there is in the very expression the hope that it will end in her own true rest. One hopeful thing is, Ukepuza likes to come and talk with Umfundisi, but he is yet hard. Your heart would ache to hear her say when she has come neatly dressed to the Sunday service, what it cost her to come; it seemed to her as if she were '*leaving*' him. She meant in spirit, for he was not at home. She is *very* hopeful: he harder than ever, and threatens to leave his wife and take away her two children, if she even thinks about good things. She told Umfundisi one day that she had quite made up her mind to make the things of God the *first* things even if she must leave all. He begged her to wait, and to pray for *him* and for guidance for herself, which she does. The

husband is from home at work, so that she has leisure for thought. She brings the 'Izindaba' (the Life of Jesus Christ from the Gospels) to read, and then takes it back with the piece marked which she has been reading to me, and studies that until the next time. Sometimes Umfundisi is able to go over it with her, to see whether she has understood, and she tells him quite clearly what I have been saying to explain it, which is a great comfort, for I always feel as if I were saying everything wrong. I do pray that if he leaves his wife, he may not take his children.

"We have staying with us a wife of Ujojo's with a baby which seemed to be dying. It is only a few weeks old, and the poor mother has lost five babies before; she has never reared a child. They had quite given this one up, but Umfundisi begged so hard to be allowed to try and save it, that the woman is quite living here that we may be sure of its receiving proper treatment. She is a very hard dull woman in good things. Mr R. says he cannot get talks with her; she begins directly to talk of mealies, digging, &c. She went into town a week ago that the doctor might see baby and give us his advice, and Mr Samuelson tried to talk to her about Umfundisi and his teaching; but she quietly told him that the Abantu (people) knew that the Abafundisi (teachers) only told lies. She did not seem to think it wrong of them to do this, only they (the Abantu) need not believe them. I think she likes being here, and appreciates our care of the child. She has promised that it shall be Umfundisi's child if it lives, and it is a little better. The doctor had little hopes of it. It requires incessant care, and Christina is so good about it, for we cannot trust the mother to do every thing, for though she is a tender mother, she does not understand how."

Towards the end of August, Mr Robertson wrote to my brother:

"At the time of Warner's death my dear wife was very ill with one of her bad attacks. She is now, I am thankful

to say, much better, though still very weak. But although ill and in bed, she has not ceased to work both with her hands and her head. I do not see how it could be done, but I feel sure that if we had fewer children and people *immediately* about us, she would be better: if instead of our being a boarding and training establishment, we could be more like a clergyman and his wife in a parish in England, with fewer *secular* cares, and less depending on us, we should get on better, and possibly be more successful.

"*Aug.* 12*th.* Mary Boy was delivered of a fine little boy.

August 25*th.* James, from Dr Callaway's place, and Hannah, were married here.

September 1*st.* 'Boy's' little son was baptized by the name of Bartholomew Gray.

"Labour is extremely scarce. The Bishop hopes to start for the Zulu country on this day week, and if all be well I am to go with him, and to meet him at the Umhlali. I trust the journey may be fruitful in much good, and heartily wish you could be with us. I trust that you and your dear sister and all others are quite well, and that you are beginning to see your way to the end of your work at home.

"With our very kindest love to your sister, and prayers that you may both be soon back among us, ever very faithfully yours in Christ, R. R."

The next letter will show how seemingly impossible it was for either Mr or Mrs Robertson to help over-working themselves. The advantages which a residence at the Mission Station offered were manifest to all both far and near.

"Do you remember (she wrote) the little five year old boy who we told you was coming to join our little ones? We then thought of naming him Duncan, but he came to us on Whit-Sunday, the first day after you were gone, and we so much wish to associate him with you and the Archdeacon, that we are trusting to you to be his willing sponsors, and his name is to be Charles. He is a clever, teach-

able little fellow. Although he has been with us such a short time he is reading in English, ba, be, &c., and I trust good thoughts are taking root in his heart.

"Billy told me this morning that Uvonye had told him he would go up to heaven to find his father for him, and Billy quite believed him; he told me so gravely just as he had finished saying his prayers. Little Ujadu has a way of teazing him when they get into quarrels, by telling him he has no *Mama* to bring him pumpkin and *amasi* (sour milk), and no *Baba* (father) in his *Kaya* (home). And Uvonye had evidently been comforting him by saying he would go and find them. Wee Hali is the greatest help in the English; he is so thoroughly at home in both languages, that he often unconsciously says the Lord's Prayer in English instead of in Kafir, as he learnt it at first: he is such a dear, thoughtful little fellow. Mr Shepstone thought the wee ones improved, and seemed pleased, I think; he is coming again.

"We are all pretty well now, but for a week Umfundisi was so very ill that I was in great anxiety about him. His throat is still suffering, and he looks so thin and white it makes my heart ache to see him sometimes, but he considers himself well. Poor little Billy has been ill, but is getting right again.

"We have a new little wee boy about Hali's size. Utshetshingwane came with him one day, and said the child's father wished him to be my child, but that he would bring him himself. We quite decided when he was gone that we could not take him; that it was too formidable, having such a large little family of four years old; and that we must in some way put it off. But a fortnight later (last Saturday) the father brought the little man in state, full dressed; the child had been washed and greased, was decked with beads and *Umutsha* (Kafir apron), with a stick in his hand, as if he were just starting in life for himself. The old man looked so proud of him. I told him we must wait for the Umfundisi to hear what he wished; but fortunately it was an hour or more before he came back, and by that time the child was dressed and adopted, and happily build-

ing a house on the floor with Hali and Billy, who were assuring him that he was their little brother, and that they would let him have their toys and books, and would teach him to read. Ujadu joined in with assurances that he would not bite him, or scratch him, or *bulala* (literally *kill=bully*) him. When Umfundisi came I had so thoroughly imbibed the idea of keeping him, that I was quite astonished that he looked surprised and said, '*Then you mean to keep him?*' And then I remembered that we had been waiting for him to decide it, so I begged him to talk to the father, who was waiting. The old man only said that he was our child, and that we must give him five shillings. Mr R. asked what work he thought he could do, that he was to pay money for him? The old man said, what did it matter if our hearts were made glad by having him?

"He is a very docile, loving little thing, more like little Hali than Ujadu. Hali is so sweet, Umfundisi often says, 'We have not one like him.'

"I have not told you of the day of the baptisms, which was one of thrilling interest, but I must here mention an incident connected with it. The little boy to whom we proposed giving the name of Charles, was baptized 'Charles Mackenzie,' because they all know the last name as the Archdeacon's and yours. And all the little ones so thoroughly entered into the baptism of Uvonye, that even little Ujadu was continually questioning why the Umfundisi would not make him a baptized child too: and during the time that Mr R. was administering the rite, he walked up and stood quietly before him the whole time, looking up for his turn to come. It was so hard not to baptize him, he looked on so quietly, and so patiently waited. Mr R. said he could not tell him to go away, and there he stood waiting until he saw it was all over, and then he did not go back to his own form, but came and nestled close to me."

Mr Robertson could not baptize Ujadu, because his parents were heathens; and the child was not *given* to them, as Hali and Billy were. He was

allowed to remain and live at the Mission Station, but he might have been taken away at a minute's notice. No one could have stood sponsor for him, poor little fellow. Mrs Robertson continues her letter:

"The next morning when the children awoke as usual early, before daylight, we heard their little chattering voices talking about the previous day, and wee Hali teaching Charles that he must say now, 'God bless Charles Mackenzie, and make Charles Mackenzie a good boy.' He was learning with me the Lord's Prayer in Kafir, but from that time he has always added Hali's prayer, and says morning and evening what Hali taught him in English. I have let it go on unnoticed, and Hali is unconscious that we know that he taught him.

"Hali often says, 'We be so glad when Mr Archdeacon and Miss Kenzie come back, and when Charles hears the word, Miss Kenzie, he says U Charles Mackenzie wami (my Charles Mackenzie).

"Hali is just beginning sentences in reading, 'It is my ox, &c.'"

Allusion was made in Mr Robertson's last letter to an intended visit to Zululand. The main object of it was to obtain from the King Panda a grant of land for one or more Mission Stations, for as yet the Church had none beyond the boundary of Natal to the North.

The result of this request being granted, was the removal of the Robertsons to Zululand the following year; but in the meantime I must insert this letter from Mrs R.

"Last week there was another wedding here: that of James, the young man from Dr Callaway's Station. He brought quite a party with him who were wishing to find wives, and Susan (Pahlegazi) was chosen. The young man

who seeks her is not yet a Christian, but one Dr Callaway has hopes of, so the affair must of course stand over. Susan knows this, but I have no doubt if he desires a Christian wife, it will confirm him in the right way. He is very good-looking, and I should think clever. We like James very much, and he looked most happy when he took his bride away. She was so tearful that her father could not resist going the whole way with her.

"Usajabula has been on a visit to his mother, and has brought back two sisters, whom he hopes to settle here, and another brother is coming with his father's consent next winter. We have great hopes of a brother of Emily's who has been working here. Emily and Louisa are most anxious to have their mothers who are in the Zulu country settled here, and to arrange it with Panda is one object Umfundisi has in going to Zululand. They expect to start next week.

"The poor Samuelsons have been anxious about their baby, but it is much better. Will you give our best thanks and kindest remembrances to your sister for her letter, which was an especial comfort at the time it came. I was not well, and was alone nursing the Samuelsons' poor baby, whilst they went to take rest, and Mr R. was out, and there were other little depressing things, and it was so soothing to read her letter by the firelight, with that little white sleeping face on my knee. Umfundisi read her letter to Louisa in Kafir to the whole party at the wedding-feast of Heber and Lydia. Please tell her we quite love to remember her interest in our people, and Louisa treasures her godmother's letters, which Umfundisi keeps to read to her again. Uncepai sends the most enthusiastic greetings to you, and says that his heart will rejoice to know you are well."

During her husband's absence, in spite of all the additional work and responsibility it entailed upon her, Mrs R. found time, and made strength to give us an account of how the Mission work progressed.

"*Umlazi, September 30th,* 1859. Umfundisi left for the Zulu country, Friday, September 9th, with the intention of taking the Sunday services *at the Umhlali*, which he was able to do. And he wrote from the Balcombs; 'It is very happy to be tracing the footsteps of the good Archdeacon, and very heart-stirring to hear the earnest enquiries after him and his sisters.' I have not heard from him since he reached ——, where he was very kindly received. The Bishop had not met him on the Wednesday, and he had not heard anything of him on the Friday. He (Umfundisi) was going that night to sleep at Emily's kraal, and meant to push on the next day. I have since heard of the Bishop's starting, so I hope they are both somewhere in company, as I was jealous of Mr R.'s being without any night shelter this stormy weather, and the Bishop took two wagons. There is one part of the country where there is not an inhabitant for forty miles, and he proposed walking this, but I succeeded in persuading him to take 'Bob,' if understanding people did not think he would lose him, so as 'Bob' has not come back, I hope he may have him. I should not have felt so anxious in the winter, but these heavy rains always affect him. Henry, Umpamusa (a fine youth he is hopeful about), John Adams, and an old Zulu refugee, are his attendants, and he made the most curious little tent to shelter himself and the people, so small that in a storm I know he would put the people in and get wet himself. The old man is quite a character: he is an old friend from the commencement of the sea-cottage, and two of his children live here very often. He wished very much to accompany Umfundisi from a double motive; at first it was to have an *indaba* (a talk) with Panda about a relation of his, as well as to take care of Umfundisi. When Mr R. found this out, he declined taking him, fearing that it might do harm, and involve him with Panda. The Induna would not however hear of his going without him as his guide, and said he would give up his own indaba, and that his mouth and his heart should only be Umfundisi's. So it was arranged, and when they started he divided the *im-*

pahla (baggage) into three parts, leaving one man free to help the others. The Induna is a powerful man, and he had the heaviest load, which he made great fun about, pretending he could not lift it, and would not touch it; until Mr R. reiterated *impela* (verily) there was a waggon in front somewhere: then he took it up and ran down the hill as if he had nothing to carry, though it was rather bulky. Mr R. left with a full heart; the people down the hill who saw him last were talking to each other, saying, 'He is *our* Umfundisi *only*; did you see the tears that his eyes shed?' &c. I feel so thankful for his health's sake that he could go, he was looking so white. The loss of poor Warner, and my illness coming immediately on his own, made it I think on his own account very good that he should go, but I had to arouse all my nervous energy to seem well enough to be left, and can scarcely yet sit up the whole day, it was such a pulling down attack. Miss Gray has been so very kind and helpful both to me and the people. She took the white school entirely for a few days, then I gradually took part, and we were getting on very nicely, when at only a day's notice she was summoned to Pietermaritzburg. I was very sorry to lose her, but it could not be otherwise, so now I am quite alone in all my doings. I have the white school, my six wee black ones, and all the girls in the evening school. For some time we have had the girls separate from the other school in my room or the sitting-room, and I cannot tell you how happy this evening school is.

"Susan goes on well; she is decidedly improving in the things she most needed, and we think her a sterling character. She is very earnest in learning to read, and will soon be in the Gospels. I have had some interesting talks with her. Her brother, who was at Mr ——, has just finished his time, and came here to induce her to go home, and laughed at her when she told him she did not wish to go; that she was a Christian. He told her she was only deceiving him and mocked her. She told of all this scene in her usual awkward manner, leaning on a post in the verandah, and hiding her face, but I am so used to her way

that I quite understand her. She was evidently agitated, and this first announcement to her own home of the change in her had cost her much. When Umfundisi was going away, she told him that she was afraid the heathen boys might trouble her in his absence. So we agreed that the best plan would be, to offer the girls the protection of my room if they wished it at night. They gladly accepted the offer, and our own girls always sleep there. The little girls are in the adjoining room, so my black girls and I have my room, and I am quite glad; I don't dislike it, which I had rather dreaded I might. I like to tell you of all this, because Susan (Pahlegazi) was once an anxiety to you, and it shews the real change in her, and I do think she is a sterling character. She sends most affectionate greetings to you and the Archdeacon: and Christina sends many greetings, and says, 'Tell the Inkosazan we shall rejoice to see her back, and we shall pray that she may come safely and *quickly*.' They are all, I trust, improving. 'Boy' and Mary and little Bartholomew are all well, and baby thriving wonderfully. Heber and Lydia, Robert and Anna are all well. Louisa is daily expecting her first baby. Mr Samuelson is exerting himself earnestly in the Kafir school and among the people.

"*October 1st.* I was writing until 11 last night, not in the least observing that the heavy storm of rain was dropping upon my paper. Mr R. had with his own hands almost finished the thatching before he left, but the ridge was not quite done, and in heavy storms we feel it a little. And now it is a soft bright morning, every thing has a soft bright growing look which is very lovely, and Saturday being a holiday, I am writing in the verandah, with only an occasional breeze to disturb my paper.

"We are much disappointed about the house, but chiefly on your and Miss Gourlay's account, who have taken such an earnest, loving interest in our comfort. I feel quite sure that to have built upon *the plan* we made that last evening in Durban would really have taken £300, and then even if we could have commanded the necessary labour, we

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could not have felt it right to begin building upon the modified plan, without your seeing it. At least that consideration, with the lateness of the season and Umfundisi's visit to the Zulu country, seemed to make it impossible. I hope you will think it right in us to pause. We thought a great deal about it before we decided it. But I trust you will *soon* come back and tell us every thing.

"We have purposely kept from saying any thing that would be useful if you could get it, because we thought you would have so much of your own to think of, but as you ask me to tell you, one thing *we* should find very useful, and therefore I am sure others would, is, a good *large* mounted *map* of the world, and maps of the continents, each separately on a large scale. As to clothing, you quite know about Kafir shirts, and schoolboy blouses of the right material; but what we want most here, or as much, is, men's European clothing; that would be a washing coat or jacket, an unbleached calico shirt and trowsers. And another useful thing for working men would be what *I think* is called a smock, like what harvest-men and country labourers wear, of some blue washing material. The coats and trowsers might be of *duck* or blue check, and even material unmade for these things would be very useful *here*. Emily can now, with paper patterns, cut out and make trowsers quite well. She made Umfundisi some when I was ill, with very little help. I had a whole *piece* of duck from town, and the people have bought it all again for trowsers, which Emily, with my help, has cut out and tacked together for their wives to make. Saturday is the day we set apart for this, now that I am keeping school; and last Saturday she had four pairs to do. Each pair costs from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. according to the length. They get stronger, better, cheaper, clothing in this way than they can buy in town. And then we can help them so much more when we have not to give them the material also.

"But then in the beginning of a Mission you could not do this, because it is training only that will make them wish to clothe decently at their own expense. And besides, many

who give up their home and every thing that they may become Christians, are very poor for a time, and deserve help, so far as it is not injurious to them to give it: so that *here* we are glad of ready-made clothing and of material too. And the ready-made coats &c. might be ticketed with a price, and such men as 'Boy,' Benjamin, Heber, &c. &c. would gladly buy them, and with our increasing numbers it would often save my time not to have to cut them out, or superintend the making, &c.: and then the money could either buy more to be sent out, or something of that kind. But we should also be very glad of *material*, because it is so good for the wives to make clothing. Anna, who in January, and long afterwards, could not sew, now makes her own dress, and for her husband she has just made the third pair of trowsers, and now she wants to buy more material. I am making a great stand against the patching with different colours. One day 'Boy' was here, and Louisa came in to ask me for some pieces to 'mend up Benjamin.' I asked what sort; she said any would do; and I told her I could only give her pieces the same as the article she wished to repair; and I described rather graphically the want of taste in seeing a garment patched with blue, brown, white and red. It appeared that 'Boy' had had some feeling of the same kind, for he supported me with '*impela*' (certainly), &c., and they left: but shortly after 'Boy' returned leading in Mary and saying very eagerly, 'Look, Inkosikazi, here is Mary putting this in my best trowsers!' It was a bit of dark blue calico just at the knee. Mary was laughing heartily, and considered it did very well for them to use what they happened to have. I supplied her with the proper kind, and now when the cloth they buy is cut out, the pieces are rolled up and ticketed with the names of the owners, that I may keep them for patching in future days. But I must mention one more thing that will be useful. Sets of baby clothes the first size, and then such as will do up to two years:—all sized children's clothes are useful; but I am naming things we have not so much required until now. Women's clothing you know about *quite* well.

"The arrowroot this year has been very successful, the very little that was planted produced 400 lbs., and there will be a great deal planted this year. Oh if it will help you at all through the pain of parting with such dear ones, remember how *we* are *looking* for you. Pray give my love to those of your own to whom I *may* send it.

"Copy-books for the evening school we are always buying."

Of Mr Robertson's journey to Zululand there is no account from himself. On the 8th December he wrote to my brother in anticipation of our speedy return:

"It is so happy to think of your coming being so near. This letter is to meet you at the Cape, and if you leave England when you hoped you would, you will be starting about this time. We have for the last few days often thought of you and your sister as bidding adieu to friends and getting ready for your departure. Now we shall think of you as on the sea, shortly again to be back among us!

"May God give you a safe and happy voyage, and so be merciful to you and to us!"

A few days later Mrs Robertson wrote:

"Our one engrossing thought and care just now is poor Dr Callaway and his good work." (Dr Callaway was alarmingly ill at the time.) "'God knows what is best,' one is always *saying*. We have gone through much of grief since we last wrote, and much of happiness.

"The birth and early death of Benjamin and Louisa's first baby was a very engrossing interest. Then our last joy was the profession of Umpamusa, one of the young men who went with Mr R— to the Zulu country. He is being prepared for baptism. Umfundisi is wonderfully better in his throat since he wore the beard. I always tell him it is *your* beard, and that is the reason I allow him to wear it. We have a new little girl, a sister of Susan's now. We have *very very* much to be thankful for."

CHAPTER VI.

1860.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King: and that it is He who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that He shall judge the people righteously." Psalm XCVI. 10.

Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye our Word of God
Through the wide world.
You who this message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will your friend appear,
He will be nigh.

Ye who forsaking all
At your lov'd Master's call
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THE year 1860 opened with news of the intended Mission to the Zambesi. How these devoted servants were able to enter into and rejoice in any hoped-for accession to the Kingdom of the Redeemer, is shown by the letters they wrote, even while smarting under the disappointment of not again working in the same field with one who had been so true a brother, friend, and superintendent in all their Mission work. To my brother Mrs Robertson wrote:

'*Umlazi, January 9th*, 1860. You do not say it, but we do not doubt that you will accept the charge of the Zambesi Mission to which you have been called, and we are very glad that it should have such a head, though *we* must lose so much in your removal from this diocese. I mean *we* as the whole diocese, as well as *we* Umlazi, and *we* personally. We have been following the Zambesi Mission from the very first talkings about it in England, and we had said often, 'Why don't they get the Archdeacon to head it?' but it did not seem the less surprising when the news came at last, because it appeared to be so settled a thing that you were coming back, and we had begun to feel quite safe about having you again. We had been using the prayer for those at sea, both in the black and white services since the beginning of December, and quite trusted to see you all by the next steamer. I am not at all up to writing. It is a very hot summer, with changes to chilly rains, which have made it rather trying. I have not been out of my room since the day after Christmas."

To myself Mrs Robertson wrote:

"*Umlazi, Jan. 9th.* I have so much to write and no strength to write it, and the mail closes early to-morrow. The intelligence at the end of your last letter was so surprising and bewildering. The strongest feeling was of rejoicing that our dear Archdeacon was called to a work so befitting his powers as the noble Zambesi Mission; how it was all mixed up with deep regrets for the loss to the work here, and to us, you will quite understand: but we long for the next letters to know how it will affect your plans. From your having directed us to write to the Cape, we had felt so sure of you, and it is a great disappointment not even to know when to expect you.

"I have such a great piece to make up in accounts of the Umlazi, and I meant to copy Umfundisi's journal of his Zulu expedition, which is very interesting, *I* think. Your sister would have been especially interested about her god-daughter and namesake Louisa, and Benjamin, and their

sorrow for the loss of their first baby in five weeks after its birth. Such a sweet babe it was, and it had such a loving home in its parents' hearts, that it was a deep deep sorrow being called upon to give it up again. It lingered two days between life and death after we had begun to fear for its recovery, and sometimes we were full of hope, and then again all hope went. The last afternoon (the mother and the baby were with me the whole time of its illness) she was sitting droopingly by the fire, whilst I was watching the child, for she thought the only hope was in my having it. Umfundisi came into the room and sat down by her. She said in a low voice, 'I have no hope now.' I was very much struck, and I think your sister would have been happy at hearing Umfundisi talking to her in a low earnest voice, reminding her of her godmother's letter, in which she had told her that the time of trouble would come, and that she knew, from the trouble she had had herself, that it was one of the ways in which our Father brings us nearer to Himself. I think she will like to know how useful her letter was. Umfundisi had not seen it for some months, not since the marriage feast of Heber and Lydia, and yet it occurred to him spontaneously in that hour of deep affliction as the best teaching for his poor child. In less than an hour that sweet little one had breathed its last. I wrote to Alice afterwards, for the little one was *her* godchild, and I quite wish I had asked her to send on the letter, for I have such difficulty, if I have once written of a thing that has been deeply interesting to me, in doing it again, beyond just telling the fact.

"Dear friend, it is *very* hard to like you to go anywhere that does not bring you here: you have been so very much to us. Umfundisi meant to write a long letter, but my being laid aside has made him very busy, and besides various interruptions, he had such a sad harrowing duty at the Isipingo last week: he looked, when he came back, as if he had been ill a long time. It was the burial of a young widow who had been drowned, and the body was not discovered for nearly three days. He assisted in getting it

out of the water, and they were obliged to put her in the coffin at once as she was. The river is at the foot of their garden, and yet the eldest brother kept it all secret from his mother and sisters until the coffin was on the way to the grave. Umfundisi said he never should forget that poor brother's countenance.

"But I must tell you about Christmas doings: our little children's feast on the day of the Holy Innocents, and the people's feast on St John's Day. We had no feast for our married Christians: we have so many now, and had had so many marriage feasts in the course of the year, that we sent our little children to them on Christmas Day with packets of coffee and sugar. I was laid by, and not present at the rejoicings, but the children's fête was very pretty (not a greedy feast); all the little Christian boys and girls on the Station came to it. Umfundisi is just come to hasten me. We have not yet liked to tell our people here about the Zambesi. I dread the winter for you if in England."

This was always a trying season of the year to Mrs Robertson, for, as must have been remarked, Christmas-time is generally one of the hottest in the whole year. The letter by the next mail was written to me by Mr Robertson.

The evils of polygamy, and the cruel sale of young girls to rich old men, which is too common under the Kafir law and system, need no comment:

"*Umlazi, February 2nd.* I cannot thank you enough for the kind letter we have just received from you. It is very kind of you to remember the Umlazi at a time when you must have so many other things to think of, and new interests to provide for.

"While we were uncertain whether you would go or not, we did not mention it to any one here, although for ourselves we had little doubt. After getting your letter yesterday I told the people. They were very sorry, as is every one, but at the same time much interested in your

new field of labour. Several of Chaka's old warriors who live here, and to whom I have described the river, say they know it quite well, and in one of their expeditions (their most famous one) they went a month's journey to the north of it. One of them has to-day given me so complete a description of the river and country, that I have scarcely any doubt of its being the same as that described by Dr Livingstone.

"Mrs Robertson, I grieve to say, is very poorly: she was confined to her room for a whole month from the day after Christmas; she is still very weak, and can hardly be said to be more than half out of her room. I hope she may be able to write by this mail, but I am doubtful as yet.

"The work at present going on here is chiefly gardening, and putting what we have done into good order. We have quite an acre of arrowroot in the ground this year; about an acre and a half of cotton, part of which is looking very beautiful: mealies, sweet potatoes and beans form the burden of the rest. We have also planted out some more bananas, and are beginning to have a tolerable supply of them.

"A new kitchen has been built in the rear, and the old one is now the nursery. Abraham's house is finished, and Heber's (not begun when you left) is in course of erection. We have now on the Mission three civilized native houses, the two above mentioned and Benjamin's, and, if we are spared, we hope with God's help to add four, perhaps five, to their number this year.

"Heber is growing cotton, and Henry, Thomas, and Usajabula, and Umpamusa are growing arrowroot, a little each. In another year should we be spared, a good many more will take to this and cotton. In reading, some are making progress; others are very dull. Susan, Frances, and Unomcilo are now able to join in reading the Psalms. Usajabula too, I should have told you, is making considerable progress under Mr Samuelson in carpenter's work. Mr S. says he shall soon be ready to take another in hand.

"Our way of going on is much the same as when you

were with us, with the exception that we have two hours of school at midday for old as well as young. I do not find any loss to the work in this arrangement, the rest makes them stronger, and I can better urge them on.

"On the 28th of last month Untolo's case was settled. Untolo is as thoroughly pleasant, good-looking, simple-hearted a Kafir man as we have in this neighbourhood. He is about 19 years of age, and is deeply attached to Ukoniyana, the daughter of Unomarebe, the head of a kraal about a mile from his own. His own account to me of his interesting history is as follows: 'Ukoniyana and I grew up together as children, and we did not know that we loved one another, until Unomarebe attempted to marry her to an old man with several wives, against her will. She would not: they beat her: she ran away and came to me. After much talking, much scolding, and much trouble, her father consented that she should be mine, but I must first pay him 20 head of cattle. I gave into his hands all the cattle I had, and set to work to make up the required number. Before I could accomplish this, the lung-sickness came and swept away all our cattle, theirs as well as mine. So I had to begin again. Unomarebe saw I should be long, and again tried to marry his daughter Ukoniyana to another man of her own age, whom he thought she might like better, but here again she overcame them; she loved me. Time passed away; time passed away: at length her father seeing no prospect of getting cattle soon from me, arranged that she should marry Pangela, an old Induna at the Enwabi. (It was at his kraal the dear Archdeacon had once a good meal of amasi and mealies on our way to Pietermaritzburg.) All this was done without her consent. She was taken, after having been ill-treated in many ways, to Pangela's kraal by force, and obliged to take an unwilling part in the marriage ceremonies.' (Looking at the two, poor old Pangela, and young, strong Ukoniyana, it is at once apparent that he single-handed would stand but small chance with her, were she to use force.) 'Well, as I have said, she played a most

unwilling part, and as the day wore on, she grew more and more sulky, until at length the cloud which had been gathering blackness all the day, burst out into such a storm, that poor Pangela was right glad to let her be off and be gone. At a late hour that night she reached her lover's kraal, went straight to his hut and entered without speaking. Hearing some one open the door and enter, he said, 'Who is that?' ('For,' in his own words, 'I was not asleep, how could I sleep on that night!'). She replied, 'It is I,' in her well-known voice. 'Where do you come from?' 'From *there*:' (implying that he knew where). 'Upon this,' Untolo said, 'my heart became large up here' (pointing to his throat). 'We ran off there and then, and took refuge in a kraal far from here, up the Umhlatuzana.' Very wrathful was Unomarebe the next day when all this was speedily reported to him. The bright dream of many cattle, and by them of a *young* wife in his *old* age, had all vanished, and he searched far and near for her, giving utterance to many an angry threat, and lamenting the degeneracy of the times, in which they could not, as in days of yore, kill one another without being called to account for it. Next day the friends on both sides came to me and told me all about it; Unomarebe declaring that he should go and lodge a complaint against Untolo with the resident magistrate. After listening to the *vigorous* account on both sides (it is actually a relief to a Kafir to be allowed to have all his say out), I fully pointed out to them the awful evils of their system, and advised them to wait and let the matter stand over, until the missing couple should turn up, which they agreed to. On the 24th, when I got up in the morning, I found that they, hearing of what I had done, had arrived during the night, and had taken refuge in Ukemba's hut. It was a very sad picture of heathen life to see on her well formed body the marks of blows, not then quite healed, and for what? Because she was faithful and would not give up the *man of her choice*, and marry a man who might have been *her grandfather*. I comforted them by telling them I should do my best to

help them, and that at least no one should be permitted to take her away by force. I then wrote a short account of the whole affair to the resident magistrate, and sent it by Untolo. On the following day he returned with a reply to the effect that the magistrate would do his best to put matters right, and that I was to send both parties to him. I accordingly sent for them, but found Unomarebe not at all inclined to go, deeming that as Untolo had taken the initiative, and as all my influence was against him, he should stand but a small chance. So they agreed to accommodate the matter between themselves, and it was arranged that Untolo should be allowed to marry Ukoniyana as soon as he had paid 10 cows, costing 7*s.* 6*d.* each, and that three years should be given him to pay another 10 head of cattle. After this had been fully settled, it was all put down on paper, and properly signed, and attested by witnesses on both sides, and Untolo and Ukoniyana returned to their respective homes with happy hearts.

"*February* 28*th.* The cotton crop is looking very well, and will soon be bearing.

"*March* 14*th.* It is very cheering to hear such good accounts of yourself and your dear brother. I do trust and pray that you both may have strength given to you for the great work you have before you, and that we may again have the privilege of seeing you for a short while. It is very pleasant to think of this, but I am afraid it will take some time to raise £20,000, and £2,000 per annum, unless the hearts of Christians at home are 'touched' to contribute in proportion to the magnitude of the work: of which I delight to think that your dear brother and our friend is the honoured head. Dr S. paid us a visit on Sunday, and of course we were talking about you. He said, if all in England who could write were to contribute a *postage stamp*, you would get more than the sum required.

"I have just heard of a great trouble that has come to Umapozana, an old friend of yours. He has had a quarrel with his eldest wife, and she has gone away and left him; and not only that, but he has lost at the same time his

eldest son and daughter. He had a younger brother to whom the cows belonged with which he purchased his wife, the brother being then too young to marry. He has now come, and, according to their law, has taken away the children of the runaway wife.

"*March* 15*th*. Kambeni, one of my wife's great sea-cottage friends, has just brought her up a magnificent present of crayfish. He and his father are thoroughly honest men,—Nature's gentlemen. On his way he had many offers for them from the white people, but resisted them all. I like to mention this, because it is often said, and not always without reason, that the Kafirs are an ungrateful race. Bright exceptions, however, occur here and there. The other day I had from one the offer of a muid of mealies as a present, because I had rendered him some trifling help some time before, which I had almost forgotten."

The same mail brought me the following letter from Mrs Robertson:

"*Umlazi, March* 15*th*. We read your *very very* kind letters with full hearts. We are so thankful that you do find time to write when you have so much that is unsettling. The *old plaid* which filled the several offices of bed-curtain, window-curtain, and wrapper in riding, had a characteristic end. I think I told you about Susan's brothers bringing their young sister one dark stormy night to put her in our care. She had been a refugee in town as a little nurse-girl, but the people not requiring her services,—or perhaps, with my present knowledge of the wilful little body, I might say more correctly, not getting any services from her—gave her up to the brothers who were working for Mr J—. They wished to bring her to us at once, but could not stop on their way home. When Mrs J— saw her she wished particularly to keep her, and would not hear of her being taken away. The brothers were equally anxious to get her away to be with us, and so they brought her off at night, and pushed her into the room dripping with wet, eyes and mouth wide open at the sudden changes she

had undergone. They explained to Umfundisi that it was not right that their sister should live where there were so many Kafirs working, and no other girl for her companion. One of these young men we had been very anxious about; he seemed in a rapid consumption, and there he was that wet night breathing with great difficulty, and with no covering on but a ragged shirt. We told him what risk he was running, and then we advised him to stay until the morning, but he dared not do that, so Umfundisi took him to the kitchen fire, made him take off his wet shirt, and I ran and snatched the *old plaid* from the window it was then serving, and he was wrapped round and round with it.

"Since Mr Grubb came to live with us, we have breakfast at 8, dining quite late, and have prayers directly after breakfast. Then Umfundisi works *with* the people, and I have Fanny and Tilly until 11, when the bell rings for school, and I have all the black girls to needlework until 1. We meet to lunch or not as we like. I have to feed my black and white children, cut out work for the next day, have the girls with me when I am preparing dinner for the Kafirs to cook, and then go out for a wee bit until half past 5. Dinner is over in time for the evening schools; Umfundisi takes the girls in the evening. I am generally come to the end of my powers by that time, and very often, as was the case last night, when I should have been so glad to write, I have to keep in my room in the dark;—my eyes are so weak I cannot often use them at night, from a sort of mist before them. Dr Sutherland thinks it is from exhaustion. He says it has been the very worst season for me it could be, so I ought to be very thankful I have improved so much. After evening school we have a bite for any one who wishes it, and then English prayers.

"Umfundisi himself generally works with the people morning and afternoon. He says he finds it the greatest help in keeping them in the right way, their naturally indolent and therefore faithless habits making them otherwise unfit to profit as they ought by good teaching, in the church and school: he *lives* with them except when he must abso-

lutely read and write. Mr Samuelson has employment in carpentering which Usajabula does with him. The Government Grant does not even now cover the industrial expenses, and though we have been trying to watch narrowly all the outgoings, we (the Mission) can scarcely keep things going; but Umfundisi says he quite hopes the arrowroot he has planted will, with God's blessing, support the people next year. It has been an unusually hot season, and though wondrously beautiful to the eye, it has been fatal to many things. There has been disease among the young chickens. We had escaped it here until lately, and now we are losing every one. But people should bear in mind the rapid increase of things in this country. I should think we have had 50 hatched since Christmas, and there are at least 60 more on the way. Umfundisi has met with a clever shooting Kafir, whom he has engaged as a servant to shoot bucks, which *is* lawful, although we were not quite sure of it at first, but Dr Sutherland says it is. He began last Saturday, and he has brought two such pretty little bucks in the course of the week, so that I have not had to *invent* any dinners, which is a great saving of *time* and *thought*. Butter is so dear that we have been making it at home, by getting a bottle of milk for the little ones, and as they have it in the shape of amasi, we take the cream for our butter. Our dear little ones are looking very bright and happy. Johnnie is growing a nice bright little fellow, and very affectionate and wishful to get on in his studies. The other day when we were all watching for the steamer, they were standing about us, and Johnnie told them we were looking for you. I shook my head and said, 'No, Johnnie.' He asked, 'Then why does every one rejoice about the steamer, if it does not bring them?' I told him we hoped for letters from you; he thought that was nice, but with a much less joyful look. His brother Billy is growing a sweet boy, quite getting out of his little tempery ways, and has a quiet brightness in the eye which gives a depth of expression to his countenance. Hali is his own sweet self. Mr Grubb said the other day, 'They are all nice children, but Hali and

Billy are not like common boys.' They always attend the Scripture lesson in school, and come afterwards running to me to tell me so eagerly all they have heard. Tzegula too is a very dear little fellow.

"This is a very interrupted letter, and my writing is influenced very much by the different things I am called away for. I do not think I have told you how much I enjoyed a visit of a week to the sea-cottage; it gave me rest and strength. I only had the little children and girls. Mr B. came over for the day to see us, the day we had sent the children down, intending to follow them. They and the girls had been quite surprised at our not coming down, and when we joined them the next day, it was most amusing to hear them describe their caution in whispering to one another, lest the Umtakati should hear them in the night. Umfundisi said, 'Oh, the Umtakati never come where there is the house of an Umfundisi and an Inkosikazi.' After that they were continually telling each other that no lions or tigers would come near an Umfundisi or Inkosikazi. They seem to think that the Umtakati is a wild beast. The monkeys used late in the day, at sunset, just when they were going to bed, to chatter incessantly in the bush immediately around the cottage, but we could never see them. This rather intimidated the children, and one day Hali found me working in the Archdeacon's room there, which is very cool and quiet in the heat of the day. We had rather doubts about using the room at first, for fear of snakes which might be concealed in the walls, but I used it afterwards. When Hali saw me sewing there, he thought it was only safe for *me*, and he remarked with awe, 'Not even if you were to sleep in the bush would a monkey bite you.' It seemed really prettier than ever at the sea-cottage; the whole of the ground about it is grass now instead of loose sand, and we cut it whilst we were staying there, and it looked really lawn-like. I used to think it very thrilling to hear their voices singing, rising above the unceasing sound of the waves. We worked on the beach whilst the children played, and they would all sing the hymns they

remembered, and others would come and join us. We have many close friends there, young and old. One, the eldest son of the chief, a middle-aged married man, we had many talks with, and he is coming up for a lesson with the map. The chief himself knows the Zambesi.

"Whilst we were there, there was a great storm, and the rivers rose suddenly, the Umlazi so suddenly, that Mr—, the surveyor, was nearly lost: his horse rolled over and carried him down some yards, and he had difficulty in extricating himself; at last thoroughly exhausted he came out on this side, his horse on the other. He came up to Umfundisi in a fearfully exhausted state; we gave him brandy and coffee, but even next morning when he left, he was still very weak. 'Boy' chanced to be near and saw it all, and heard his anxious exclamation when he saw his horse get out on the opposite side, lest it should run home to his wife: and without saying a word, he took means to get it, and brought it up just as a note was being despatched to assure her of his safety.

"All our people ask so particularly *when* you are coming, and a great many have given me special messages. One I have from Uncepai, your almost first friend here. He saw the steamer come in, and was sitting at my feet when your letter was brought: he always asks so tenderly for your health. Poor Utshetshingwane has broken or severely sprained his leg, but he is getting better."

Mr Robertson wrote to me in April thus:

"*Umlazi, April 7th.* My wife, although not so ill as she was a week ago, is very poorly, so I am the writer this mail. She has had a bad attack of bronchitis. Many of her illnesses are brought on by over exertion, and her recovery is often retarded by the thought of so much being left undone.

"Your friend Uncepai has come to work for us for the first time of his own accord.

"*April 12th.* Usajabula, Henry, Kiba and Ungisuman all left to-day on a visit to their people. They left with

prayer. May God speed them on their way, and bring them safely back again!

"*April 18th.* What we have looked and longed for is now beginning to appear, viz. that the Mission is beginning to exercise an influence for good upon the people around us. Hitherto, with only one exception, all our converts have been people from a distance, while those around seemed hardened and indifferent. Now they are nearly all of them most anxious to be on friendly terms with us, and Umkayitshane, the head of one of the kraals close by, has cut poles with which to make a civilized house in the mission village, where he and his family will be within the reach of teaching. He has two wives, and a number of nice children. We are exceedingly glad, and trust that it may be the first of many steps in the right direction, and that many others may be led to follow his example."

This pleasing prospect was not to be realized by the Robertsons. They were wanted elsewhere, and having established the Mission at the Umlazi, they were to leave the ripening fruits to be gathered by others.

Obeying their Bishop, they made ready to found a Church Mission in Zululand, beyond the boundaries of Natal, from which it is separated by the noble river Tugela.

It was a great undertaking. Mr Robertson writes about it as follows:

"*Umlazi, August 1st* I cannot sufficiently thank you for your very kind letter, and if I do not reply to it so fully as I ought, please to know that it is because we are exceedingly busy, being in the midst of preparations for a start to the Zulu country, in which we are (D.V.) to labour in future. The pang of leaving the Umlazi will be very severe, but it will be much lessened by so many of the Umlazi people going with us.

"*August 2nd.* I am in a very bad frame for good letter-

writing to-day. I am beginning to feel, not overpowered with work, but fidgetty about the time it is taking to get ready. I am very sorry to report to you that two of the oxen are dead. I do trust and pray, dear lady, that you may be spared to come out to the Zambesi, and to see at least the work begun. We can ill spare you yet. But why should I say this, as if I myself, strong man as I am, were sure of staying long? His 'will be done.'"

In writing to tell us of the projected move, Mrs Robertson said:

"There will be many pangs in leaving the Umlazi—the greatest to me, will, I think be, if our going involves sending back Ujadu and Tzegula to their kraals; they are now so *entirely* ours, weaned from unchristian habits, and so loving and intelligent, that we mean to try very hard to have them with us; the others we are sure of; the children themselves are ever talking of going with us, and will not hear of being left behind. Tzegula is such a fine little fellow in body, mind, and spirit; I have known him in my illnesses come in the evening of the Sunday and sit down beside my bed, telling me all he had heard in church; and once he quite related the Gospel for the day (the miraculous feeding), and had so realized it, that he told me it all correctly in his own child-like words, and seemed pleased that a *little boy* had the bread and fish which fed the multitudes: when he had finished, he told me it would not be right to throw food about, as it was a gift from the Lord. He is a brave, true, upright-minded boy, one of those right-hearted children who seem only to need being placed under good influences to imbibe them unconsciously; he has a fine understanding too; every one who comes is struck with him. If we cannot take him with us the Rev. C. Grubb (who is to succeed Mr Robertson at the Umlazi), will try to keep him here; but it is I who have the character of dealing with children of their age; the mothers say the Abafundisi (teachers) are not intended to have the care of children.

"Two sisters of Tzegula have lately come to ask me for clothes to come to church in; you know how opposed all these girls were to clothing when we first came here. I asked them why they wished to come in clothes, that I saw a great many girls come to church who would not come if we wished them to put on clothes, and they too had long come without them. They said, 'Yes; but now their hearts would not let them any longer.' I asked them if they would like to sew to make them, and they were most anxious, coming quite early in the morning. They were so eager to get them done by the following Sunday, that Christina and I had to help them a great deal, and we had under-garments ready made. They made dark blue skirts of Sclampore, and white jackets braided with scarlet; and they could not thank us enough. It looked pretty and cheering the next Sunday to see them coming over the distant hill to church in neat clothing. We tried to make it an improving week to them; and we hope one of them will marry a young heathen man to whom she has been long attached, and settle here. Umfundisi has had hopeful talks with him.

"All the people are most resolved to go to Zululand if we go, even the girls, who being refugees from the country under painful circumstances, were at first horrified at the sound of the Zulu country. Susan said to Umfundisi (after having all along turned away at the thought of Zululand) when he was telling her she should stay at the Umlazi, 'And whom should I stay with if you go away? I will go with you and the Inkosikazi.' She and her little sister, Qenisa, who has been living here, and Usimune, are all given into his care by the father, who told them that he wished them always to work for Mr Robertson and be taught, and that he should follow and build at the Umlazi. Then some of them murmured and objected that he was using force to have them made Christians, but he said, 'No, the Umfundisi did not flog people into believing; that if they believed, it would be their own hearts that agreed.' This was on Mr Robertson's journey to the Tugela, on his way to Zululand.

"Umpamusa, the betrothed of Susan, has just returned from his farewell visit to his heathen home before his baptism. Mr Robertson wished him to go through this visit first, and he has come home strong and true. He had some of his heathen belongings, which he no longer wished to possess: one is a festival head-dress which he used to wear on grand occasions, and I have it to send to you, and I think you will feel it doubly interesting to know the circumstances of our having it. He is quite as determined as Susan to go to the Zulu country. We *ask* no one to go, and advise many to remain; but give permission to all who really wish it. Umpamusa tells me when he is settled, a little sister is to come and live with him, and so the light spreads.

"I have an interesting indaba to tell you of the sister of Usajabula. After visiting us some time ago, she went home determined to return and remain here. I think it must be nearly a year ago. Her father objected to this, as Usikele, her betrothed, was often with us, and he was afraid of her getting married before the *first* ten cows were paid. She waited patiently until Henry and Usajabula came home on a visit, when, in the father's absence, she returned with Henry. Usajabula was going on further, so did not return so soon. She came to school most regularly, but at the end of nine or ten days the father came for her in great anxiety. Mr R. was out, and Usajabula had not returned. I did my best to detain her, but nothing would do. He had no objection to her coming to live here after the ten cows were in his possession, but he said it was right that where the cows were, the girl should be when Usikele came. He looked at it as a straightforward matter of business. He promised to send a younger girl immediately with Usajabula's mother, who is coming to be with Christina during her confinement, and she is to stay here with Usajabula. Great was the poor girl's tearful sorrow at leaving. *She* did not know that Usikele would like to come and live as a Christian here. She came to my room very early on the morning she left, saying, she *must* come back, with her hands

pressed together, and quivering lips; that she would try to come back with her mother at once. But Usajabula, who has returned, and had seen her afterwards at her kraal, says that it is quite hopeless; he battled it hard with his father, but that it is only delayed. And what seems so beautiful is, that at the very time that this girl was in such trouble here, saying she would give up Usikele, if he would not let her come here, *he* was sending a message to Umfundisi, saying he was coming as soon as he had earned the first ten cows, to be taught, and to bring his wife. He has only three more cows now to make up the first ten, at least he *had* only three; but one of the seven he had paid died at the father's kraal, and he has to make all good that die, which seems very hard. I think Umakasi, his betrothed, will be a very fine character.

"This morning, the mother of Unosiduma, one of the young girls from Tzegula's kraal, who had been making her clothes here, came to tell me that she too wished to come to church dressed. I proposed that she should help to make her dress; but she was sure that was beyond her powers, so at last it was settled that Unosiduma should come on Monday, and assist in making her mother's dress. She is a pleasant-looking woman, and had a little *own* wee sister of Tzegula's on her back. Tzegula took it in his arms in a careful loving way, and brought it to me: 'Clothe this too.'

"'Boy' was going to leave home to see his father, and expected to be away a month. He came to say good-bye, and gave Hali, his son, a shilling. I was telling this to Mr Grubb in the course of the day, and he said, 'Yes, and did Hali tell you what it was for?' I said, 'He has only begged me to take care of it.' Mr Grubb said, ''Boy' did not know where I was, but I saw him bending down to tell Hali, it was to be a *pen* (a three-penny piece), and a pen, and a pen, and a pen, for the weeks he was away, for him to put into the offertory for his father.'

"Mary ('Boy's' wife) is just returned from Maritzburg looking poorly, and little Bartholomew (her child) very ill:

she came up to-day to stay here; she said it was so sorrowful to be by herself, she could not say to any one, 'Now he looks better, now he looks worse.' We wished them particularly to remain here if we go, and she says so pleadingly, 'Oh! when I am at Maritzburg, I can only remember you and wish to come back again, and Oh! I could not stay here without you!' Mr Robertson pointed out many reasons why she should remain here, and then she still said, 'If you won't *take* me, I shall come, and then will you drive me away?' He could not say 'Yes,' to that, though he still thinks it best for her to remain at the Umlazi."

The pain of leaving the Umlazi was naturally very severe, but it was somewhat lessened by the desire expressed by so many of their people to accompany them to their new home.

This was a striking proof of the love and confidence the Robertsons had inspired, for several of their people were refugees who had been obliged to flee from their own country, where they would have been murdered had they remained.

The next letter, telling us about their preparations for leaving, was the last we received in England, a very few days before we embarked for the Cape on our way to the Zambesi. It was from Mrs Robertson:

"*Umlazi, August.* My last letter from the Umlazi would naturally be a very full one, and yet I am so very very busy that I scarcely know how to write quietly. I am writing in the verandah, so you will know it is a quiet bright day, and on the lawn is a huge wagon to which 'Boy' has been giving a fresh coat of paint, and now he is painting tent-pegs; and we are very busy. Mr Samuelson and Usajabula are making doors and windows,—the latter so earnest and eager to start that he works from early morning to sunset.

"Christina starts with us too, and 'Boy,' Benjamin and Heber, Henry and Umpamusa (Susan's betrothed),

Susan and Frances, and Qenisa, the sister of Susan, and *some* of our little children, *not* Ujadu. We wish to make our first party as small as we can, on account of scarcity of food and no buildings. The Bishop has allowed Umfundisi two wagons, one a working one. Two of the oxen died in bringing the wagon from Pietermaritzburg, two of those which were bought with the money from Scotland,—which grieved Umfundisi very much; but here the long, dry, cold winter is as fatal to oxen as the winter was to sheep in Scotland. It has been the most difficult thing for him to get sufficient oxen for his wagons, and one other is dying, not an Umlazi one. He is most anxious that not a day should be lost.

"The travelling-wagon will be our home for the next three months, although the people say they will work with strength to get up a building: the difficulty is the roof; at this time of the year there is no grass. We have three tents which Umfundisi was so fortunate as to pick up at a military auction in Pietermaritzburg. The huts in Zululand are made so flat, that even if we could have the use of a good one, it would be scarcely available. Even Umfundisi, when he was travelling with the Bishop, fainted in the night, and was recovered by laying his head out at the doorway.

"We have had many very touching scenes with the people around, which I cannot bear to dwell on, even if I had time. Christina has a fine little baby, and is such a happy mother. It was born on St John the Baptist's day, and was last Sunday baptized 'Jane.' Louisa, Benjamin and I were its sponsors; and yesterday we had a supper for all our Christians to celebrate the baptism—our last Umlazi gathering.

"You could not have sent me any thing more opportune than the nice serviceable plaid, and it will be so happy to remind us of you in our travels. It will, at this season of the year, be a three weeks' trek at least to get to our destination, and it is very cold. The clothing material we have been cutting out to equip our party. The pretty baby-

things were just what we needed at the time. Christina's little baby was baptized in one of the *pretty* little white gowns, and has had two whole suits of things from the parcel. 'Harper' and 'Parker' were names ticketed to some of the baby-clothes, I think; I meant to have kept them that I might have the pleasure of thanking each, and of telling them especially who had them, but in the hurry of attending to so many things I have forgotten exactly which was given to which. Every thing in the box was most valuable to us, and so *useful*. It was *very* kind in Miss Day. She must have inspired her pupils with a thorough interest in her wishes, to have succeeded in making them like to work such pretty things for our dear people here. Both you and Miss G. have so kindly said that your contributions were for *us*, wherever our work might be, that I have not scrupled to take the rest of the clothing with us to where a little store of things will be even more valuable than here. It has never been known to be so cold as this winter: the roofs of the houses at Pietermaritzburg were white with frost in the early mornings, and the air was so highly rarefied, it seemed as if there was nothing to breathe.

"Christina said so prettily (she was at one time very much afraid of returning to Zululand) she wished now to go; though she did not like the Zulu country itself, she would 'dabuka' (grieve) more to see us go without her. Louisa is most anxious to go; but with the exception of Usajabula and his wife, who have always been set apart for this, and kept from building any house here, it is not to be decided until they all know more about it, when they have been there to put up the buildings. *Mam* (the Hottentot woman, widow of Adams) and her children, Alice, John and William, go *with* us.

"It is anxious work starting so late in the season. I fear for Umfundisi going so single-handed to put up buildings, because, although we have willing hearts, the head-work must all be his, and his the working-hand too to inspirit others in all the difficulties of settling in a new coun-

try. We hope to find that we can keep cows there, which will help us much. I must tell you of Benjamin's delight with his axe; he said he should always wear it by his side; it was greatly admired; he and Usajabula '*ncow*'-ed at it a long time. It was so pleasant seeing Benjamin's interest in Usajabula's new baby, and poor Louisa with such a touchingly mournful interest nursing the wee thing, saying nothing, but you could see quiet tears falling upon it: but afterwards it seemed to be a real pleasure to her being with Christina and assisting her during her confinement. It is now 4 o'clock, and we have to send our letters into town to-day. We wish very much to get a good bell for the Zulu Mission, but we do not know the price of such things. If you can learn, it may be a help to us if any one offers to contribute to the Zulu Mission."

The journey was made in safety, and on the 17th of September Mr R. wrote to my brother as follows:

"I have only time to write a very short note to you this time. We are, as you see, in the Zulu country, and now (in the valley of the Umhlatuze) within two days' trek of our destination; while I write the wagons are being prepared for inspanning. We have had a few troubles on our way, but far more blessings than I can count up. One of our greatest troubles has been the loss of 'Bob,' he died yesterday."

('Bob' was the horse the Archdeacon rode during the few last months of his residence in Natal, and which he left with Mr Robertson as a parting gift.)

This letter, which was finished by Mrs Robertson, was written jointly to my brother and myself a fortnight later:

"*Kwamagwaza, October 2nd.* This letter got no farther by the last messenger, and though we have now been at Kwamagwaza nearly a fortnight our writing has been at a standstill, our first settling here has been so engrossing and exciting. We had many troubles on our journey, but the

joyous rapturous greeting which awaited us here more than repaid us for all it had cost us to leave the Umlazi. Not only on Sundays, but every day, we have endless visits from the *numerous* people about us. They are so thankful that they can entirely understand Umfundisi: they mention to 'Boy' constantly that they have an Umfundisi who is never at a loss for words. On Sunday 'Boy' was beside himself with joy at seeing such a crowded congregation under the shade of these tall trees, not any jealous fears of the wives and daughters coming, but even white-headed old women and little children were present, and they were all so pleased because I arranged the little ones in a group close to Umfundisi, and told them we loved little children. They were most attentive and tried to join in the singing and chanting, but at first they did not scruple to make remarks aloud on all that was new to them. There is something refreshing in their simple, frank, joyous manner. They had known Umfundisi was coming, and had been looking so long for him, that it was quite with a burst of feeling they received him. They did not know he had a wife, and a lady being an unusual sight to them, completed their ecstasy; they said they had been looking for one, and now it was as if four had come. One said, it seemed as if the sun had come to shine among them, and another man pointing upwards said, he thanked God for bringing us to them; that they should now so rejoice and grow in our presence that others would envy them. They are getting quite a depending feeling on Umfundisi, as if they had known him for years, and it seems wonderful that such a people should be living under such a murderous system of government. Life is most insecure, yet they look happy and cheerful, and are willing to receive teaching. Home feelings are strong, and yet one that you may be most familiar with, may any night be executed by the King's people, and you see his face no more. The whole country is in a state of excitement, in consequence of the king and his sons having called the whole nation to arms. All must go;—all are trained soldiers, and must appear before the king or his sons, and go through

their drill: none are excepted but the old men and the young boys and women and children. They have been summoned to go and make war against the Amaswazi, who had massacred a party of Zulus; but it was thought a *ruse*, and our Kwamagwaza people are getting confirmed in the belief that there is another crisis at hand between the king and his son. Our soldiers here are summoned, but they are not yet gone, and it is most interesting listening to their long talks with Umfundisi about their system, and the cruel results of it, in which they heartily agree with him. Last week Umfundisi went to Panda, and as he had to walk, it took him five days. His visit was most satisfactory: he was received respectfully and cordially both by the king and his sons. Ketchwayo is a fine amiable-looking young man, very noble in his appearance, and he quite attached himself to Umfundisi. At his kraal there were from 1500 to 2000 soldiers quartered, and although there were fresh regiments or fresh companies of the different regiments constantly arriving, there was no confusion or noise. They went through their drill before their chief, and then marched to their quarters in the kraal in perfect order. The regiments are all named, and their quarters in the kraal have the same name as the regiment. Last year at Ketchwayo's all seemed rabble and confusion, so that Umfundisi was quite struck with the improvement and with the respect of all towards himself. At Panda's it was the same. Last year his kraal was all ruin and dilapidation; now it is entirely rebuilt, in quite another place. I think there are 2000 huts in his kraal. Umasipula, Panda's great Induna, was particularly respectful and cordial to Umfundisi. He is dreaded by the whole nation: all orders for executions or murders come *through* him, if not originated *by* him. At Umfundisi's interview with the king and his people, he took Usajabula in case they should not understand him, and when he would have referred to Usajabula as interpreter, they prevented him, saying with strong expressions of delight that they understood all that he had said, 'he was a Zulu.' Umfundisi was the more struck with their respect

and attention to him, as it is common for the king to keep people waiting days before he will give them audience. *He* was immediately received both evening and morning, which we are most glad of, for we are living in a wagon and tents, and find a great many adventures in terrific storms and rains which need his strong arm to help us. The people here are delighted with our little children, and indeed are very good to us, all bringing us daily such supplies of milk and amasi and mealies, that we never fared so well, and we quite wish we could send our Natal friends on the coast some of the abundant supply of milk and butter which we have. We do not feel the loss of animal food. Kwamagwaza is a most favoured place. A constant fall of mist and rain preserves the grass all the year round, so that the cattle thrive, and there are abundance of mealies when other places are almost starving. It is in a most fair spot that we have pitched our tents, where we hope soon to have huts on a natural lawn of smooth grass—tall trees before us ending in a shrubbery, quite unlike the bush we are accustomed to,—tall single trees and sloping hills opening into lovely valleys and distant mountains.

"Pray for us that *we* may not fail in our duty, for all seems so promising."

Meanwhile, as was natural, the thoughts of these dear friends were very much with my brother in his new work, mingled with recollections of the time when we were together in Natal.

To himself, *before* his consecration at Bishop's Court, Mrs Robertson wrote as follows, and *after* it Mr R. wrote a letter to me on the same subject, which I will insert next, although it was written some months later:

"*Kwamagwaza, Zululand. October* 23. We are very thankful and rejoicing that you are to enter upon your new work with the high functions of a bishop. Through the photographs Miss Mackenzie sent us, all our Kwamagwaza

people know you, and they know the Zambesi many of them. As we came up the coast of Natal, on our journey here, we kept the photographs at hand, not only for our *own* pleasure, but for all your friends, who were deeply interested in them, many most touchingly so. While they acknowledged the greatness of the work you were called to, they said it *could* not make up to *them* for your loss. One was in tears, another said, 'Ah! I want the Archdeacon to stir me up.' Every one sent us substantial proofs of kindness all this part of our journey in Natal, milk, eggs, bread, &c. Mr R. had service at the Sinkwasi.

"I think you will like best to hear of all your old people, and I am sure I have not half told you all that so much gratified us in their earnest remembrance of your life amongst them.

"Dear Archdeacon, may I say, God bless you in your new work, and in your own spirit?—it is always my prayer. Ever yours, very affectionately, H. ROBERTSON."

"Dear Miss Mackenzie, I thank you and your dear good Bishop brother very much for all your kindness to me and mine. When I received his letter I laid it down and said, I do not know how to reply to such a kind letter, so unexpected and so good. Forget one another we never can, but I should not have thought the less of him if in his new sphere his interests had been more entirely absorbed. I do trust and pray that he may be mercifully preserved in all dangers, and that his labours may be crowned with success. I do not fear much from the natives. Do you know my right arm grew stiff as a poker at the idea. How I should rejoice to help him, yet I think it right for us to be here."

The spirit that actuated this dear fragile lady in writing the next letter, and in enduring such hardships and roughness for so many weeks, is a proof from whence she received the strength that enabled her to keep up; and her example has inspired many at home with courage to bear with patience, and even

with gratitude, ills which seemed great until they were compared with hers. The letter was dated,

"*Kwamagwaza. October 23rd.* There is a messenger going to-day, and though I cannot write much, I must write to say how fervently I trust it may have pleased God to bring you safely to the Cape when this arrives there. It seems almost impossible to be *prepared* in writing now; wagon- and tent-life in wet weather, which we have had almost incessantly, consume all my energies in *drying* things, and in keeping the children and girls cheerful and happy. My own health has been wonderful in spite of much real suffering from the closeness of the wagon, and exposure to rain or hot sun, which is even more trying. I often have to sleep with the wagon open, and a damp, foggy air flowing through, to keep me from fainting,—and I have often told myself, 'You might be worse off in the cabin of a steamer,' that I might 'not pity myself too much.' But you will be convinced I have not had so very much to bear when I tell you that I have not had a cold or sore throat, or any real attack of illness, since I left Natal: although even on the journey, until I had quite left the Umgeni, I had a *dreadful* cough, and was much too weak to bear any thing. It is certainly much less relaxing at Kwamagwaza, and the more we see of these people the more we are cheered and encouraged. They are certainly far superior to the Natal Kafirs. There is such a generosity and courtesy amongst them. Umfundisi says many of them are really gentlemen in feeling.

"He is more than busy, and says, 'Tell them I am making a hut for you on the first fine day we have had for a week, and I dare not leave off to write. Say every kind thing; tell them how we talk of them, and how we should have liked it if our lot had been to accompany them.'

"The army is just disbanded: the demonstration of assembling them has, as it is said, brought a compensation from the Amaswazi for their attack, in the shape of cattle: and this morning four of our Kwamagwaza people have

offered themselves to cut grass and work at a hut. Here it is impossible to build a Kafir hut like the Archdeacon's at the Umlazi on account of the shortness of the sticks and posts. The native huts although *beautifully* made, quite unlike those in Natal for finish and strength, are very low: we could not breathe comfortably to sit *on chairs* in them, and even on the floor they are very oppressive. Umfundisi is inventing a hut of wattled branches, to be covered with thatch, very similar to a Kafir hut, only it is not the same.

"The next building is to be something like *your* room at the Umlazi, if it should be found possible to get a sufficient number of poles long enough. There is a kloof a few miles from here that has some poles, but it is impracticable for a wagon to get there. A Zulu youth, who lives near, wished very much for a blanket, and offered to cut twenty-four, and for his people to carry them here: he came the other day to say he could only find ten. Umfundisi showed him the blanket once more, and he said he must try again, he would so like to have it: so we are still hoping he may get enough for such a building, to be used as our house at first, and which will serve for a kitchen in the winter, when Umfundisi hopes to build a small cottage of brick or stone.

"We still hope you will come to Natal after the consecration of our dear Archdeacon, and that we may manage to see you there. Our Sundays here are *most* interesting. The people *all* come, and are riveted in attention to Umfundisi's preaching. I think you would be struck with his *understanding* of the natives, if you could hear his morning service and preaching with our little Christian community: and then his totally different way with the heathen in order to adapt himself to their understandings. I must not say another word. I quite envy you your sojourn with the Bishop of Cape Town, and all its associations and happiness."

To this Mr Robertson added:

"*October* 23, *Kwamagwaza.* We are busy at work, and hope soon to have a hut finished. We thank you much

for your kind letter, and pray that you may both be much blessed in your new work. I thought your brother would be deluged with applicants, else, if we had not undertaken this new work, I should have been much tempted to ask to go with you also. God bless you and prosper you *both* shall ever be the prayer of R. R."

The following extract from *The History of Natal*, compiled and edited by Dr Mann, will explain the position and mutual relations of Panda and his son Ketchwayo, and generally the state of Zululand:

"In the year 1856 a feud broke out in Zululand, just beyond the northern boundary of the Colony" (of Natal) "between the sons of Panda, the Zulu king, which led to a sanguinary struggle among the extra colonial Zulus, but which also had the effect of illustrating very satisfactorily the prestige of the British power. The conflict took place close to the confines of the Colony, and the vanquished party sought refuge by thousands in the British territory; the boundary stream was nevertheless respected by the victors, even in the first flush of conquest. The remote causes of this struggle can be briefly explained, and the explanation will serve the further purpose of representing the state of affairs existing at the present time in the territory of the most powerful of the independent native tribes residing near to Natal. All the male Zulus above a certain age are banded into regiments, and these regiments are required by the king to render certain service at the royal military kraals. The ordinary service consists mainly in building huts and fences, and in milking and herding the cows belonging to the king. The captains and chief men of the regiments on service are expected to spend their time mainly at the king's residence, or principal kraal, where they have huts; their food being forwarded to them from their own people. The custom of the land is that these chiefs in attendance should receive gratuities of cattle from the king, in recognition of their service. In

the time of Chaka and of Dingaan the payment was easily made. There was then constant war, and there was always abundance of spoil to be divided. Panda, however, came into power in the interests of peace. As soon as he was firmly seated on his throne, he found himself closely hemmed in by his Dutch and English neighbours, and had to depend entirely upon his own internal resources for carrying on his government. The consequence has been, that the chief men assembled at the king's place have often been in a starving state, and when they have gone home to their own kraals at the expiration of their court-attendance, they have commonly been forced to do so empty-handed. Now and then an excuse has been found to get rid of a wealthy subject, in consequence of a snake having made its appearance at some particular spot, or for some other equally pertinent reason, and to constitute the royal person his heir. Panda's soldiers have, nevertheless, had but small pickings since his accession, and have upon more than one occasion had to disperse in search of food for themselves. This state of matters has furnished ground for a growing dissatisfaction with the king. In addition to this, it has pleased Panda to keep his braves unwifed as well as unfed, to an unusually advanced age. The king has also been continually in ill-health, and waxing enormously fat. His people have not often seen him, excepting when walking in solitary state at a distance. His captains have rarely been assembled in council, and not uncommonly his orders have been issued to his immediate attendants in such a confused and hasty way, that the recipients have scattered themselves in all directions only to look blank at each other, and wonder what they were after, and what they were expected to do. From these several causes, the idea has gradually been generated in the popular mind that Panda is not a king 'after the Zulu heart.' He has, nevertheless, been himself personally kept in ignorance of the disaffection of his people, in consequence of the isolated manner in which he has lived, and the unwillingness of those around him to speak with him of unpalatable facts.

"After this state of things had continued at the Zulu court for some time, the king gave permission to his eldest sons to found kraals of their own, and to go to reside in them, in order to relieve the pressure upon his immediate resources. The young men forthwith availed themselves of the permission, and the most disaffected of the king's subjects soon began to pay court to the rising luminaries, and to attach themselves to the persons of these juvenile chiefs. They called this 'living under the tiger's tail,' and when, at any time they were called upon to leave their chosen position and to go up towards the tiger's head, they considered that this would necessarily bring them more within reach of the tiger's teeth and claws, and so they declined to obey. In this way the parties of the king's sons gradually waxed in strength, but at the same time grew more and more jealous of each other. The two eldest sons, Ketchwayo and Umbulazi, ultimately became the rallying points of the dissension. The young men of the tribe, who had heard glowing accounts of the pleasant and profitable days of Chaka and Dingaan, rallied round Ketchwayo. The younger sons of the king attached themselves to Umbulazi. Hunting parties were assembled, and the hunters appeared with the large war-shield, instead of with their hunting gear, and assegais began to manifest an inclination towards human breasts, in the place of seeking only quadrupedal prey. A rumour of what was going on at length reached Panda's ears, and he sent for his two sons, and charged them to lay aside their jealousies, and to live together in peace. They demanded to have the people called together to hear and decide their claims. Panda turned a deaf ear to this demand, and for a time kept the younger of the two litigants, Umbulazi, near to him, but at last gave him permission to go towards the Tugela river, and build there. Umbulazi went slowly towards the spot assigned to him, gathering adherents as he went, who all carried the great war-shield, saying that they did so because Ketchwayo wanted to destroy their chief. It was generally understood that Panda inclined to favour Umbulazi; this younger prince accordingly

became the representative of the old king's party, and Ketchwayo the hope of the new movement. He was also looked upon as the real descendant of Dingaan, and as the man who would restore cattle and fatness to the impoverished kraals. At the critical moment, the prime minister and commander-in-chief of Panda declared for the 'White Rose,' and went over to Ketchwayo, carrying a large body of the king's regiments with him. The final consequence of the embroilment was, that about the beginning of December 1856, the army of Ketchwayo swept down upon Umbulazi's party in three divisions, and after a short conflict dispersed his men. Umbulazi's adherents sought safety by crossing the Tugela, which was swollen at the time; thousands of them consequently fell under the assegai, or in the flood. Umbulazi, and five other of Panda's sons, were slain in the fight. Two young sons of Panda, Usikota and Umkungu (the latter a mere boy), who were not in the fight, escaped into British territory, and are now living in Natal as refugees. The younger of the two, Umkungu, is under the Lord Bishop's care.

"After the battle of the Tugela the old king Panda became more and more powerless, and the star of Ketchwayo more and more in the ascendant. At one time the king was so desolate that Ketchwayo had to send him twenty men to serve him. The person of the king was, nevertheless, respected. In the month of November 1857, a great assembly of the people was called together at the king's kraal, for the adjustment of differences. It was then decided that all party distinctions were thenceforward to be dropped, and that Ketchwayo's right to the succession, on Panda's death, should be recognized; Ketchwayo being for the present the chief Induna under the king. It was ruled that Panda was still competent *to think*, but that he was now too old *to move*. Henceforth, therefore, Panda was to be '*the head*' of the nation, and Ketchwayo '*the feet*.' All important matters of state were first to be carried to Masipula (the prime minister) and Ketchwayo; and were then to be referred to Panda for final sanction. The

arrangement regarding the succession was, however, a matter of tacit understanding, rather than of definite agreement, because it is high treason in Zululand to recognize in words even the possibility of such an occurrence as the death of the king. It is related of a gentleman, at the present time connected with missionary work, that upon a certain occasion he electrified the entire court of Panda by congratulating the monarch upon his good looks, and adding he 'had heard a report he was dead.' Panda himself was for a brief interval mute from horror and alarm; but he then recovered his presence of mind, and with a furtive glance said, 'We never speak of such things here;' and so proceeded to change the conversation.

"Affairs in Zululand remain pretty much in the same condition up to the present time. Panda is the nominal 'head,' and Ketchwayo the acting 'feet.' Both parties in the state, the old and the new, continue to have their adherents, and appeals are frequently made to the Colonial Government from each for countenance and recognition. The Government, of course, remains on friendly relations with Panda, as the actual ruler, and observes a strict neutrality in all matters concerning the affairs of Zululand."

It was not till the month of November that the wished-for hut at Kwamagwaza was habitable. The luxuries it afforded will elicit a smile from those who have always been used to houses.

"*Kwamagwaza, November 14th.* Another mail has reached, owing to the kindness of the Walmsleys, who sent an express messenger loaded with letters, newspapers, mulberry cuttings, &c. We had your letters with the tidings that you really were starting early in October, and that our dear niece's berth was secured next to yours. I did not in the least think, from what you had previously said, that the Archdeacon would be ready to start then, and in my own mind I had arranged that you would sail about December, and that *somehow* we were all to meet in Natal in

March, but it is most welcome and gladdening intelligence to know that you were hoping to sail so soon; perhaps whilst I am writing this you are just arriving in Table Bay. It will be such a comfort to have a letter from you after you know that we have left the dear Umlazi: it brings a fresh pang every time we read your congratulations that we are still there. *Not* that we *would* return: but it was a very painful parting, and even now I can scarcely bear to remember it. It was something the sort of feeling I afterwards had in going down some steep precipices on the journey here, which looked so frightful that I could only shut my eyes, and keep quiet and trust. I am sure Fanny will be happy here, there is so much that is beautiful in the country, and the people are so friendly and courteous. When I was ill the wagon was quite beset with inquirers begging to be allowed to see me, and some came more than two miles with presents of milk and amasi. We are now really in our first hut, which is *wonderfully* nice considering the materials Umfundisi had at command. It is not a Kafir hut, because that kind of hut could not have been built high enough. It has wattled walls covered with grass, one post in the centre about 12 feet high supporting the roof, which is made of branches of trees, and it looks something like a magnified rather unsymmetrical spider's web. Matting first covers it, and the thatch is put on over that, so that it has a very neat look (*considering*). The walls are about 6 feet high, and are lined with mats double or treble: it has two windows, one of which is a large glass casement: the door at present is a blue blanket, but one is being made of wicker-work, which is to be covered with skin. It is such a luxury to be able to sit at a table, or stand upright, and to look at a book-case. We thought we had brought scarcely any books, but we have more than enough to fill it. It is sitting and sleeping-room, &c. &c. at present. The children's tent was so leaky, we were glad to give them the wagon, and to take theirs to make the girls' tent a double one. It has been so incessantly wet that it has made the want of buildings more trying, and

yet the difficulty of getting on with them much greater. We have constantly just one or two fine days, then five, six, seven, or eight rainy and foggy, nothing but *damp*. Umfundisi has not been very well, and has had a thumb which we thought was getting like Mr Samuelson's finger; then the whole hand became affected, but most mercifully it yielded to cold water treatment, or got well in spite of it. This morning he shook his clenched hand with great satisfaction, saying, 'Now I am a man for work again.' He walked thirty miles the other day to pay a visit to Mr Schreuder, and was only gone two days and the evening of a day. I am not sure that he does not exhaust himself too much without being conscious of it at the time; for he has sometimes such a weary look, and I am inclined to think that the inflammation in his hand had some connection with an exhausted system. But he is so earnest and hopeful in his new work; whether he is building or digging, he is surrounded by people, and gets into most interesting talks: he is very much out (as to-day) amongst them, and they seem so thoroughly to love and reverence him. We hope to get a school, but to do that he must again visit the king. Were the people to send their children without an express messenger from the king to permit them, they might be killed without any notice, but we hope he will sanction it. Ketchwayo told Umfundisi he could not enforce their sending their sons to him, but he would not prevent them: and last week, when he was visiting about, he came upon the kraal of a rather influential *Induna*, who had not before returned since the disbandment of the army. He told Umfundisi that after his visit to Ketchwayo, when he had been so pleased with the prince, Ketchwayo had ordered the chief Induna of Kwamagwaza, whose *town* residence is near the king's kraal, to come over, and in every way facilitate our settling here, whatever site we might fix on, and to let us choose what land we pleased. This was a great thing, because if the people had objected, and the king had supported them, we should have been in a difficulty. They are all devoted to Ketchwayo here, and

express their devotion sometimes by saying they even dream of him when they are sleeping, he is so much in their hearts: so that it is very good to have secured his friendship.

"Last Sunday the attendance of people was larger than it has ever been; even on wet Sundays many come. We are most anxious to get up some building for service: no tent that we could have would hold the people, and it is always either so windy, or so wet, or so cold, that it is very difficult to manage.

"The wagon is just gone down to bring up Usajabula's wife and child. Christina and the baby were left by the way at her father's kraal; the baby was scarcely more than six weeks old, and took cold, and there was such a mortality amongst children at that time, that we were not sorry at their proposing the plan. Susan is extremely interested in all your movements, and I have promised her that if you come to Natal, and we are so happy as to meet you there (which I think we *will*), she shall accompany us. She is very good and nice, sometimes rather stupid and obstinate, just to remind us of Pahlegazi, but otherwise very pleasant. She has not good health; for a year she has been liable to chest-attacks and coughs, but they do not make her thinner.

"On Sundays we always bring out your photographs, and place them before our book-case for our own and our people's pleasure, and I was struck with Henry last Sunday; he came into the hut with a message from Umfundisi, and caught sight of you as he was turning away. He gave a long quiet look, and then turned and smiled to me and left the room. Hali says to Billy, when they stand looking at it, 'U Mr Archdeacon—Ubishopo.' The other day I was telling Umfundisi how nicely they were getting on in their English spelling, and I turned to Hali, 'Hali, spell *the*:' c-a-t was his answer; so I won't boast to you, but they are improving wonderfully in understanding.

"We have three broods of chickens out within the last week. We brought a few from the Umlazi; there are none here, and our fowls have a great many wondering visitors.

It is about the climate of Pietermaritzburg, I believe, here. We have gathered radishes. We have vegetable marrow, peas, cabbage and beans out of the ground, and plenty of pumpkins and mealies. Balsams are our only garden-flowers, but there are many most exquisite wild ones. The Sandersonia *abounds* here, I have a glassful beside me, and the real African marigold, which I had not seen before; it is a *bright* red. The Zulus adorn themselves with it most becomingly.

"God bless and keep you, dear, dear friend. Ever yours affectionately, H. R."

It was very unfortunate, and greatly increased the difficulties that must necessarily have attended a settlement in a new untried country, that the year the Robertsons went to Zululand was one of war and famine.

Their new friends often regretted this, but, as we shall see, they did their best to help them:

"*Kwamagwaza, November 16th.* We are feeling very thankful to-day. This morning we cooked our last basin of mealie-meal, but, thanks to our kind friends here, Unxusa, Ungiza, &c., we have now (evening) more than a sackful. The famine is very severe, however, both here and in Natal, and we are confining ourselves to two meals a day, until the new crop comes in. Five baskets of the mealies we got to-day were *presents*—three of them from a very nice old man named Ungiza, a relation of Umapinda at the Umlazi. He is a good-hearted old man, and has especially attached himself to my wife, to whom he makes frequent presents of milk from his fine herd of cattle. I trust to her to tell you all news. Most likely while I write you will be arriving, if you are not arrived, at the Cape. We have remembered you in our *black* prayers. I began without telling the people about it; but on asking them what the addition was made for, they all knew. Susan was the first to speak. But I must stop. I need not say that our

thoughts are often, and will be often with you in the arduous work before you. With very many good wishes to you both, and with a hope that we may yet again see one another in the flesh, believe me ever yours, R. ROBERTSON."

"*Kwamagwaza, December 7th.* I must not write or I could tell you so *much* that is interesting here, but we are all very hungry: the rifle will be such a gain, as we may hope to have some guinea-fowls and partridges, and may be a buck, now and then, only there are not many here. We are sending up the country to try to get goats and sheep—does it not sound greedy?

"God ever bless and keep you, dear, dear friend. H. ROBERTSON."

These last few lines and the following short letter from Mr R. to me conclude the account of 1860.

"*Kwamagwaza, December 7th*, 1860. * * * * When you get to the Zambesi, please to let us know exactly your position upon the globe. I am strongly of opinion that Dr Livingstone's healthy ridge extends to here, and I have a presentiment that one day we shall be edged a little further along it. It was very kind of you and Mrs M. to get a rifle for me. Thank you both very much.

"We are as happy as ever in our new home, and are getting deeper and deeper into the confidence of the amiable people around; but in consequence of the horrid state of government in the Zulu nation, we can hope for but little fruit here for a long time. Murders are of almost weekly occurrence, I mean judicial ones; and no one dares move in any thing without the consent of the chief and the Izinduna. I do not give all the blame of this sad state of things to the chiefs: the people are equally to blame. They murder one another by false accusations, which the chiefs, for the sake of the cattle, are but too ready to act upon. I do trust and pray that we may be able to influence them.

"We deeply sympathize with you in your coming trial, in having to part with your dear brother. Do take good

care of yourself and try not to be ill. You and my dear wife have gone through so much roughing that I think it would be difficult to lay down a limit. At first sight the Zulu country seemed rather formidable, but now it looks nothing, and despite the roughing, she has had upon the whole better health here than at the Umlazi.

"With our very kind regards and best wishes, ever yours, R. R."

CHAPTER VII.

1861.

"The wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness."—Romans i. 18.

"We...do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding."—Colossians i. 9.

Still the earth hath cruel places,
Wrath and hate and vengeance grim;
Still God looks on human faces
Heavenward turn'd, but not to Him;
Slaves who know not
Comfort in their anguish dim.

Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment—
From some far forgotten land.

Mr Robertson, in all his letters, confirms his wife's account of their new home, in which, as we have seen, he says, they are as happy as ever, and are getting deeper and deeper into the confidence of the people, but it was their misfortune to arrive in a year of famine when mealies were scarce, and a disease among the cattle had killed many. A kind friend at home had given me a rifle for them, and in the expectation of it Mrs R. wrote, in December 1860, the few lines I have inserted concerning their hunger, and the help

towards appeasing it in the shape of guinea-fowls, partridges, and here and there a buck, which they hoped to obtain by its means.

In consequence of this scarcity of food, of the anxiety how to procure it for his own family and for the natives depending on him, and of the heavy work which fell on him as head of the Mission party in a new land, Mr Robertson early in this year was brought very low with fever, but with a thankful heart he thus told me of it.

"You will have heard from my dear wife how ill I have been. It has pleased the Giver of all good to raise me up again, and I can now look back and thank Him for all I have gone through. It is good for us to know how weak we are."

It was a severe trial to Mrs Robertson to see him so ill, and she wrote to me thus on the 12th February.

"I had no opportunity of writing to you by the last mail, as the letters had to be sent back the day after those from home reached us, and as usual I was quite unprepared with any. Since that my whole time and thoughts have been absorbed, in nursing dear Umfundisi through a very severe attack of illness, which left him so prostrated that he could not walk without my help. It was a very anxious time, *I* was so ignorant what to do—*he* too ill even to describe his symptoms. It was very sad watching him through so many days and nights in fever and pain, and only to hope you were doing the best, but through God's great mercy he has been raised up again, and we are all thankfulness. He is still very bent and stooping, but so wonderfully improved from the mere wreck he was a fortnight back, that he only wants feeding up now. I quite think his illness was brought on by over fatigue and want of food, or proper food. It is the third attack he has had since he left the Umlazi, and

though the other attacks were slight compared to this, yet they were similar and followed on over-exertion and scarcity of food. Then the first time of taking food caused great pain, so that he fainted away, falling from the wagon-box in one instance.

"All our people are returned with the wagon, and they were so thoughtful and kind: nothing could exceed the anxiety of the natives about him, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping them from the door; he was almost always unconscious either from exhaustion or fever, and any thing that disturbed him caused delirium. They came in great crowds on the Sunday, and when I had succeeded with the help of some of the most influential in getting them to return home, they *shouted* out, 'Sala kahle Umfundisi wetu,' (Farewell, Umfundisi). They do not at all understand the need of quiet in a sick room. Our very great friend, Umayigane, told me if I would let him come and look at Umfundisi, he would not say a word, so I brought him in, and he looked at him so earnestly, and then walked away with such a sorrowful face. Even now the people are not satisfied with his thin looks, though he is really well; but he has so much depending on him, that being weak tells upon him.

"The famine still continues, and getting food for our people and children is an almost daily anxiety, but we have never been quite without morning and evening, although sometimes we have had a very little.

"The Zulus are very patient. There has been lung sickness throughout the country, and now a year of famine, but you never hear an impatient word; they really spare us of their need, and then express their sorrow that we should have come in a year of famine, when they can do so little for us. Many of them are very attentive to Umfundisi's preaching and teaching, and there are many things amongst them to give us hope, but it needs great patience and hope, this working amongst the heathen. I do not think we ought to expect to *see* much of the fruit of his labours, and yet we must work on patiently.

"We received our letters on Sunday afternoon, and read the Dean of Cape Town's Sermon on the Consecration of your brother in the evening. We had been *picturing* him in Natal, and felt how *hard* it was not to see him, but we should have *known nothing certain* but for your kindness in writing. I like to think of you at the Bishop of Cape Town's; indeed, I quite envy you that part of your present position."

In answer to a letter I had written, in which I had mourned over the wrong-doing of two very dear friends among their converts, not any that were then with them, and in which I said it almost tempted one to despair, Mrs R. wrote me the next beautiful and comforting letter.

"However heart-breaking their falls may be, there is a wide difference between the Christian and the heathen Kafir, and we must not have our faith shaken though tried, and though seeming to work in vain. I do not think, though erring as they do, that they have in heart a thought of returning to heathenism, but theirs is the sin of a degraded nature, even when beginning a higher life. A shepherd among a heathen community, or rather a community just emerged from heathenism, must have to deal with much that is humbling—must follow his sheep into sad bogs and morasses, to bring them back on his shoulders toiling; indeed, our every-day life seems a toil of bearing upwards what appears ever to tend downwards: and yet very much of simple heart-goodness comes out to cheer us often.

"Christina is come back quite bonny, and her baby, although too like Usajabula to be pretty, is a nice wholesome-looking little creature. Hali is growing such a sensible little fellow, Umfundisi finds him quite useful to trust to on many occasions. Billy is a very engaging little boy, and is improving in understanding, but his disposition is not quite so good as Hali's, though he may grow up the stronger character of the two.

"We are reading just now Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, 'The Limits of Religious Thought.' It is rather bewildering sometimes from the metaphysical language he uses, but so earnest and beautiful in the conclusions he draws.

"We remember you all three daily in our prayers. I know you had an aching heart when you wrote for that beloved brother who was gone from you. All these separations and trials lead one's heart to the right true Home, where there will be no more partings. I felt it most strongly that day we parted from you in the steamer, and that separation, like all heart-suffering, brings its own peace *even here*, just as the penitential Psalms all end in praise.

"I am glad the Consecration of your brother was on a *marked* day (New Year's day), because I am *sure* we were thinking of him on it."

Zululand was at this time in a very unsettled state. Panda the king was a very old man, and extremely infirm. I have already mentioned that his son Ketchwayo was the chief Induna, all important matters being carried first to him and Umasipula, and then referred to Panda for final sanction; but when now he was asked by his Izinduna who was to succeed him as king, he replied that his successor was still "among the calves." This was reported to Ketchwayo, who took the expression to mean that the king intended to make one of his younger brothers his successor. Upon this Ketchwayo sent an army to kill the lad and his mother, but they, having heard of the impending danger, escaped to Panda's own kraal, Kanodwengu, which was not far off.

The king sent away the young boy with a brother to the Boers beyond his border, but kept his wife under his own protection. The army, or the *impi*, as it is called in Kafir, finding their prey gone, burnt

down the large kraal, and then went on to Panda's, where they broke into his presence, and demanded their victims. The king said, they should kill himself before he would give up his wife; and the boys, he told them, were safe with the Boers. The warriors were furious, and behaved most insolently, and one of them rapped the old man upon his head with the wooden end of his *umkonto,* as a threat that they would come and kill him next. The poor king fell down in a dead faint, and continued in that state for some hours. Upon recovering, and finding that the *impi* was gone, he called for his chamberlain, and begged him to take the queen by a bye path, which he indicated, to a place of safety. Instead of doing so, this confidential servant sent intelligence beforehand to Ketchwayo's impi, and then led the poor woman right into the middle of them, and she was butchered at once.

Ketchwayo now summoned all his forces, and set off to *demand* the two princes from the Boers of Utrecht. The Boers consented to give up the unfortunate boys, on the promise of Ketchwayo that they should not be killed, as if such a promise were worth much.

Upon this intelligence reaching the colony, the Natal government, whose interference in an amicable way might long ago have healed the wounds of the Zulu country, as both Panda and Ketchwayo earnestly desired it, at last decided to send Mr Shepstone on a visit to the king, for the purpose of negotiating between the conflicting parties, and settling the succession.

The account of Mr Shepstone's visit I will copy verbatim from a letter in the *Mission Field,* which was written at the time by a resident in Natal.

"Mr Shepstone thought his influence might be of service in settling things a little, and, regardless of all personal risk, he set off. His account of what happened was most interesting, all told in the most simple quiet tone, as if to risk your life for the good of others was quite an everyday thing, not worth notice. He had a small band of followers (about eighty natives), Zatshuke, Ngoza and other chiefs. The king had about 6,000 followers at the meeting; both these parties were unarmed. The young tiger, Ketchwayo, brought 4,000 wild young men, all armed, and ready for any sort of violence. The arrangement made was, that Panda should name Ketchwayo his successor, and we may hope the poor old man may be left in peace during the remainder of his life.

"Mr Shepstone had never seen Panda before, and, except from the Bishop, had never heard him spoken of as the dignified intelligent man, as well as the thorough gentleman, which he really is. In speaking of his troubles, he said how much we learn from being in sorrow; but he said to Mr Shepstone, 'Excuse my speaking much about my boy, or I shall make a woman of myself; you never lost a child, or if you did, you never lost your youngest, your darling, and by his brother's hand.' He said, though he had made the arrangement for Ketchwayo to succeed him, he does not in his heart believe he ever will be king, because the Amatongo (the spirits of their dead fathers) will not suffer it. 'One who has acted as he has done will not be aided by the powers that rule.' (It reminds me of the 'barbarous people' of Melita, 'Justice suffereth him not to live.') He said that Mr Shepstone's coming to them convinced him more than ever that there are ruling Powers over us, for he was sure it was no human agency that had brought it about.

"But now comes the exciting part of the story. They demanded that Umkungu (the young prince who is at Ekukanyeni, under the care of the Bishop of Natal) should be given up to them. Mr Shepstone said he was willing to take their message, and if Umkungu was himself willing to

go back, he could, of course, go, but he could not be given up. 'You must fortify me with reasons to induce him,' said Mr Shepstone; 'but a few months ago his mother and brother were killed, and the kraal up there burnt to the ground,' and he pointed to the ashes of the kraal which were lying within sight of them all. 'These are no reasons to induce him to come back; and as to giving him up, you must not think that we are like the Dutch, who gave up those boys; they may give way to your wishes, either because they want some paltry bit of land, or other advantage from you, or because they are afraid of your assegais. But we care nothing about your assegais. We could soon make an end of you, if we pleased, but we have no wish whatever to do so. You must not think of Natal only. We are the subjects of the Queen of England, who lives far away in that direction (pointing to the north). Umkungu has been reported to the Queen, and *if* we could ourselves consent to such a disgraceful thing as giving him up, we should have to answer for it at home. The Queen would send and blow us to pieces. We are nothing but a cattle-feeding kraal to the great nation to which we belong (alluding to kraals where the king's cattle are sent to feed, under the charge of a boy, perhaps), and at home they care nothing for you or your assegais, or for us either, only they care about this—not to do a dishonourable thing.'

"He had begun by saying he *must* say things they would not like, and had apologised beforehand to the old king himself, but they must listen and bear it, he said, and then, if they could, answer him. Well, they listened quietly; but after it was over the young men tried to get up a skirmish, on different grounds. Umkungu's sisters are there; and this, by the way, was the reason they gave for wishing so much for Umkungu to go back. There were constant messages and reports, they said, carried from the members of the family here to those in Zululand, keeping up a continual ferment about what the Government will or will not do. Mr Shepstone said he thought by this time they might be able pretty well to distinguish between true

and false reports, for they know our mode of dealing, open and above-board, 'not like snakes in the grass:' and then he suggested that if they were still afraid of the family being separated in this way, they might give up the girls to him, and he would bring them here to be with Umkungu. This they rejected.

"Then they began to call Ngoza to account for having gone to visit these sisters in their huts, declaring it was some political affair he had gone about, and they called on him to stand up and answer for himself. Here was the danger. Mr Shepstone saw if he allowed Ngoza to speak, some of these wild young fellows would insult him, and then his blood would be up, and that of his friends, and in the row mischief was sure to be done. He was afraid for the old man's life, and yet the whole thing might be represented to our Government as an accident. They were all in the greatest danger; but he said he would not allow Ngoza to speak. The young men told Mr Shepstone to sit down and let Ngoza answer for himself; and some went so far as to say, 'Who are the English?' 'We don't care for the English.' 'They never beat us.' Ngoza and his friends, and the old men of the king's party too, begged Mr Shepstone to allow him to speak; but he stood firm. He said to the young men, that they knew all the facts before the meeting, and in common courtesy ought to have come to him privately, if they had any complaint to make of his people; but he could not, consistently with his position, allow any of his people to be called to account in this way, and therefore he would not allow him to speak. Well, his firmness mastered them. They gave way, and next day Ketchwayo got a tusk from his father for Mr Shepstone as an *amende* for having allowed his young men to act so; and one of the most violent among them came to thank Mr Shepstone, saying they saw when they lay down at night the danger he had saved them from; but protesting it was his superior wisdom which had made him see it in time to prevent mischief, by keeping Ngoza from speaking. Mr Shepstone did not believe them; for he quite thought they

meant to get up a quarrel, but in the end every thing went off quietly. His wagon was broken in going there, and Panda gave him another, saying he was quite glad the accident had happened, as it gave him the opportunity to present something which he knew must be useful and acceptable.

"Mr Shepstone at first accepted it. But after the outbreak, he declined it, saying people might call it a bribe; but Panda protested against being in such bondage to his people as not to be able to give a present without its being spoken of as a bribe, and then Ketchwayo himself and his principal people came too, and begged Mr Shepstone to take it; so he accepted it, and has it now."

In spite of the country being in this state of civil war, which obliged Mr Robertson to remain at home to protect his people, Mrs Robertson started alone in the wagon with only Kafir attendants to go to Pietermaritzburg for her niece Fanny Woodrow, who had come out with us from England to join them. She gives an account of the journey in the next letter written to my brother, and dated *Kwamagwaza, June* 1.

"I have been such a travelling person for the last two months that I have left off writing any letters. It needed all the anxiety I had to make me start on that long journey alone. Round by Ladismith was the only way open to us at that time, and we had to find a road out of the Zulu country via the Buffalo-river. We were eight days getting out of our own country; it took us three weeks to go to Pietermaritzburg, and a month to return. William (the Hottentot, son of Adams) was our driver, and it is the third time the little fellow has driven to and from Zululand in the last eight months. Usajabula went too as the strong one in case of accidents. Daniel was the leader. Hali and Billy and Johnnie Fea went as supernumeraries, and Susan as lady's maid. She slept in the back of the wagon: all the

rest underneath it with a tent round it: Fanny and I in the cartel. We had no evil accident or trouble going down, beyond the fatigue of excruciating roads over huge boulders of stone. In coming back with the wagon loaded, we had often to unload to get over bad places, and we broke the wagon too, but we had so many friends by the way that we got on very well, and Fanny is a brave cheerful traveller, so that small mishaps only made an amusement afterwards. One great blessing I had to be especially thankful for was, Dr Mann joining us just when dear Fanny had an attack of illness with fever: he was so *very* kind. He had medicines with him, and he planned to keep in our neighbourhood for three days, although he naturally would have travelled so much faster, and amongst other kind things he gave us a letter written in Dutch, to secure us any assistance we might require in going through the part of the country entirely occupied by the Dutch. But I had made such friends amongst them in going down, that we scarcely needed it.

"We are getting goats, sheep and cows, &c. about us, and plenty of fowls, so that we have a great many pets to think of. You can scarcely imagine how pretty our present hut looks. The glass windows serve for doors. The drawing-room is only ten feet square; but it is all very comfortable and pretty, only that the keen winds will come through, though it is thatched so thickly, and the rods tied so closely, that you do not see the thatch inside.

"It is very cold here, which in the summer I found very preferable to the climate on the coast, but I do not quite know yet how the winter is going to suit me; however the new house will decide that.

"I must tell you the happiness your last most brotherly letter from Natal gave us. We did not have it for a long time; when it did come it seemed like the soft bright shadow of angels' wings coming round us. True pure love and kindness seem always to speak of something above the earth.

"The plan is that the house is to be 20 feet wide—to

have a centre room 20 feet square—four end rooms 10 feet by 12 each, and the verandah rooms beyond—that is, if we can do it with our funds. One of these end rooms is to be fitted up and set apart as a chapel for family use at the station, I mean not for the heathen services. We have just unpacked Mrs Mountain's exquisite altar-cloth and alms-dish, and we have a font, and the harmonium is to come by the next wagon-load, which we are quite longing for. We have plenty of seringas to plant near our new house, raised from Umlazi seed, as well as grenadillas, and we have just planted acorns on the Queen's birthday.

"I have had a night much freer from coughing, and I think I am getting quite right again. I have so often thought of you in all our roughings and troubles and travellings, because there has been a sense of His care through it all. I felt sure that you too were in His hands. When Umfundisi had the Zulu fever, and I knew nothing, and could do nothing but watch, and commit him to God's care, I especially felt this. He is *quite* well again now.

"I think you will like to know that the time of Holy Communion is at half-past eight every Sunday morning. We keep up with Fanny the habit of learning the Psalm every week. Umfundisi gives us one every Sunday; and we are going to keep up a great deal of reading aloud with her.

"I must tell you about the horse: it is such a boon to us all and will follow us about. It is a nice grey, and in size and in character too, Umfundisi says, is between Cricket and Brownie, very strong, without being awkward. I cannot tell you how glad we *all* are of it.

"Now I must say, Good-bye, with many prayers for you now and ever, that you may have His Presence in all your need. Your most affectionate, H. ROBERTSON."

During Mrs Robertson's absence, I received at Cape Town the following letter from Mr R. dated "*Kwamagwaza, May 4th.*"

"I cannot let this mail go without a line to you. It

must be a short one, however, I fear, for the messenger gives me only a very short time to reply by return of post. I feel quite unkind for not having written; but I have been very busy, besides being without light at night, for my candles were finished about three weeks ago. However my wife brings a supply, and I am most thankful to say that she and her party are all well, and within about three days' trek of this place—home!

"We have had many troubles here of late, and Shepstone is now on a mission to the king. Most likely he will reach Kanodwengu on Monday next. The Bishop has written to me, as he is very anxious that I should be at Kanodwengu (Panda's great kraal) with Shepstone, so I am in a strait. I shall not, however, leave home until they all arrive safely.

"I have a pleasant surprise for them when they come. When Mrs R. left we were beginning to be very short of milk: since then I have had a visit from Ketchwayo, Uhamo, Udabulamangi and Umahanana, Panda's sons. I gave them presents (according to the custom of the country), value about £6, and Ketchwayo gave me in return 11 cows and 2 calves—also a cow to three of my boys, and an ox to eat. I am most thankful for this, not only on account of the value of the gifts, but as shewing the good feeling he entertains for us. As far as the people, high and low, are concerned, our position here is every thing that we could have wished for.

"If this proves to be an unconnected rambling letter, know that I am very busy making every one sweep, wipe, &c. in anticipation of their expected Inkosikazi and Inkosazana. All are very good. I have had a pleasant letter from the Umlazi reporting good progress there! Thank God!

"Give my very kind and respectful regards to our Metropolitan, and tell him that my plan of work here is, to wander about the country (when I can, say eight months out of the twelve), visiting all the chief men. I shall try and make out a regular route, staying as long as a week or

ten days in one place, as I may see fit. I will carry a bell with me, and every day, at a certain hour, call all the people together as many as will come, and have regular service and an address, expressly for the heathen. This seems to me to be the only way in which we shall be able to make ourselves felt here. One thing especially seems to point to such a course, viz. that I have had pressing invitations from Ketchwayo, Uhamo, and many other great men to visit them at their kraals. What I want is, some one to carry on the work here in my absence."

To my brother Mr Robertson wrote as follows:

"*Kwamagwaza, June 1st.*. My dear Lord and brother. It is so long since I wrote to you directly that I scarcely know how to begin. This is the first time I have addressed you by your new title. That God may spare you in all dangers and make you a blessing to many shall ever be the prayer of us, whom in your kindness you have been willing to call brother and sister. I have to thank you very much—I cannot tell you sufficiently how much—for all your kindness to us and to our dear niece, who is now with us, thank God!

"We have spent the £19 in the purchase of a horse and of two inoculated oxen, which cost £2 each. The horse is a great help to us, to me in hunting up the people for service, and to my dear wife and niece in taking exercise. We are making preparations for building. The Zulus are beginning to cut the thatch; William and Co. are digging the stone for the foundations; and we expect a man shortly to undertake the brickmaking and building. Samuelson will do the wood-work, &c. This is all very good, and it will be a great pleasure to let you know from time to time how we progress.

This country has been in a very unsettled state, scarcely a week going past without our hearing of murders being committed, in some instances of whole kraals at a time. Things came to a climax in the murder of one of Panda's wives and many of her adherents. Shepstone has been here

to try to arrange matters between the father and son, so we may hope for better days. For ourselves nothing could be better than the reception and treatment we have received. Thank God for all His mercies! and we have had many here. My dear wife's health has upon the whole been better than at the Umlazi. Just now she is suffering from an attack of bronchitis, the most severe she has had here, but I think she is past the worst now, and when we have a better house she will be less subject to such attacks. I have no more time, and must stop. We are most anxiously looking for tidings of you, and have often been thinking and talking of you as an explorer. How I should have gloried to have been with you. Our people have just this minute assembled for prayers where I am writing. I have told them that I am writing to you, and they all say, 'U si konzelo kakulu kakulu.' Give our very very hearty greetings. In much haste and with our best love and prayers, ever yours, R. R."

To a friend in Scotland Mrs R. wrote on the 19th June, 1861. She confirms the account already given of the sad state of the country which was now their home, and every one must admire the faith and courage which enabled her to take so long a journey unprotected and alone.

"*Kwamagwaza, June 19th*, 1861. I will try to do what I have not hitherto done, to give you a slight sketch of the work here, which is essentially different in many respects to that at the Umlazi. We have come here just at a very critical period in Zulu history, at the decline of life of the old king, and amid all the miseries of a disputed succession, where, generally, the strongest wins, and the son who can destroy the most of his family and people gains the respect and homage of his barbarous subjects. Ketchwayo has gained this dreadful position by a succession of wars and murders, to which he is mainly urged by the suggestions of his older barbarous counsellors, who gratify

their own revenge and jealousies by stirring up doubts and suspicions in Ketchwayo's mind. When we first came here, Mr Robertson was not only favourably impressed with him, but quite loved him; he seemed so brave, and amiable, and intelligent, and has always been so friendly and respectful to himself, that he quite hoped to be much with him, and to gain some influence over him for good to resist his evil counsellors, improve his government, and gradually bring him to the truth. The country has lately been fearfully convulsed by his own and his father's armies coming into collision, and not only some of his father's wives and children, but even his *own* brother, have been murdered in the struggle; his people desolating the country, eating up the new crops, destroying whole kraals, even to the little children, have been common occurrences. Three months back, at the time the rivers permitted us to start for my niece, who had been anxiously awaiting us in Natal through the wet season, the country was so disturbed that Mr R. dared not leave home, and I was obliged to start with our people only, and take such children as needed my care. Had the army come and found us both away, and conceived the idea that we had left the country from *fear*, besides its producing a most undesirable impression on Ketchwayo's mind, all our people might have been murdered, and things destroyed. As the rivers were only safe to cross in the high part of the country, we were obliged to go a new way, instead of the coast-road. Mr Robertson wished very much to go first, to inspect the road, which he did until he came to a mountain that needed some digging to make a road. When he returned, having given the proper directions, though only three days had elapsed, he had the sorrow of finding kraals all destroyed, the inhabitants of which had shown him kindness on his way; and such as had still their houses left to them, living in fear and dismay, saying they were waiting for the rivers to go down, to escape into Natal. One man said, Would that he lived on the Tugela, that he might watch it going down! Mr Robertson was so anxious at our going alone, that he thought he would take the peo-

ple with him so far, and find shelter for them in a kraal at night, but he afterwards dared not, from fear that the kraal might be attacked, and our own people not distinguished. The way a kraal is destroyed is this: the soldiers come just before dawn, and stealthily surround the kraal, and then, as the inmates begin to come out of their huts in the early morning, kill them. We have since had reason to be thankful that we did not run any such risks. A young man (white), in whom we were interested, was sleeping at a kraal when it was thus attacked, and nearly lost his life in the struggle (he was covered with the murdered bodies of the poor people). Except accidentally, as in this case, there is no danger to white people, and my journey through the Zulu country (eight days) was very pleasing, although many—even most—had never seen a white lady, or any white person but passing traders. Some thought me a great white chief in a peculiar costume. All were so hearty and simple and cheerful, you could scarcely reconcile their joyous countenances and manners with the cruel system under which they live. Yet at one of these very kraals, where relations of the poor girl who accompanied me were overjoyed to find a very near relation in our clothed Christian Susan, her uncle was killed before our return. He was accused of not espousing Ketchwayo's side, but poor Susan told me it was only because he had plenty of cattle and mealies, which his leading men coveted. I used to amuse the people by showing them a photograph of my nieces, and by pointing out the one they would see with me as I came back. Their amazement at seeing her exactly like her picture was most amusing. I did not mean to write about my journey, though I have got so far in it; so I will only add that though very long and weary, and difficult, through stony mountainous roads, which the wagon seemed only to ascend, and jolt out things behind—in order to descend, and throw them out before—yet enchanting us with beautiful views which compensated for all troubles, we were *brought* in safety to our home at the end of two months, having received daily attentions and kindness from

black and white by the way, the white chiefly Dutch, and our means of conversing being only through their imperfect knowledge of Kafir.

"The cause of this last outbreak was, Ketchwayo hearing that his father was giving the impression that a young child of six years old, the child of the favourite queen at the time, should be his successor; he sent and destroyed mother and child, and desolated the country in the direction that three of his half-brothers had escaped to Natal, or rather to the Dutch republic, because it was supposed they had received aid there. Things had come to such a crisis that Mr Shepstone was commissioned by the Natal Government to try to forward some arrangement for fixing the succession on Ketchwayo, and so putting an end to these horrid murders. We trust this will cause a quieter state of things, that we may in time have authority from the present king and his successor to have a daily school as we had at the Umlazi, or youths living with us for instruction: without express authority from Ketchwayo, any family might be killed for sending a child to school. We cannot even send a Zulu messenger into Natal, without a certainty of his being killed if met. We can send our own people who came here with us; to these Ketchwayo is most courteous, inviting them to take rest and refreshment in passing, and in every way showing respect to us by enforcing it from his people, and by sending respectful messages. Mr Robertson hopes to go in a few days to him to talk over many things, and with the hope of getting nearer to him in heart; for you must not think he is harder or more insensible than others. These tragedies arise from his position in a system entirely barbarous, and though one dreads the hardening influence of such a life, he seems naturally an amiable young man, if one can use the expression of a heathen warrior prince, fighting his way to his father's throne. At present Mr Robertson leads a *friendly* life amongst the people, always going about amongst them and encouraging them to come to him. At home you constantly see him here or there, sitting on the block of a tree, or as may be, and groups

around him in earnest converse, which he tries to turn to account. I trust he has gained the confidence of many, and that a longer residence will only increase it; he walks twenty, thirty, and forty miles, and is out for days among them, and hopes to devote a great part of his time to staying at the kraals of different princes and leading people, to make his work more effective generally. Ketchwayo and his brothers most cordially liked this plan when he proposed it to them.

"But it is most embarrassing to us both to divide ourselves between our own Christians and the heathen. Groups are assembling round our windows through the day, to whom it is right to devote attention, though it sadly interferes sometimes with my attention to my girls' reading and sewing, which is the noon-hour's duty. In the evening Mr Robertson has the boys to school, Christians and any Zulus who are working; but when he is absent, this and the morning and evening services are discontinued, and many other things most essential, so that we are quite looking for some additional help.

"One new feature in our life here is, that we are getting quite a number of pets around us—goats, sheep, cows, and fowls—it is the only way to have provisions. Our poor goats and sheep are dying from cold, and our cows are not giving any milk, so we are not much benefitted at present; but they and our garden are quite a source of interest to us, and in the care they require, a good training to our young ones.

"Louisa and Benjamin did not come with us, but hoped to follow: she has, I trust, ere this, another little baby, which I hope may live to bless them. Mr Robertson intends to *begin* growing arrowroot here in September; I don't think we are able to make any plans yet for its being ground and prepared, but we shall be glad to tell you if we succeed in growing it—it will be only for seed this year."

To another friend Mrs Robertson wrote thus by the same mail.

"*Kwamagwaza, June 19th*, 1861. It is very difficult for us to find time for writing, although we feel it quite a *happy* duty, for every one requires our constant personal care, so that we are sometimes tempted to be impatient at our time seeming to be so exhausted in small duties.

"I will now answer your letter as shortly as I *can*, not as fully as I might wish. The building season is in winter, from March to September, but Mr Robertson left once made arrangements for a builder to come. A plan was made out which I hope to enclose. Now it is far on in June. The builder, who had other work to finish before he could come to us, has not yet made his appearance from Natal, and we are beginning to fear that for this season the *house* will have to be given up, beyond collecting the materials to make an early start next March.

"We propose *now* to build a chapel for strictly Christian service. We sorely feel the need of this for ourselves and for our people and children, who have now been for nearly three-quarters of a year without the influence of any place set apart for God's worship. From our coming in the rainy season, and in an unusually rainy one, we have had the utmost difficulty even in getting any huts put up for shelter for ourselves and people.

"We hope, if time fails us for the house this season, to have the chapel built. We have a font, a harmonium, and, thanks to a dear Christian friend at home, a most beautiful altar-cloth, alms-dish, and Communion Service Book, and we hope the church will be properly benched.

"For heathen services we can at present have no building like a church. It would require such a large building, involving such a great outlay, and ours is naturally such a fluctuating congregation, that it would be unwise at present to build for it, but Mr Robertson hopes to put up a rougher building, which will receive such as come in bad weather, and will form a large school-room.

"He has many plans and devices for meeting this necessity, one being that it should have a verandah-porch which

would shelter him from the sun, and an outer enclosure to preserve some sort of church-like order.

"But for the heathen, dear friend, the bell comes before the church. They have no idea of time, and scarcely ever know the days well enough to mark when it is Sunday. Frequently parties have come with mealies and pumpkins to sell on Sunday, because they did not know it was Sunday: and many often stay away in consequence of this ignorance, so much so that the numbers who come depend very much upon Mr Robertson's going whenever he can on the Saturday to remind them: and in the course of the week—for we have numerous daily visitors, who take up a large portion of our time—they will ask what the day is, and then count on their fingers when the Sunday will be.

"Little Blanche is not with us at present, nor is her brother, little Charlie Mackenzie, but we hope to see them soon. There were various difficulties at the time we left in the way of their father Heber removing, and we were not sorry to be followed rather than accompanied by such a large family (seven in number). I saw Heber recently in Natal, and he said, when he saw Hali and Billy with me, that it made his heart ache to think how much better my children were trained than his. But he is an excellent man, and though he could not make up his mind to part with his children, for Charlie is his only son, I am sure he will do his best. Many of our people who wished to follow us, have been deterred by the war and famine in this country.

"I think we shall see Blanche by the next wagon which we are just expecting. She is about twelve years old, and is an intelligent graceful-looking girl, rather self-willed, as all the native children are, from want of *early* training, but affectionate and clever. She reads and sews well, and she used to learn the collect every Sunday when with me, and psalms or other passages of Scripture as I directed.

"Little Hali is a very anxious-minded boy. He says his hymns prettily and feelingly, but his writing is a great difficulty to him. Billy is most clever at this, and Hali

will look at Billy's slate, then at his own, and rub out his own writing, saying to himself with his brow anxiously knit, 'Oh! it is not nice.' 'Wake, little child,' and 'Put the spade and wheel away,' are the two hymns they are learning now: the one every day, the other on Sunday.

"They have large pictures of all the Old and New Testament stories and parables, and know them so well that when they see any other picture of the same subject, they will eagerly tell each other all about it.

"I was quite struck with this recently. A very kind lady sent us a most exquisite box containing amongst other things Sunday pictures. When I showed them that their names had been kindly written on three of them, though the subjects were rendered quite differently to those in their own sets, they recognized them with delight.

"You ask about clothing. I must first thank you for the very nice clothing and material you sent lately. We have already made great inroads into the blue stripe, which is very becoming to the black people.

"For us *here*, *most* of the children's clothing sent is too small or too large, but I am *very* glad of it for the *Umlazi* children, and hope to send them a good bundle by the wagon, as they still quite look to us. You were so kind as to wish for a list of such things as might be most useful for future times here.

"For men, and boys of thirteen and fourteen: 1, Strong shirts, like working men's shirts at home; 2, Blue smocks (we call them in England), a kind of loose dress that goes over the shirt instead of a jacket, for working in; 3, Strong trowsers; 4, Strong pinafores for boys; 5, Large pocket handkerchiefs.

"For women, and girls of twelve and thirteen: Print dresses and pinafores and aprons, strong chemises and calico petticoats; large-sized red, or red and white, or blue and white handkerchiefs for the head.

"For natives (heathen): Four large-sized red handkerchiefs made into a square, and lined with common calico; or pretty print, the same size, lined. You can scarcely

imagine what a strikingly pretty garment this is, folded round their tall, dark, noble figures: large brass rings for the wrists and ankles, beads and feathers, finish their costume, with the exception of a bright piece of braid across the forehead, tied round the head. They highly prize strong common forks, and large-bladed, unshutting knives, with common wooden handles, like butchers' knives; I think they may be threepence each in England; and any kind of small box for snuff, to wear in the ear, something the shape of thimblecases, such as the small brass pen-boxes, which might be easily collected at schools. They prize these highly, and even beg our thimbles, to which they make stoppers if we give them common ones. Such little things win their way, or rather *our* way, to their hearts; for it is by showing sympathy in things they can appreciate that we may hope to get to higher things, which it is always most difficult to raise their minds to comprehend in the least. Working materials for your little Blanche she would quite appreciate. She is very neat-handed.

"I have written much more than I thought I should, yet I have not half conveyed to you the happiness of being permitted to live in this beautiful country, to bring people out of darkness into light, at least with this joyful hope, and many cheering promises and encouragements, even when it seems only 'toiling in vain in the night.'"

The next letter, written to me on the 18th June, shews the unhappy state of slavery to which the women are reduced in this heathen land.

"We have lately been greatly interested in a young girl who came wishing to be with us. Umfundisi was out at the time: we said she should remain until he returned, which he did after a day or two, and was pleased to find her here, and consented to her remaining, if her friends knew and sanctioned it. She said they did; that she had long wished to be taught. We made her some clothes,

and of her own accord she tried to make a parting in her hair like the other girls with her finger, without a comb, which amused us all.

"She was so bright and intelligent that we were very pleased and thankful. She came in with our girls to their sewing and reading lessons, and quite surprised us by her skilfulness in sewing. But yesterday after the service, almost before Umfundisi had dismissed the people, he and Fanny were shocked at seeing a man suddenly rise, and wild with passion, aim an assegai at her. Umfundisi commanded him to desist, and returned as soon as he had taken off his surplice, when the man said he would kill her if it were not for him.

"He had a large party with him, and by degrees we made out, that although he was not her father, she belonged to him, having been brought up by him from childhood, when she, then a little thing a few years old, became his prisoner of war. He insisted upon his right to take her away. Umfundisi acknowledged his right, and the wrong dealing too of the poor girl in having deceived him about her coming here with her father's consent: but he would not allow him to take her away, if he meant to kill her, as he threatened to do. The man was quite beyond reason, he was so furious with passion. He had the usual bundle of assegais with him, and it was only by standing between him and the poor girl that Umfundisi could protect her from them.

"Fanny said it was so sad to see the poor girl and our own people's sorrowful looks. Our girls stood in one frightened group at some distance. Henry tried to say an encouraging word to poor Unompe, and Umfundisi stood firmly confronting the enraged man and his party, telling them of the sin of murder, and that as God's minister he would not permit it.

"He afterwards told us that he was the more anxious to protect her, as he had known of a case in which a poor girl had gone for refuge to a white man, who gave her up on condition that they would not punish her: and shortly

afterwards her poor murdered body was found left over the brow of the hill by which they had disappeared.

"But at last it ended in the man's taking her. All our chosen Zulu friends who were present, and who had condemned the man when he was so violent, said that he would be afraid to do her any harm after what the Umfundisi had said.

"It was so sad. The man ordered her savagely to take off her clothes; she came to me and gave them, her eyes swimming in tears. I begged her to be good at home, and by and bye I thought we should see her again. But it was hoping against fear, saying all I did. Her neatly-combed hair could not be altered, and Fanny remarked how different her appearance and expression were even in the short time she had been here.

"Umdwendwe, a very good Zulu, one of our most loved ones, who has been here to-day, says he is sure they dare not hurt her, but Umfundisi proposes going to talk to Ketchwayo about her, and many other things he has long had at heart. He thinks of going on Thursday, as he wishes to have time for thought and prayer. I dread the long walk for him: he is so often taking these long walks, and looks so exhausted after them, but he says, 'No, it is not too much;' and I cannot wish to spare him even if it be, if it will forward the great object of his being here.

"One thing gave me comfort when I saw poor Unompo going away, looking outwardly so like other Zulu girls, we cannot tell but that others also are wishing to come, but fear for their lives. So for a long time it may be a work going on invisibly.

"Susan just now came into the room and begged me to 'konzela the Inkosazan kakulu,' (to send many greetings to Miss Mackenzie). She is very shortly to be married to Daniel (formerly Umpamusa). I have to announce a new engagement—Frances to Henry—we are very glad of this. Frances is a very improved girl. You would not recognize the little self-willed Unomhlali in her. She has great strength of character and depth of feeling, which make us

quite thankful to have such a wife for Henry. He is not clever at learning, but is a right-hearted, good-tempered youth, and they will just do each other good.

"Little Jeanie, Christina's baby, trots alone now, and her parents think every new accomplishment in her most marvellous. Her conversational powers, which scarcely exceed six words, are considered wonderful. She will be a year old on St John Baptist's day, and another is expected. Christina will have her hands full. She and old Mam are very thankful for a pair each of the nice scissors' you sent me, and John Adams, Henry, and of course Umfundisi, were each very glad to have one of the knives.

"Have I said that we received the Kafir texts which your cousin was so good as to do for us? I decorate the drawing-room with them on Sundays, before the girls come to read with me.

"The clothing too is very valuable. Every thing is turned to account, for the weather is cold.

"We build up the thatch that is being cut for the house and chapel round the walls of our hut, to keep out the wind.

"I have forgotten to tell you the joyful news that I have longed to tell the last three mails. The relapsed man at the Umlazi is returned! His wife and children are baptized, and they are building a cottage at the Umlazi.

"The air has been very keen lately, and our goats and sheep are dying off of inflammation of the lungs. Umfundisi thoroughly enjoys the cold, and though he is looking very thin, he is very well, he says.

"We find getting the promised man to build the house such dilatory work, that we are beginning to be almost doubtful whether the season is not too far advanced for us to hope to build this year.

"I was delighted with the cottons and needles you sent me by Fanny, and we are making daily great use of them; for every body got so tattery during my long absence, and besides, all need warm winter clothing here."

The next letter was written to me by Mrs Robert-

son's niece, and gives such a pleasant picture of her new home that it will be read with pleasure.

"I am sorry to say that aunt is ill in bed with an attack of bronchitis, so will not be able to write by this mail the long letters she had intended. We have now been exactly three weeks at home. We arrived late on Saturday evening. We were so much longer on the road than uncle expected, that he came to meet us, and found us in a '*stick*' just over the Umhlatuze. But we were so glad to have him, that a 'stick in the mud' did not distress us a bit. You may imagine how glad we all were after a month's trek over such dreadful roads to get to such a *snug* little home as Kwamagwaza is. The great topic of conversation just now is, the building of the real house, which uncle hopes will be done this winter. The country here is most lovely and every thing is so pleasant. The natives are very interesting and very funny, and uncle and auntie's own people are very nice.

"Every morning I teach Hali and Billy, whom I believe you know, to read English. They are very dear little boys. Hali can speak English very well. Once or twice he has said to me that he 'members Mr Archdeacon and Miss Mackenzie.'

"Auntie wishes me to tell you about her garden—how when she came home she found that some naughty cows and goats had got into it, and eaten all up—a goodly bed of cabbages and beans and peas and radishes, &c. &c. And she had been so particular about having a good *kitchen* garden—and had not begun a *flower* garden—and then to have it all eaten up by heathen cows? Was it not hard? She won't do any thing more in the garden till they have made a fence all round, which we hope will be finished next week.

"The Kafir postman has just put his head in at the window to tell us to *tyetya* (make haste), but he must wait a few minutes whilst I tell you how the other day we unpacked Mrs Mountain's altar-cloth—that was such a treat. Besides the cloth there was an alms-dish, and a handsome

book for the Communion Table: and a number of little books, &c.; and a dress for one of the girls..

"We hope uncle will build a chapel at the same time as the house. Won't it be delightful doing the finishing touches? The harmonium will be here by that time.

"Uncle has been counting his flocks and herds, and finds he can muster 81 sheep and goats, 15 cows, and I think 2 span of oxen. He has been busy having some young ones broken in. But really I dare not keep the man waiting any longer."

I will here give extracts from a letter written by Mr Robertson, June 30th, after his return from Ondine, Ketchwayo's kraal, where it may be remembered Mrs R. mentioned he was going about Unompe's business and other things.

"I am happy to say I have returned from Ondine, Ketchwayo's great kraal, after a very pleasant visit, and I hope a successful one too. I started on the 21st instant late in the afternoon, and slept at a kraal (Ezulwini) about eight miles from this place—started early next morning (June 22nd), and after a fatiguing walk through the valley of the Umhlatuze, which is always a hot, breathless place, we reached Ondine at sundown. I asked the Induna to report my arrival, and to add that I was too tired then to do any thing but rest. A messenger was at once sent up to the head of the kraal where the chief's residence is, who presently returned to say, 'The Child' (all the children of Panda, although grown up to manhood, are called 'abantwana' children) 'says we shall meet to-morrow morning.' After this a hut was got ready for me, and I was very thankful to be able to rest my weary limbs; we were also thoroughly hungry, and enjoyed our 'izinkobe' (boiled mealies) entirely. I like these journeys very much; so many opportunities are given to one of saying a good word: fellow-travellers, I think, cannot but be very closely drawn to one another.

"*June 23rd.* Early this morning, before I had finished

dressing, Umzuzo, one of Ketchwayo's great servants, came to say that he was ready to see me. I did not hurry to go, but finished all that I had to do. As it was I was quite soon enough. Ketchwayo had ordered Umzuzo to take me to a place at some distance from the great kraal where we should meet, and on getting there we found he had not arrived, which was well. It gave me time for thought, and prayer for God's help, without which all our labours will be vain. After we had waited for a few minutes, he arrived, accompanied by three or four men, one of them carrying a bundle of spears. The plan of procedure I had proposed to myself to follow was, to begin with Unompe's case, and as I saw prudent to go on with other matters. Ketchwayo came up to me, and shook hands, as is his wont, very heartily. He then ordered one of his attendants to bring a block of wood for him to sit upon, and then they all retired to a respectful distance. Of course I stood, and was gratified by his asking me to sit down on the block beside him. 'So far, good,' I said with myself, and took courage.

"After the usual preliminaries, dwelling several times (as I went on with the relation) very strongly on the horror which all civilized men feel at the thought of shedding blood, more especially innocent blood, and on the certainty that a greater than man, God, would never bless a people of blood, I told him that it was the duty of every ruler to maintain order among his people, and especially to protect the weak against the strong. When I had ended he replied, 'She shall not be killed; he had better not attempt it; he will not, no one is killed so in the Zulu country.' In reply I thanked him for his 'Word,' and added I hoped much that seeing he was now chief, he would rule with wisdom and righteousness; then I was sure his kingdom would become firm and stable, but not otherwise. To rule by the spear destroys every thing. (Rev. xiii. 10.)

"My rule is never to mention a political question unless it be first brought before me, and then my answers are

frequently *à la* Zulu country, i.e. given as if I were the most ignorant person in the world. For instance, on the day I left Ondine I met a large party on their way thither, headed by an Induna. We stopped to chat, and the Induna began at once to ply me with questions. 'Where do you come from?' 'From Ondine.' 'What are they eating there?' 'Nothing: they are starving.' 'What news?' 'What do I know about news?' 'What about the Boers? Haven't you seen them?' 'Yes, they slept at Oketeteline.' 'What did Ketchwayo say to them?' 'What do I know about Ketchwayo?' Upon which two of them burst into a laugh, saying as they went away, 'You are very clever.'

"It is quite different, however, when Ketchwayo speaks on such subjects, then I feel bound to say clearly what I think, which I had to do to-day. After I had finished talking about Unompe, Ketchwayo asked me if I had heard that the Boers had come. I said 'Yes, I had heard that they had arrived at Kanodwengu.' He said, 'Yes, and they are coming here too; they slept at the Umhlatuze last night.' I said, 'What do they want?' He replied, 'Oh, they have come to beg for a tract of country.' I said, 'I had heard as much, and also that he had promised to give it them.' He replied, 'That is not true; in the late affair they begged for the country Ecome (just beyond Kwamagwaza), but I refused; I do not want to see Boers located in the midst of my country.' I commended this, and said that 'I knew the Boers were anxious to get a pathway to the sea; they had tried to get one by Delagoa Bay some years ago, but were turned back by the fever; now they wished to find a road by the Zulu country, and he might depend upon it that if he gave them a piece of land now, they would only wait for another 'affair' to get another piece. It would be like putting in one finger to-day, and another to-morrow, next day the whole arm, and by and by the whole body. I begged him not to think me an 'evil-speaker,' that personally I had nothing to say against the Boers, but that I knew of what was going on elsewhere, and I did not know of any native tribe that they had raised,

but of many that they had destroyed.' He replied with some warmth 'That he knew I was speaking the truth; he knew the Boers, and all their 'izindaba' were bad ones; he should not allow them to build in the Zulu country.'

"After this I said 'There was one thing I very much wished to see in the country, a thing which I felt sure would cause the kingdom to be firm, and that was to see a school for young men or boys, such as there is at Ekukanyeni, Cape Town, and elsewhere.' He asked me a few questions about them, and the names of chiefs, &c., but turned to another subject, and I did not press it, thinking it better to leave the door open, than to shut it by receiving a refusal. He seemed interested, and if it please God to spare me, I shall recur to it next time I visit him. Several messengers now came to say that the Boers had actually arrived in the kraal, and were very hungry. He gave directions concerning them, and having ordered his people to give me an ox, I took my leave, thankful to God for having prospered my way so far. After this I returned to my hut, had some breakfast, and despatched three of my boys down to the Tugela for some things that we had run short of. I was left alone with Henry. As I was sitting outside my hut reading, three of the Boers stumbled on me. They were exceedingly surprised, I seemed to them like a man from the clouds, and they told me as much. One of them, by name Bruse, described himself as an Advocate from the Mooi River in the Transvaal Republic. After the usual salutations and explanations he told me that they had come to settle with Ketchwayo about their boundaries. I told them that I did not know that the boundaries of the Transvaal or Free State reached to the Zulu country. On my saying this, he became as if vexed with himself for having said so much, and replied, 'Oh no; but perhaps you are not aware that Pretorius' father appointed Panda king of the Zulus, and in all matters they require his help.' My answer was, 'Indeed;' which ended the conversation for the time.

"In the afternoon Ketchwayo had a grand review of the regiment *Lendi*, in honour of the Boers. It consisted

in their marching or rather running past the Boers in companies, and then forming in a semicircular mass for a dance. They sang several war-songs, dancing of course at the same time, and ended with Chaka's song, which may be regarded as their National Anthem. It is only music, no words composing it. In front of the dancers was a large body of people, men, women, and boys of all ages. During the singing of the other songs they all remained seated, but when Chaka's song was sung, all stood up and joined in it; the effect was at once striking and solemn. At its conclusion the whole multitude dispersed in rather an undignified manner, like a large school set free.

"*Sunday, June* 24. I had a short conversation with Mr Bruse this morning. It appears that they had been thinking that I must belong to the London Missionary Society, and be connected with Dr Livingstone. I explained to him fully that I belonged to the Church of England. I did not have public Divine Service till 2 P.M., Ketchwayo having said yesterday that he would come. Up to that time he had been engaged with the Boers, not alone as I learned, but surrounded by his izinduna. One of them told me that they were asking for a large tract of land in the upper part of the country, and that Ketchwayo was refusing to give it, getting angry when the Boers got angry, and quiet when they were quiet. From which it would appear that the conference had been conducted with considerable warmth on both sides. From 2 to 3 P.M. I had service, having given up all hope of Ketchwayo's being present. It was attended by a large and attentive audience. After the service I learnt that the Boers had just left, much disappointed, and taking with them the presents which they had brought for Ketchwayo. In the afternoon my hut was filled with young men, including Umtonga and Unjidla, two of Panda's sons. I explained to them the objects we 'abafundisi' have in view. I find this a most useful way of communicating many truths to them. It was recommended by good Bishop Wilson. The two princes and their attendants learned to repeat the first Psalm by

rote. They said it over about twenty times until they remembered the words of each line; when one had forgotten another remembered. I could not help being very much drawn to them. They said I ought to come and see Ketchwayo every month. In the evening I had my hut full of visitors, many of whom remained to evening prayer. Henry succeeded in getting a few mealies for our supper, for a calico purse my niece had supplied me with, for which we were very thankful, as we had scarcely taken any food all day. In the evening I had a drink of beer, which helped me not a little. A kind man who had previously given me a few potatoes, sent for me in great haste to drink it, his supply having just come from his kraal. At these *great kraals* they always bring their own provisions, and are consequently often in great want. On the days on which their supplies are expected, they are watching the roads all day, so that 'ukubella inhlela' (to watch the roads) has come to be used figuratively to mean expectation.

"On the 25th June I visited Mr Oftebroe, Norwegian Missionary. His station is about three miles from Ondine.

"*June 26th.* Returned to Ondine, and bade farewell to Ketchwayo, but had no conversation worth recording.

"After a fatiguing but pleasant walk I reached home about 7 P.M., happy to find all well, and the only disaster being the death of a calf. Thanks to Ketchwayo we are all rejoicing in a good supply of beef. Instead of the ox, which will be most useful in the wagon, we have killed a fat cow. Had a feast in the evening for the people.

"*July 4th.* Heard that Unompe had run away a second time. Umzumbo was here by daylight looking for her. She, it appears, ran away with another girl last night. It was with difficulty that I convinced Umzumbo that she had not come here. He talked much more reasonably this time, and said he would give her to me if I would find her for him: but I do not trust him; he is a bad fellow. After he got her home on the 17th ult., he took her and the other girl, also a captive, and caused them to marry a man who is said never to have been loved by any one. This is the

result. What will be their fate if they are caught, God only knows. How much need have we and all Christians to pray that God will speedily prepare the way, that His Gospel may take deep root in many a heart and bring forth fruit. To pray seems often the only thing we can do.

"*July 9th.* What we want here is one or two young men, natives of one or other of the three kingdoms—thorough Churchmen—and the same number of Catechists. My great wish would now be, if men and means can be had, to occupy at once as many stations as possible, and *as soon as possible.* It seems clear to me that the Zulu country will ere long belong either to the Dutch or English, under whom it may possibly not be so easy to get sites. I heard yesterday that large parties of Dutch have arrived, some from Natal, others from the Free State, and are driving the people away from the upper districts. I heard also that Ketchwayo has sent a party to remove them, but not by force. My informant told me that the Boers are well armed, not only with firearms, but with swords. He also told me that often they would come to a kraal and demand food for themselves and their horses—taking it by force if refused."

The letter I received the following month greatly excited our fears as to the warlike intentions of the Zulus and Ketchwayo. On the 12th July Mrs Robertson wrote to me:

"The whole nation of young Zulu warriors is being assembled by Ketchwayo, and there are rumours of a far distant expedition, from which, if they do undertake it, Umfundisi says only a small remnant can return. Ostensibly it is for a grand hunt, and so far they are hunting, but we think it very likely that the Prince is preparing himself for any contingency that may arise; but whatever the cause, our hearts ache for them. Although thousands were assembled at the time of his visit to Ondine, hundreds and hundreds are constantly passing, and these warrior bands

are quartered on the kraals they pass by, seizing everything for food, they are so famished. Our Kwamagwaza people are quite oppressed by it; we know all *their* troubles, but I believe it is the same everywhere. There were not good crops after the famine of last year, and the lung-sickness has left them no amount of cattle, and war and depredation have recently destroyed much: now they have these regiments always coming upon them. In some instances not only have all their mealies been consumed, but their seed mealies for the ensuing year. One old woman, Tobi, (not so very old, but a lone woman, a pet and hanger-on of ours,) is left in charge of her brother's kraal, whilst he is at the barrack kraal. Yesterday a large band passed, it was impossible to count them, they poured over the hill in such numbers. She had buried all her own things, and was terribly tried to keep her brother's in any order. Though it was a lovely calm morning, scarcely any one came to church; they were obliged to defend their property from their poor ravenous visitors. Umfundisi went over in the afternoon to one of the kraals to see if there was any opening to do any good, but all was noisy disorder. Fanny teaches Tobi to speak English, so when she comes here, having often heard Fanny say, 'Good morning Tobi—nice Tobi;' she says, 'Gu morn, Inkosazan—nice Inkosazan.' Her husband, and I think her son, were both murdered as accused 'Abatakati;' and her oppressed heart seems almost unconsciously to find comfort in being with the Umfundisi. I have seen her eyes bent on him so earnestly when he has been dwelling on the love of God to man, especially to the little child and the lone woman. She lives with her brother whose kraal is in sight of our huts on a neighbouring hill. Another especial friend of ours came this morning, Umdwendwe is his name. He is a fine, tall, middle-aged man, with a beaming, happy, expression, and has such a gentle reverence for Umfundisi and his teaching that it is quite touching. He is such a fine-looking man that he even makes Umfundisi look small. The other day he said to him, pointing to Fanny and me,

'I love them much, very much,' and then put his hands on both Umfundisi's shoulders, saying, 'and him *kakulu-kakulu*' (exceedingly).

"We had been taking our people for a pic-nic the other day in the wagon in commemoration of Susan's time being up with us, and he joined us and thought he should like to try what it is to ride on a wagon. Umfundisi told him to get on the box; he rode some little way, and then jumped off before the wagon stopped and fell. He turned round with his bright look, shaking his hand to us, and exclaiming 'kuhle, kuhle kakulu.' It struck Fanny so much: she remarked, 'Is not it sweet? Does not he say that in the same spirit in which uncle always says 'all right,' when things are troublous?' He has been learning to shoot to try to bring us things, and last week for the first time he brought us two guinea-fowls which he had killed at *one* shot. He came straight to the house, asking for the 'Inkosazan' in the most eager tone. It was dark and his home at the very least two miles off: when he was leaving, he begged for a feather from each bird, that his people might see them as trophies of his success. We made him a shirt which he likes to wear, although he does not in the least belong to us; he only shoots for the pleasure of it. He is a most regular and reverent attendant of the Sunday service, and came to-day to say how sorry he was, not to have been here yesterday, but he was oppressed with the soldiers. I told him that we had remembered him, and that I had remarked to Umfundisi when he did not come, that we might be sure it was because his home was over-run with strangers. He had such a glad look at having been understood. I can scarcely ever attend the open-air service on account of the mid-day sun, but Fanny says he always sits on the same stump of a tree, so earnest and reverent in his manner: she always calls it Umdwendwe's stump.

"We are all very anxious about Unompe, although we think this is the last place she would dare to come to; every bark of a dog or sound at night makes us start with

the hope she is there: and I am afraid too of her fleeing as a refugee to Natal, and if not murdered in the attempt, perhaps being given to some white family who will not try to raise her. In such a distracted state of things, prayer is our only strength, almost our only hopeful work. I must not say a word more."

The aspect of affairs in Zululand now looked so threatening, that troops were sent to Natal from Cape Town, and the Volunteers of the colony moved to the borders, prepared to meet Ketchwayo, should invasion of Natal be his intention. Whether he was frightened from his purpose, or had really never intended this, will probably never be known.

There were many different opinions at the time, but it was agreed by all, that the speed with which the troops were mustered, gave the Zulu prince a useful lesson as to the power of the English, and the danger to his nation of engaging in any conflict with them. Writing on this subject in the month of August, Mr Robertson says:

"It has been I fear a very bad affair for both sides of the Tugela, expense to Natal, and suffering here. All the natives in this and many other neighbourhoods, have been eaten up by Ketchwayo's troops, and many kraals have not even seed to sow.

"From *July* 16*th* to 25*th*, large bodies of men poured down towards Ondine from all directions. In short the whole strength of the nation was assembled, and judging from the numbers who passed by this one place, I imagine 20,000 must be far below the estimate.

"The rumour here was, that the English were going to invade the Zulus. I am satisfied from all I have seen and heard, that this fear was a real one, and not feigned on the part of Ketchwayo and his people; and it was caused by the appearance of the troops and volunteers on the Natal side of the Tugela. Immediately they were seen, messen-

gers were sent in great haste to all parts of the country, and the roads were at once filled with bands of armed men, some of them travelling by night as well as by day. Also all the cattle were driven away from the neighbourhood of the Tugela into the valley of the Umhlatuze, and some of them even passed this place. Many of the kraals also in this neighbourhood buried all their valuables in pits, or hid them elsewhere. The bush just below our garden was filled with baskets, hoes, &c., &c. Many were the anxious visitors who came to make enquiries of me. They of course imagined that I knew all about it, and it was no easy matter to persuade them to the contrary.

"Of one thing I told them I was sure, viz. that the English would never attack the Zulus, unless the latter began first, and I explained the presence of the English troops on the borders as simply a precautionary measure of the English. I said that they were '*Amadoda impela*' (valiant men) and always took notice of what was going on beyond their borders, just as the Zulus would take notice of a huge body of Amaswazi. I further tell them that I am ready to stake my life on the truthfulness of these assertions. Since the truth has been known, I have often been reminded of this.

"One old chief who lives on the way to the Buffalo river, at whose kraal our letter carrier often stays, gave me quite a scolding as he passed. 'You,' he said, 'who send so many letters to Natal, why do you not write to tell *Somtseu* (Mr Shepstone) that we have no intention whatever of invading Natal? Natal is our home, would we be fools enough to destroy our nice gardens from which we receive so much food? Would we be mad enough to think we could fight the conquerors of the Boers?'

"Another Induna whom I saw at Ondine did not conceal from me the satisfaction it would be to him if the English did invade the country. 'Will we fight?' he said, but I, feeling that most likely he was only trying to draw me out, confined myself to indignantly asking him, 'Do the English make aggressive wars?'

"On the 26th July, Panda sent three izinduna to me to say that he wished me to go to Ondine, and get certain men whom he named to go with me to Natal, and enquire of the Government, whether he had invited the English to invade his country, as it was falsely asserted that he had.

"I reached Ondine on the 28th, on Sunday, but very unlike Sunday here. There was nothing but noise and confusion. I saw Ketchwayo on the 29th, and arranged to make the desired enquiries for the King by letter, as it was very inconvenient to me to go to Natal myself at that time. Ketchwayo said that for himself he could not conceive in what he had offended. After some friendly chat with him about our doings at Kwamagwaza, I started on my way home, not a little pleased at being saved the trouble of so long a journey.

"At the time I now write Ketchwayo's troops have returned to their homes, and the country is quiet, and last Sunday we had a much better congregation than we have had for some time past.

"From all that has come to my knowledge I think we may fairly judge that Natal has little to fear from Ketchwayo so long as Panda is living, and that the demonstration made by the Government has had a very salutary effect for the present on Ketchwayo and other young men. They have received a lesson they will not soon forget.

"One thing was very gratifying to us, and that was, the trust and confidence reposed in us by the people here. All the sheep and goats of their kraals in the neighbourhood were entrusted to our care, that they might be safe from the *impi* (army), which took by force whatever it liked.

"I was not a little amused by the following circumstance. Ketchwayo has a watch which he wished to show me when I was at Ondine, but on the servant looking for it, it was found to have been sent off with the female part of the establishment to be kept safely till better days."

To my sister in Natal Mrs Robertson wrote:

"Things have indeed been very exciting here lately, some-

times touching, sometimes rather anxious. It was most interesting the learning new things in Zulu life: one day to hear that orders were sent from Ketchwayo that the cattle should be driven away, then that the women and their children should be prepared to take flight to a place of greater safety. All were in readiness. Then it was said that Ketchwayo must go too, as the King is not allowed to be seen in war. It must be rather galling to such a warlike spirit.

"Poor Christina and some of the others were very anxious, and she said with tears that she remembered Natal, but Umfundisi would not hear of a panic amongst us, and Usajabula and others seconded his wishes heartily. Things are now returned to their usual quietude, and all our old friends are settled at home again.

"I could tell you so many pleasant things, but it is getting dark, and we have no oil or candles, and have even finished the tallow of which we have been manufacturing them. Till the wagons come, we are going to invent a light of wick and some melted fat, so as to have a little light.

"Our largest hut has the drawing-room in the middle, and two bed-rooms, one on each side. Two verandah rooms make a store-room and dressing-room. A little beyond is the dining-room and school-hut, and the children's hut comes next; then the girls' and Mam's (the old Hottentot woman). The boys' huts are on the other side. Christina's is somewhere else. Mr Robertson is inventing a clay oven like the Dutchmen's, and as soon as Mr Samuelson can help him, he is going to have a larger schoolroom of sods.

"The Commentary on Hosea which you lent me has been a great treat."

Our poor friends were not long to enjoy the comfort of the buildings described in this letter. The season had been an unusually dry one, and the result of the long drought was, that the grass became like tinder ready to take fire from the slightest cause.

In September Mr Robertson wrote the following account of what had happened to the Society for

the Propagation of the Gospel, the letter being finished by Mrs R.

"On Wednesday last, September 11, all our principal buildings, containing twelve rooms, were burnt down. The fire was accidental, and originated in the cooking place. A strong wind was blowing at the time, which soon caused it to communicate with all the buildings near. In a few minutes about a hundred natives, men and women, were on the spot, and by their prompt help we were enabled to save a large portion of our property. Our losses, notwithstanding, are very great, especially in food, of which we had just laid up our year's supply. In that alone our loss must amount to between £40 and £50. But I have not yet had time to make an exact estimate of anything. All my efforts are now directed to getting up other buildings before the rains commence.

"I cannot say how grateful we are to these good Zulus. I cannot speak too highly of their kindness to us in our distress. Although this is the planting season, they have, since the moment they heard of it, turned out, both male and female, high and low, to help us in putting up other buildings. We have already in course of erection a house of four rooms and a girls' hut, which, weather permitting, I expect will be finished in a week. How different this from the slow march we made on our first coming here! During these three days past grass and poles have been brought to us from a distance of ten miles. In that the sympathy is universal, and we thank God for it. Of course I pay them for their labour, but this does not lower our estimation of their kindness."

Mrs Robertson wrote as follows:

"We have such cause for thankfulness. No life was lost amidst such destruction of buildings and property, and we have saved nearly all our books, clothes, and other valued things, but all the stores that came by our wagon for future supplies are gone. Mr Robertson was burnt in

saving some coffee, but not seriously. It was overwhelming at first to him who had done all with such labour, and who had only his own labour to trust to, to restore it; we felt it so sad. But there is so much of mercy in it all, that there were the Samuelsons' huts, however inefficient for us. Then the people, nothing can exceed their sympathy. From all directions they come to where Mr Robertson is building, with thatch and wood for huts. We quite hoped that as our own large hut stood more aloof, it would have escaped, the wind not even coming that way, but the air was so heated by the blazing of the other huts that it was scorching to stand outside our own, and even boxes that were thrown out of the huts were burning afterwards, though there was no long grass to convey the flame. Our own people that were at home were most kind and good. Christina, with her baby on her back, and again in a condition to make any alarm worse for her, exerted herself most wonderfully. Mr Robertson was nearly insensible from heat, fatigue, and sorrow; he was obliged to have water thrown over him at last. I have not any needles, all my working materials are burnt, except cotton: then we have to hem handkerchiefs to reward our kind friends who helped in emptying the huts. Fanny and I have each had to hunt out brass thimbles and burnt scissors. I was not up when the fire began, and this is the first day I have been really well for a few weeks.

"Fanny, Mr Robertson, and I have only one hut; we never really go to bed, and the horses are partitioned off by a mat at one end, as the only shelter they can have. One night the horses were hungry, and began to eat the mat. We are beginning to laugh now at many incidents during our calamity. Mr Robertson said, so gravely, the evening of the first day after the fire, when he came in at night, 'I realized Lot's wife this morning. The whole place was so desolate, and there stood up something so solitary, and I went to see what it was. It was the bag of salt in the store baked to a stone, the sack quite burnt off it.' We were both so gravely listening to him; and then we all had

a sort of reaction, and laughed so heartily that we began to get more natural.

"Oh, it is so sad; such an utter wreck of everything. We have just paid our first visit to our old home; and the new huts have no glass windows. It is all so different."

By the same mail Mrs R. wrote to me:

"*October 15th*, 1861. We are again settled in our new huts, not quite so comfortably as before, for we have nothing to make windows of, and as it is often wet and cold, our rooms have to be darkened. There was just one half-door not burnt, which Umfundisi made into a window for our sitting-room. He chiselled four holes for window panes in it.

"*Our* hut is very large. It contains three rooms, one 15 feet square, and the others 15 by 12, and a store-room. Umfundisi has built eight other huts, and Heber's is now being built in preparation for his wife's coming. The chapel hut is also planned.

"There were only four huts saved, but so much that is cheering and hopeful has arisen out of that sad day, that we have much to help us to bear it patiently. In spite of the care, anxiety and labour it was to dear Umfundisi, as well as very great loss, he used to come home to us at night, quite cheered by the goodness of the people, they shewed such hearty sympathy. Last year when we came here, we could not get any thatch or wood for building huts from the Zulus, nor labour of any kind, because it was the planting season. Now, although it has been the same season, every work was suspended to help us, girls coming in large parties carrying the grass for thatching, men with poles and sticks, and more than all coming at sunrise to help Umfundisi to build, indeed so early that he dare not stay for a cup of coffee before he set to work, lest he should find a large party waiting for him: (We were in the Samuelsons' huts, which are a quarter of a mile distant.)

"They joined in the morning prayers with him, and then worked all day. You remember Umdwendwe's name.

He and Umaigani are brothers in heart and character, although in reality only distantly related. They live near each other, and we look upon them as two of the noblest men here. They had to pass the Samuelsons' huts, in which we were, on their way to help Umfundisi, and it used quite to cheer us to see them passing, and to hear their earnest expressions. The first morning after they knew of our misfortune, they came with such sorrowful faces to express their grief and to offer their help.

"We had had a present sent us from Natal of a cask of treacle, which not being with our stores, had escaped the fire. The Zulus were of course delighted with such a novelty, and we used to offer it to them with water as a beverage. They could not think why the '*Abelungu*' (white people) ate or drank anything else, if they knew how to make it. But I was going to tell you, that after Umaigani and Umdwendwe with their party—(consisting of Umdwendwe's father, a white-haired old man, his brother, and another very pleasant Zulu, Umkomba by name, and Ungiya, a famous warrior of old, who considers himself my especial friend, and brings me *Amasi* (thick milk) *with his own hands*, which he says no other Zulu *man* would do and that he would only do it for *me*, telling Umfundisi and Fanny when he comes, 'It is not for you, it is for her, I am the man of the Inkosikazi'—) had finished their work, Umfundisi offered them all a jug of treacle and water, and Umaigani and Umdwendwe begged him to give thanks before any of them touched it.

"Umdwendwe had done this once some time before. He had seen us at breakfast one day from the window, and when Umfundisi had given thanks, he said 'kuhle, kuhle kakulu' (very good indeed) 'God gives us all things, we should thank him.' The next week when Umfundisi was out, he came to see us early one morning when we were breakfasting. Fanny offered him some porridge and sugar. When he had finished he thanked God for it, and also that the Umfundisi had come to be with them and to teach them, in such an earnest reverent way.

"They are such noble looking men these two, with such a bright, sweet expression. The other day when I was unable to leave my room, Umaigani brought me a present of a very pretty wooden-dish for bread, because he knew we had lost so many dishes, and Fanny said when he knew how ill I was, the tears came into his eyes.

"I like you to know of the Zulus in their gentler aspect, because through recent events, people speak and write of them only as savage warriors, and we lately have seen them under such a different aspect. We owe it to them that so much as we have is saved, all our books nearly and our clothes. More than a hundred seemed instantly on the spot, or we could scarcely have saved anything, for most of our own people were out, and the fire was so rapid in its progress. Christina ran some distance, she was from home, and little Jeanie on her back. With her and Fanny's help, my room was nearly cleared. In it was the valuable tool-chest, now doubly precious, as the chest containing all the other tools was burnt. The wagons had only arrived two days before, and this chest being so very beautiful, was put into my room to be taken great care of, and it has been invaluable in putting up the new buildings. The Zulus many of them burnt and lacerated their hands in carrying out boxes from the huts. Then when all was over, added to their kindness by carrying them away to the Samuelsons' huts for us.

"They all called it *their* great kraal that was burnt. Another good arising out of this disaster is, that the things they have earned by their labour in bringing material, &c. have given them the means, in this year of famine, of buying food in distant and more fortunate parts of the country. Umfundisi paid away at the proper rate of payment, more than £30 in beads, calicoes, sheets, blankets, &c., which they fairly earned after the day of the fire. The whole of our hill was like a large market, and for two or three days Umfundisi could not work at the buildings themselves, he was so entirely occupied in receiving and taking account of the materials brought, and in putting them in their separate

lots. Under common circumstances, nothing would have induced the Zulus to act as they did, they are so wonderfully indolent. They came from the whole neighbourhood round, quite fifteen miles some of them.

"I beg to tell you that Ketchwayo is rather an *amiable* man than not, and you *are* to believe it. He is brave and warlike, and has a great many good qualities for a heathen prince. He is devoted to his mother.

"Just now, the Zulus, the grown men, are all meeting at Panda's to mourn the death of his aged mother, and when the women are called to *kala* ('lament') and dig a large garden to her memory, the men will all be again summoned to hunt to her memory.

"All this sadly frustrates the missionary's work amongst them; a great part of the people are being constantly called away. Umfundisi says he often longs for these poor Zulus to have the freedom the natives enjoy in Natal.

"I have a sketch of a flower to enclose for you which Fanny brought me. It is that lovely deep red flower which comes early, and she found it growing out of the blackened ground of her old bed-room. It seemed like so many bright flowers that have grown out of that dark day.

"Umfundisi is not looking strong now after his recent exertions, otherwise I think he has been upon the whole rather better.

"I am afraid you will think I have said too much about the Zulus helping us, but we are so grateful to find that they do care for us. It seems like a streak of light where one has long looked for the dawn, and their last friendliness to us seems to hold out some promise of the success of our mission to them.

"Dear friend, it brings you near us to think how soon you may be passing on your way to the Zambesi. Our hearts long to be with you. We have just one faint glimpse of the sea on clear days, thirty miles distant I think, and we looked at it on Saturday thinking of your being on it, but we can bear to do so when we are *led*, because it is where we ought to be, and though there are rough, dark

days sometimes, one feels there has been light too after-wards. One seems to learn why all the Penitential Psalms end in praise. God bless you, dear friend, it feels like a fresh parting from you, now that this is the last mail by which we can write regularly to you."

The loss of the buildings and of so large a portion of their contents was a very serious one, and the disappointment very great, after all the labour they had spent the year before, in getting themselves settled in their new field of work.

Writing to my brother on the 11th October, Mr Robertson said:

"You will hear from other letters of the severe visitation we have met with, in the shape of a fire, which destroyed all our buildings except two Kafir huts.

"All that I shall say of it here is, that our trouble (no small one indeed) was more than counterbalanced by a multitude of attendant blessings. The sympathy we met with from our kind Zulus was universal. From ten miles round, and in several instances from more than ten, they turned out to help us.

"In short nothing can be more gratifying than the kindness of these people. One day our little goatherd Billy was naughty, and lost his flock. One of our neighbours brought them home, and when I thanked him, he replied; 'Wow! How could I let my own cows be lost?' thus identifying our property with his own.

"The day before yesterday our geese wandered to a kraal about half a mile from us. When the owner saw them, he brought them all the way home, saying he did not wish to get a bad name by letting the birds of the Umfundisi be lost."

By the same mail Mrs Robertson wrote to my brother:

"Dear Bishop, I have such a little time to collect my thoughts which are always much with you. It seems like a

fresh parting with you all, to hear of your sister's starting, although it is a happiness to think of you all together once again.

"A year's work in this unsettled land does not bring much visible fruit, none of the highest kind, yet we have glimpses of hope that it is not in vain. Umfundisi leaves us to-morrow for the Tugela. He has to go to Natal about Susan and Qenisa, two of our girls, who went home to visit their friends; and he wants to find some opportunities of getting supplies of flour, coffee, &c., in a wagon up to the Tugela, to be crossed over in a boat. I hope you will keep your stores far away from other buildings, so that they may not be lost in any such terrible accident as our fire, about which you will have heard.

"We have been reading lately the Ordination Addresses of the Bishop of Oxford. It is a most beautiful book to have. The sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures, &c. is the one that held me most, the way in which he says it all is so clear and full. We lost very few of our books in the fire. But lately I have been quite laid up with neuralgia; I never had such a severe attack, but I think and trust it is going now.

"Mr R. will tell you how we daily remember you at prayers. He has to start for the Tugela to-morrow. It is cold and wet, and quite a month later than he planned, but the fire caused the delay.

"Before this accident we had everything in such good order for the rainy season, the work of his own hand, and it has been rather hard upon him to have to do it all over again. Have we told you about our horse bought with the money you sent us? We have another bought in this country, so that we can ride together.

"We are rather anxious about Umfundisi, and his horse too, as they have to go through the Umhlatuze valley, where he took fever last season, and where we lost poor Bob, but it is earlier than last year. Here it is bitterly cold. We are longing to know of your locality, and of all its advantages and drawbacks. Here we abound in cows just now, eight giving us milk, which is a great blessing.

"The children and girls so thoroughly understand English now that we do not speak in Kafir to them."

This letter to my brother was ended by Mr Robertson, October 18th.

"I am very sad to-night. One object of my journey was, to recover Susan (your sister's old friend Pablegazi) and Qenisa, who left us about three months ago to see their relations. When they went away they only proposed staying at their kraals for two weeks, but that time having long since passed, I thought it my duty to go and look after them.

"I must remind you that Susan had for a long time been betrothed to one of our men, Daniel, who had paid three cows towards her *ukulobola* (dowry).

"How was I grieved to find on my arrival that she had entirely changed, had given up Daniel, and I fear a great deal more. I talked with her for a long time, but all that I could get her to say was, 'Do you think I will give up my father to be an orphan?'

"Not so with good little Qenisa. Their kraals are about three miles apart, and as I rode from the one to the other I felt very sad, fearing that the same thing had been repeated there. A ray of hope sometimes came to me, however, that if God willed it might not be so. When I met Qenisa she burst into tears, and I confess I could hardly help doing the same. How rejoiced I was when on my asking her if she wished to go back with me she said that she did. The painful part was to come. Her mother, when she heard it, burst out into loud exclamations of her position without her child: 'When I am sick I have no child to make a fire for me, or give me a drink of water!' I talked a long time with her, assuring her that though separated from her child, she would still be theirs. I gave the mother one of my blankets, and am to return for Qenisa on Monday.

"Although allowing her to go, if she wishes it herself, yet it is plain that they would much rather she did not. I

trust and pray that in the interim they may not turn her from her purpose. Oh how blessed will be the day when all the people in this land shall be within reach of the means of grace.

"I feel very sorry about Susan, for on looking back at these three months, I see that though she and Qenisa have often been *remembered*, I have seldom made them the subject of special prayer. I shall yet try to get Susan to go back with me.

"I am thankful to hear that the Samuelsons are on their way to join us in Zululand. Though the season is far advanced they are having fine weather.

"Thank you very much for the Missionary's Prayer-book. We have not given up the Common Prayer for it, nor shall we do so, but we add prayers from it in the morning; and there is one by the Bishop of Oxford in your sister's handwriting pasted at the beginning, which I use in private. What a blessed bond of brotherhood and strength it is to pray. Sometimes we feel, and I doubt not you will feel the same many a time when you get to work, as if all one can do, is to pray.

"We have no school as yet at Kwamagwaza, and often our prospect seems a very hopeless one, but every now and then a glimmering ray breaks in.

"The other day Umdwendwe and others returned from a visit to the King. They said they knew it was Sunday, and that they had prayed to God as they went along the road. They had had no food for nearly two days, and arrived quite done up. I had no food to give them, but a drink of treacle and water, for which they were most thankful. After they had drunk it, Umdwendwe and another desired me to return thanks to God for them, which I did. May such men not be far from the kingdom of God!

"In speaking with the people I shewed them that the nation was gradually changing: that now things are done which in Chaka's days would have been reckoned impossibilities; and especially I pointed out the difference in the mourning for Unandi, Chaka's mother, when many lives

were taken, and the mourning for Usongiza, Panda's mother. They replied, 'Oh yes, we too see it, and we shall improve *njalo* (in the same way).'

"With best wishes and prayers for your welfare, I remain, my dear lord and my dear friend, yours very affectionately, R. ROBERTSON."

This was the last letter written to my dear brother, and he never received it. I was the bearer of it along with many others written to him. The story of his death need not be repeated here.

The only remaining letters of this year were written to the friend in England from whom the Robertsons had received so many kindnesses in the shape of valuable boxes full of useful things, and letters precious from the sympathy and love manifested in every word of them.

Mrs Robertson's next letter was dated *November* 9, 1861. She wrote:

"I can scarcely tell you what it is to open a box so exquisitely prepared as that you have sent. The very handsome altar-cloth, alms-dish, and book. They gave us something like the feeling of being restored to one of our own beautiful *home* churches, after the long deprivation of any adequate building for the worship of God; and now it seems impossible to convey to those who have not been living in the wilderness as we have, the deep full happiness and sense of thankfulness in our hearts.

"Your kindness, arising from love for Christ and His work, not only binds us to you, but cheers and strengthens us on our way, and you are especially remembered in our daily family prayers, when we have a prayer for all those who have helped us in our work.

"Mr R. is having a temporary chapel erected until next winter, which is the building season, and hopes to have it finished by Christmas Day. We have been delayed by one thing and another, and our last calamity was the

burning of all our planks in our late fire. You have probably heard of this trial, and yet so much of loving mercy and blessing were mingled with it, that even under the aggravating circumstances of such a misfortune in an uncivilized country, away from a Christian neighbourhood, there was much to make us glad and thankful.

"Poor little Hali and Billy lost many of their most valuable possessions, which were in my Davenport. Hali's loving heart was sorely distressed. The only thing of his own saved which *we* had not given him, was a coloured handkerchief. When he saw it after the fire was over, he said so lovingly to me, 'You have lost so many things, I'll give you this—it is yours now, and if my mother sends any thing more I'll give it to Miss Woodrow, and if she sends me a great thing, I'll give it to the Umfundisi.' For days after the fire he would wander over the blackened ground looking for treasures, and however blackened and disfigured, he would distinguish which belonged to each, and would give them most earnestly, saying, 'I'm so sorry *me* for those things in the burning there.' He collected together a small box full of carpenters' tools and nails for Mr R., which he hopes to harden again, by burning and putting them in water.

"We have lately lost two of our girls, Susan and Qenisa, under the most painful circumstances. They came from Natal with us, and it is the first time *we* have known such a trial, although it is not the first instance of such a thing occurring. Susan was grown up and baptized, but Qenisa, being only twelve, was not, as we thought her too young for baptism without the consent of her friends. Now she is forcibly withheld against her own strong wish to be with us.

"Susan was betrothed to a young man called Daniel, also from Natal, and she was preparing for her marriage. Their hut was being built, and several household articles were procured when her brothers came to visit her.

"She said she should like to visit her parents for a week or two, and although we are always sorry to have to part

with any of our party, we were not more than usually anxious for her, only feeling that it was sad for a Christian girl to go to a heathen kraal. But it is most difficult to say much for fear of injuring the relations of a child to its parents. Susan said she should like to go, but she should stay such a short time that she would not take anything with her, and she begged me to get a neat print dress in Durban for her wedding day.

"Little Qenisa, a clever, most promising and very dear child, was earnest to go and see her mother. We were *very* anxious for her from her tender age, and feared the influence that might be used if her friends did not want her to return; and at first we refused to let her go, but she cried so bitterly that we felt we could not forbid her going, as her brothers would have reported our refusal, and they would have come and taken her away. When she obtained our consent to go, she was very sorry to leave, and I explained to her, that I did not doubt for a moment that it was her wish to come back, but that her friends might force her to remain. This she was sure they would not, yet she left us in tears.

"At the end of the fortnight the Natal alarm of the invasion of Ketchwayo had arisen, and the troops were on the move, so that we were not surprised they did not return. As soon as things were quiet, we sent for them, and the messenger came back, saying, their friends feared their return to the Zulu country, and brought a nice message from Susan, saying how distressed she was lest I should feel the need of her assistance, for she had always been our laundry-maid.

"Mr R. decided to start at once, expecting to have no difficulty in arranging for their return, and *possibly* he might not then, but that very day the fire occurred, and if the delay caused the sad result, *this* was the greatest of all the evils of that sad day, when we felt we had lost our home, which had cost him so much labour, just as the rainy season was commencing, and with it all the supplies of provisions for the year, which had only arrived two days

before. Sad as all that seemed, the first day we were homeless, so much of mercy lightened it, that it now seems a time of special loving-kindness. But in *this* there is no bright gleam, except in our dear little Qenisa's love.

"Mr R. started as soon as the huts were up that were most essential, not so much from anxiety about the girls, as from fear of the river Tugela being up, and his being unable to cross his horse.

"You will then understand the shock he received, at seeing Susan with her usual clothing cast off, and dressed only as the heathen girls are, disclaiming all idea of having been a Christian girl, her father scornfully accusing him for thinking to influence her against her friends. Her father had known of her baptism, and knew of her betrothal to Daniel, who had been attached to her at the Umlazi, and after that, her brothers who knew it all, had brought the little Qenisa to be under our care, not as a refugee, but simply because they liked her to be with us.

"Susan was not so intelligent as some, and had not a good temper, indeed was naturally more perverse than almost any girl I ever saw, but she had much improved in this respect, and we all believed her sincere in her profession, and happy with us. She did not confine her reading of the Scriptures to the time she naturally would have had with me, or in public prayer, but passed a great deal of her leisure hours in reading in her own hut. I feel so sure of her sincerity then, that I often hope this is but a temporary fall, owing to the undue and even violent influence that has been used.

"Mr R. left to go to the neighbouring kraal, where our little Qenisa lived. Here they received him with outward civility, and he found her dressed properly. The father said she did not wish to return, but that he might talk with her, and if she told him she wished it, he might take her. He tried to talk with her, but she resolutely refused to speak before her friends. They pressed her to tell the Umfundisi she did not wish to return to him, and suggested various answers to her, but she tightly closed her lips.

Several times he turned to go away, thinking it fruitless to stay. Each time she burst into tears, which of course brought him back, but when he spoke she was quite silent; and they said, 'See, she does not wish to go with you.' At last it was so late, that as he had some miles further to go, he told her he would return on the Monday. It was then Saturday evening. She cried most bitterly when he left.

"When he returned on the Monday morning, the father met him and said he did not know where the child was. Mr R. doubted this, and on his insisting to see her, she was brought from another kraal. Mr R. heard her father threatening to beat her on the other side of the fence, and saw him holding a great stick before her face. When he brought her to him, he said, 'Now take her, and ask her if she wishes to go with you.' He took her aside, and she at once said she wished to come back with him. Mr R. begged her only to say this before her father, because he would then take her. She repeated earnestly that she did wish to go with him, and he led her to her father, begging her to say so before them all. But again she was perfectly silent, and in reply to all entreaties on both sides that she would speak, she resolutely compressed her lips. Mr R. stood nearly two hours entreating her to speak, but she continued silent, unless, hoping to induce her to speak, he turned to go, when she would burst into tears, so that he could not leave her.

"At last he said, 'If you wish to come, follow me;' and he walked away. She immediately followed him. They only went a short way before her friends rushed furiously upon her, pulling her with such violence that he feared for her life, and threw himself between them. Mr R. reproached the father with the deceit he had used in telling him he might take her if she would consent to go, but he only answered now, that it was only by killing him (the father) that he would get her. He saw that it was utterly unavailing to defend her then, and the delay had already endangered his recrossing the Tu a with his horse, it had risen so rapidly, and thus he had the sorrow of leaving her,

but he still hopes to protect her through the Umhlali magistrate.

"We have known nothing so sad before, and we were little prepared for it, having imagined that it was simply the disturbed state of Zulu politics that had intimidated them, and that it only needed Mr R.'s presence to reassure them.

"And we too had sorrow at home in Mr Robertson's absence, though of a different kind. Little Jeanie a fine little girl of sixteen months, the child of Christina and Usajabula was taken ill, and died in less than three days. Her illness had not seemed in the least serious, and was attributed to teething.

"Poor Christina was daily expecting her next baby, and my niece had only just returned from enquiring for them, with the message that Christina was very nicely, and the little child sleeping, when a boy came to call me, for she was dead. I could not believe it. We put her in a warm bath, hoping to restore her, but she was quite gone; dear Christina's tender Christian feeling however made hers such a different sorrow to that for poor Susan. Although overwhelmed by the sudden bereavement, she remained with us, and the last offices for the sweet little Jeanie were performed here. Frequently her sobbing was broken with the words, 'Inkosikazi, though I cry because I have lost my child, I am not crying for her, I know she is gone to the Lord.' Though there is much here that would seem distressing to an English mind where everything happens so easily, I think we find that it brings us all nearer to each other.

"It was very difficult to arrange for the burial of the little one. We had no wood to make her a coffin. I think I told you we lost all in the fire, and we had not been able to replace even our own tables and chairs, but we had a coffin made from an old box. The parents knew what difficulty we had in finding anything, and they felt that the whole was a work love, and it seemed quite soothing to them. Poor Usajabula even helped to make the coffin.

Early next morning the little body was placed in it. It was as harrowing to them as it always is. Poor Christina was quite overcome, and when I tried to soothe her, fearing for her condition, she said, that though she cried and was full of grief, she remembered many things she had read, which were in her heart all night, and she looked earnestly at the dear little face, saying 'I know I have read, that death which destroys the body is nothing, it is sin only which really destroys.'

"When all were gone away to the burial, she who was too weak to go, or even to be left, gradually grew calmer, and told me many little traits of her child which seemed to promise that she would have been a good child, just like any Christian English mother might have done. She said, 'Though she was so young, if she had her food before her when we went to prayers, she would put it away until they were over.' Then she would take her plate again quietly without any one telling her; and she had great reverence for books (their only idea of a book is the Word of God); and, little baby though she was, had a great respect for a box of Mr Robertson's books that had been sheltered in their hut after our disaster. She would stand by it, saying, 'Here are the books of the Umfundisi;' which her poor mother seemed to derive comfort in remembering, as a promise of a holy mind in her little one.

"When the burial was over, all the excitement returned. She was unable to think of returning home, which I was anxious she should do for her poor husband's sake. She remained with us through the day. Some Zulu mothers came to express their sorrow, and also their astonishment, that she was not going to *bula*, that is, enquire of the witch doctors what evil influence caused the child's death. She was sitting in the verandah for fresh air when they came to her. She came in terribly depressed, and said, 'I am afraid to go home, they will come to me to cry and oppress me with their grief.' It is difficult to put it as she expressed it in her beautiful language. Her meaning was that their expression of *heathen* grief was so depressing to her. 'They

Burying Place.

will not understand that my child is gone home. They say, "It is so little, why should it go home?" Then she added, 'But I know it was not my child; the Lord gave it to me to take care of for Him, and now it is gone to Him.' And she continued, 'I am glad that she was not long ill, and that she was a strong child, and did not suffer while she was here. She was given to me on a Sunday, and now she is gone to her grave on Sunday.'

"I was very anxious for her own and for her husband's sake that she should go home, and after some rest towards evening she expressed a wish to go, and we sent Alice (the Hottentot girl) with her to light her fire, and make it less desolate for her. She came the next day, saying she could not stay at home without Jeanie, when her husband was out, and she again stayed with us, and told me very thankfully that Tobi, a Zulu woman, a great pet of ours, had come to cry with her, but that when she asked her 'to do it because her child was gone home, she refrained, and told her that she had seen her babe buried, and that she thought our ways were very nice. Christina told me too that she had been early to see the spot where her child was buried, and thanked us for choosing such a pretty place.

"Her approaching confinement made me very anxious to keep her mind calm, and every day she came to work at her mourning, (which they are most particular to have,) and joined in the lessons with the girls. I think you will now be interested in hearing that baby was born last Tuesday, nine days after the death of little Jeanie. He is a fine little boy, and has hitherto been thriving nicely, and we hope soon to see him baptized into Christ's Church by the name of David, in remembrance of a dear little friend in Scotland.

"I am afraid I may have written unconnectedly, and may have been rather tedious, but I think you are so kind as to like to realize our daily life here, and I have written amidst many interruptions on a dull, foggy, misty day, with scarcely any light in our room from want of windows, and a thoroughly cold day too, forbidding the removal of the

mats from the opening. Hali and Billy are chattering over the pictures of the *Illustrated London News*. The gun you sent us has been quite a bond between ourselves and some of our Zulu friends, who try to shoot for us and for themselves. They are suffering throughout the country from famine, and we have the greatest difficulty in getting food for the day, so that we have no power to help them. They cook wild vegetables and roots. *We* use the stalk of the white arum lily, which abounds in all the streams, as a vegetable.

"I wish I had space to tell you of the lovely flowers, and of the exquisite appearance of this country in its first bright verdure.

"Will you send this letter to ——. She will be especially interested in Christina and in poor Susan, and will not forget them in the Litany, 'That it may please Him to strengthen such as do stand, to comfort and help the weak-hearted, to raise up them that fall.' It makes my heart ache to remember them."

Mr Robertson ended the letter to this kind friend.

"I am quite ashamed and vexed with myself for having left your kind letter so long unanswered. The fact is, our time is so thoroughly occupied here, and when one begins to put off anything, the weeks and months soon pass away. It seems but as yesterday our receiving your valuable altar-cloth, although that was but a few days before Trinity Sunday, and now Advent is close at hand. I thank you also for the gun which you sent me, but I have another request to make, which I feel I need not make, but still do so only by way of putting you in remembrance, and that is, that you pray for us. It is often a comfort when all seems dark around us, to feel that there are those who remember us and our work before God's throne. Do you know, 'The Faith, Duty and Prayers of a Christian Missionary (St Augustine's Canterbury)?' It is a good book, and we use many of the Prayers in our daily service. We are not so

single-handed as we were, a Deacon and a Catechist having joined us. . .

"I am commissioned by the Bishop to ask for additional Stations from the Zulu King, and I intend asking for three, so you may soon expect to hear of our work being extended. As it is, we have begun services at four points a few miles distant from this, in different directions."

The account of the journey to the King will be given in the next Chapter. Illness prevented any more letters being written by the next mail, and so ends the year 1861.

CHAPTER VIII.

1862.

"Merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace."—Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

These in Life's distant even
Shall shine serenely bright,
As in the autumnal heaven
Mild rainbow tints at night,
When the last shower is stealing down,
And ere they sink to rest,
The sun-beams weave a parting crown
For some sweet woodland nest.

The promise of the morrow
Is glorious on that eve,
Dear as the holy sorrow
When good men cease to live.
When brightening ere it die away
Mounts up their altar flame,
Still tending with intenser ray
To Heaven whence first it came.

Say not it dies, that glory,
'Tis caught unquench'd on high,
Those saintlike brows so hoary
Shall wear it in the sky.
No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Rise wafted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last.

In January, 1862, Mrs Robertson had one of her very serious illnesses, and for change of air and scene she accompanied Mr R. in his next wagon journey to visit

the King. How different this journey, in search of health and strength, was from those made by invalids at home, can be known only by those who have travelled in wagons in Natal on bad roads. And in Zululand, where there are none, the jolting, the roughing, and the discomforts were proportionably greater: but the brave spirit, the forgetfulness of self, the earnestness and zeal, and the wish to be well and able for the Master's work, which were all so conspicuous in Mrs Robertson, had the desired effect, and the first day during the midday halt she wrote in her journal letter:

"It is very pleasant this outspanning after such long confinement to my room, with the feeling of being so useless at home. The hills are so green, and all seems so boundless and bright, and now that the noises of wagon-driving are stilled, all is so calm and quiet. I have never treked (trek, a Dutch word for travelling in a wagon) in summer before, and the contrast is most striking. The grasses are very beautiful, and in many parts there are large tracts in seed, some a rich brown, others crimson, and some white, giving such beautiful tints to the landscape. Then we pass large tracts of pink, lily and gladiolus, a bright geranium-pink, and again the tall deep blue agapanthus growing so luxuriantly with a sort of metallic brightness; we call it a blaze of blue. The grasshoppers too are very beautiful."

At night there was a severe storm which she says: "does not affect *us* at all; we are shut up so comfortably for the night, and the boys seem quite snug under our wagon, with their tent-cloth round the wheels."

Little Alice Adams was her attendant, and William the driver. Christina and her baby were also of the party, as they were likely to pass the kraal of an aunt of hers, whom she wished to visit. Next morning

they started in fog and rain, which made all their wraps necessary to keep out the cold.

"We went on smoothly," she says, "until we came to a steep hill, so directly across the road, and seeming so perpendicular, that even Umfundisi exclaimed, 'Can this be the road!' We climbed to the top somehow, and no stones stopped our wheels. We looked down upon a fine valley; the very heart of the Zulu country, a very rich soil, growing mealies (Indian corn) in abundance, of such great extent, and so much cultivated and surrounded by such fine mountains, that it looked fitted to be (as it is) the great road to Kanodwengu, the King's kraal."

After a trek of nine hours, some parts of the way very tiring, rough, steep and stony, it was not wonderful that the poor lady was so exhausted that she could not receive any really pleasurable impression from what was in itself so striking.

"Outspanned in an open glade, a large spreading mimosa near the wagon, and fire flies flitting under the branches, while a party of Kafirs from a neighbouring kraal, attracted by the sound of wagons, came singing their wild songs in the darkness amongst the trees."

Next day she writes:

"There was such a dreadful noise that we were glad to start, and we soon reached the White Umfolosi, and I then saw why it is called so, for the water was turbid, as if coloured with chalk. The locality reminded me of the dear Umlazi. We approached the river through deep sand. It is broad and rapid at this season, and the opposite side, as at the Umlazi, is shut in by a precipitous wooded cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the river. Umfundisi was not sure of the drift, and decided that the old wagon should cross first. I saw Alice and Christina getting out of it, as it slowly treked through the heavy sand, for Christina had been in the same wagon when it was once upset

in the Umlazi, on which occasion our books and luggage went to the bottom, and her dear little Jeanie had been saved by Daniel. She was naturally fearful and rather unwilling to accept my invitation to cross in our wagon, trusting rather to her own powers of wading, but when I told her that we could first see how the other wagon crossed, and that under any circumstances I *must* keep in it, she followed little Alice, saying she should be safe with me. I was just anxious enough, watching Umfundisi with the front wagon, to make it very good to have to keep up Christina. It barely escaped a quicksand, the driver going into one close beside it. Then there was the steep sandy bank to creep up on the opposite side, so we felt very thankful when it was over, because although the first wagon is a much lighter one than ours, it is such an old and ill-built one that it is always turning over, which the good one never does. We did stick a little in getting out, and I saw that Umfundisi was anxious, though he said nothing, but when we had safely climbed the bank, he uttered words of such heartfelt thankfulness, and said he had seen the river rapidly rising, in the interval of crossing the two wagons. We had one or two other smaller streams to cross, and we were at Kanodwengu, the kraal of Panda, the Zulu King.

"I must here say, what I ought to have begun with, that my husband's object in this journey is, to visit one of the new grants for Mission Stations, lately granted by Panda and his son Ketchwayo, and we wished also to visit the King, whose kraal we pass. We hope to bring the second wagon home loaded with mealies, which abound in this part of the country, for they ripen here and on the coast much sooner than at Kwamagwaza."

The visit to Panda is so interesting that I must give it in full.

"We reached Kanodwengu at eleven, and outspanned opposite Umasipula's gate. He is the chief minister—we call him the Prime Minister—and a great friend of Umfundisi's, with whom he stays when he comes alone. He

soon came out on hearing of our arrival, and just as they were going to take out the oxen, begged to have a ride on the wagon. Umfundisi begged him to mount, and he sat holding tight like a little child, while the wagon went a few yards. He has a cruel reputation in Natal, but Umfundisi has always found him very kind and friendly, and I quite thought him so. An Induna soon came out from the King's gate to summon us to the King's presence. We were very tired; the morning had been exciting in many ways, and it was very hot, so we boiled the kettle first, and sent word we would come as soon as we were refreshed. One cannot help having exalted ideas of royalty in any form, and I was rather anxious at our not attending to the summons at once; but Umfundisi said it was all right; he never trusted himself to visit the King when he was below par, as it required prudence and thought, and he might keep us very long. We soon went, and I now realized the great size of this kraal. We had to walk from Umasipula's gate to the King's; I nearly broke down, I believe it is more than half a mile. Then you have neat streets to walk through, to come to the large hut and enclosure of the King. All the time we had been resting at the wagon, or rather wishing to rest, it was surrounded by such a noisy crowd that I quite expected to find the same within the kraal: but it was in perfect order and quiet. The enclosure which surrounds the King's hut is planted at intervals with a single mealie plant, which when grown up tall, as these are, is a most beautiful and graceful thing, and as anything like ornamental cultivation has been hitherto unknown amongst the natives, it struck me pleasingly. We were now ushered into the enclosure, not the hut; it was so neat and quiet, and there lay Panda reclining upon mats, rolled up at one end to form a rest for the elbow. He was wrapped about in a crimson and black fine cloth, such as we used to have for drawing-room tables at home.

"No one may stand in the King's presence, and we were immediately seated on the ground, saying, 'Bayete' your Majesty. And then, Zulu fashion, we sat looking at

each other; but we were soon in conversation, and while Umfundisi talked I looked on, and one thing surprised me. Having always heard of the King as infirm, and as almost, if not entirely, set aside in public matters, I was surprised to see a fine middle-aged man, dignified and quiet in expression. It made me very sorry to know how little influence he has. There was a small niche in the fence under which he was reclining, and in this sat a young man whose office it seemed to be to watch the King's wishes. There were a few Izinduna present also, but the conversation seemed confined to the King and Umfundisi. Presently an insect was seen crawling towards the King's mat—out crept the watchful attendant on all fours, and took it away, and then retired to his niche, never taking his eyes from the King's face, nor turning his back the whole time. They talked about the succession as it is in England, in which the King was much interested; about the visit of the Bishop of Natal to England; and he was lost in amazement at hearing that the ship would be going day and night for two or three months, before he would reach England. He seemed to think it awful to be going on the water, day and night, never stopping. It is difficult with the King to dwell much on religious subjects, and Umfundisi has a great dread of speaking of what he most cares about, at the wrong time. It is not etiquette that the king should attend religious services, although his Izinduna have to attend to report to him, and it is difficult to conceive what their ignorant minds and slow hearts are capable of receiving and reporting to him, even if they wished to receive and report what is said in such a way as to do him good: so Umfundisi always tries to turn his personal visits to account, and in this instance he turned the conversation on what we know about the dead. The King asked many intelligent questions, and though some might be thought childish, they were very natural from him; such as 'What was heaven like?' 'Was there grass or cattle there?' And 'How did we know it?' How did we get '*The Book*' which made us 'Abelungu' (white men) so wise and so

different to them? He was told that the English were once living much as the Zulus are now, but that teachers came to them and talked to them about God and taught them His book, and that that is how they had become a great people. He told us during this visit that he did not wish us to go to the Amapiseni which he had first granted us at Umfundisi's request—that it was not a good place for the white man, there was much fever there; but directed us to another Amapiseni on the high lands, quite in another direction. Umfundisi assented at once, divining that he had a deeper reason for suggesting this change. The sun was bearing down with great power, and there was no shade, which made it very trying. His attendant was called upon to screen him from the sun, and he promptly, and I thought even tenderly, stood with a shield fastened to the end of a pole slantingly, at the head of the King. I liked this youth; he looked so happy in his office, and had such a pleasant expression. Once the King interrupted the conversation to ask Umfundisi if I had no nails to my fingers; he was scrutinizing my hands very closely, and was amazed at my pulling off my gloves. He always expects presents from visitors, and he asked us unblushingly what we had brought him. Umfundisi had lately given him some expensive blankets, and did not feel called upon to do much at this time: we had, however, brought him a present of a dog, which he had once asked for, and some raisins, as the only sweet thing we had. He is particularly fond of figs, and we had in vain tried to procure some for him. Poor Maggie, the young dog we brought him, was a great favourite with us all; she had so attached herself to me that during my long illnesses there was a difficulty in preventing her from coming into my room, and one morning she had awakened me early by licking my face and whining. It was very hard to part with her, and she seemed to suspect something; for although Daniel was holding her by means of a string to her collar, she crept close beside me, and when we rose to leave, and she was given into the charge of an Induna, she lay down on the ground, and would have

been dragged along, if I had not begged Daniel to carry her to the hut in which she was to be shut up.

"When we came back to our wagon we were soon again surrounded by a crowd. Umasipula joined us, and as he stood erect, his head rather thrown over one shoulder, watching the groups about him, I thought he appeared both dignified and kind. I was saying in my own mind that he reminded me of some Roman orator with the toga thrown over him, when he quite broke through that illusion by stepping forward to help one of the queens to make a good bargain for some mealies which Christina was buying.

"As I sat in the wagon, I was much interested in a strikingly pretty child about 12 years of age, who walked at the head of a line of children bearing on their heads small baskets of mealies, or mats, or other things to sell. She seemed of some importance, and was very grave, and when anything inclined her to laugh, determinately kept her countenance. She was certainly the head of the party. After making two or three visits her manner became more natural, and she chatted and played about like the others. Her name was Unomansi. She had such a pretty smile, and yet there was a sad expression in her countenance, which interested me very much. After she had received presents of braid and other little things, she returned to say that the King's daughter wished for some like them; and had I been less tired, I would have gone back with her: as it was, I was obliged to close the wagon and try to rest, whilst Christina endeavoured to keep the people away.

"Umfundisi had been interested in long talks with Umasipula and other leading men, and found that there was some political difficulty about having a mission at the first Amapiseni. It was connected with the late troubles: the large kraal there belonged to the queen, who had lately been murdered by Ketchwayo's people. Umfundisi soon made out that the king wished to know whether we had any deeper reason than he knew of for wishing to be there. And he explained, that we had no other motive in desiring

that place in particular beyond knowing that there were many people there, and a good river and wood, and that it was a good relative position to the other Stations he wished to establish through the country. The new Amapiseni, to which we were directed, was much further off on high lands, and in what is to us quite an unknown part of the country.

"The Ihlanzi district, although so fertile and beautiful, is very enervating, and I was not sorry to find that next morning we were to climb the steep mountains which bound in the plain to the north. The rest of our party were rather dispirited, especially Christina, who by the change of route lost the prospect of visiting her relations, which alone had induced her to take the journey with such a young babe: but Umfundisi shewed her that it was not his doing; that he must follow in faith the path pointed out to him, and that we had not come on this journey for our own pleasure: and she was very good.

"I was roused from all attempts to get any rest by the loud cries and screams of the children who had come about our wagon. An Induna had come to flog them back to their work. With the exception of Unomansi, I had been struck with the squalid and miserable look of these children, and Umfundisi told me they were the children of the great men of the country, who were obliged to attend upon the king's children. They are treated very roughly; their chief duty is to watch the huts, and keep dogs and people away, and the only food they have is what is left by the queens and by the children of the king, which is thrown to them in scraps, and shared with the dogs. I was so sorry for them. They had been so merry with all the trifles they had had from us, it was sad that it should end in such a chastisement. But an hour afterwards they returned, and this time Umkungo's sister, who had visited us at Kwamagwaza, came with them. She is a very nice girl, affectionate and gentle in manner, but scarcely more happy in reality than the poor children whose squalor contrasted strangely with her stoutness. She was adorned

with many of the things we had given the children, which confirmed my opinion that they were beggars for their superiors. Daylight had faded into starlight before our last visitors took their leave, and then the contrast was very great; it was so calm and quiet, and the sound of the hymns in the evening service was very soothing after such a tiring day. The service was just over, and Umfundisi was coming back to the wagon, when we heard a noise in the fence of the kraal, and presently our poor Maggie bounded quite into the wagon where I was. We were to start early in the morning, and I thought she would follow us unless they shut her up in a hut.

"*Feb. 7th.* Our poor Maggie was sent for this morning as we were preparing to set off. The Induna who had charge of her told us he had fed her so well, and at night when he thought it was safe, opened the hut for her to go out, when she started straight off and came to us. He took her away. They seemed to value her, and I knew she would be well fed there, so I tried to think it was very nice to leave her. Umasipula had another talk with Umfundisi, and then we started. We first crossed the remainder of the wide, rich plain, Amhlabatini (earths): it is *at present* the very heart of the Zulu country, rich in cultivation, although this year we find many of the gardens suffering from drought. In *former* times Amhlabatini was the limit of the Zulu country, until Chaka or Dingaan conquered all the neighbouring tribes, and formed them into one nation. Umfundisi tells me that Amapiseni, Kwamagwaza, and all other places with different names, were at one time different tribes, and even at the present day all the Zulu *kings* must live in Amhlabatini.

"In crossing this plain, we passed the largest mealie-garden I have ever seen, the site of the old kraal of Kanodwengu, lately rebuilt, which covers a space of about 100 acres. On the left were some rocky kloofs, one of which Umfundisi pointed out to me as the spot where criminals—chiefly, I believe, cowards—are thrown down, when the army is going on an expedition. It is called the 'Isixwa ka

Mativani.' On the right is the kraal Endumezulu, once the kraal of Unomatyali, the poor queen who was lately so cruelly murdered.

"We outspanned at noon, after ascending the steep hill Umazwana, the northern outlet of Amhlabatini, whence the Zulu army has marched on many a warlike expedition against the neighbouring tribes, and even on distant expeditions to the Amaswazi, and to the tribes beyond them towards the Zambesi, all the cowards being left at that dreadful kloof. We had now left the Ihlanzi behind us, and we looked forward on boundless hills and plains, unwooded except where you look down to the Black Umfolosi, which looks thickly wooded, but that is not our direction. Here the pink lily, which is just coming into full beauty in our neighbourhood, is quite gone off. The heat was overpowering: we treked on all the afternoon, hill succeeding hill, all so round and smooth, it seemed like going up the same hill again and again. We met with some white men who came to meet us, thinking we were a wagon they were expecting: they were so much neater than most white men you meet with in this country, that we hoped they were a better sort of people. We crossed a rather difficult deep gully, and came up a steep hill with two or three kraals at the top; the people came out, and when they saw we were not connected with their white neighbours, whose encampment of wagons and tents we saw in the distance, they were very friendly, and brought us milk, the first we had seen since leaving home, and asked anxiously if we knew when the white men were going away. They had been there trading for nine months, and we afterwards found, had shot one of the Zulus.

"*Feb. 8th, Saturday.* Started at nine, after having pleasant chats with the people, who brought amasi and milk for snuff-boxes: they stayed to the morning prayers. It was a dull grey morning, and we walked some distance, finding flowers and grasses, some quite new to us. We came to a difficult pass amongst the mountains; the wagons had to descend round the sides of two stony perpendicular

hills. I was very glad when Umfundisi begged me to come out. Christina walks the greater part of the way with David on her back, quite happy; Alice trudging after her with a water-gourd on her head. We looked far down on a pretty torrent falling down from a stony rock on the opposite side, but could not hear the sound of the falling water. When the wagon had passed the worst place on this mountain, Umfundisi begged me to get in, the sun was coming out so strongly. The last part of the descent was very rapid, and the wagon reached the bottom almost sliding down, both the back wheels being locked: just as we came to the end of it, the trektow broke from the wagon, and we were left with the two wheelers, the rest of the oxen walking off. Had this happened higher up it might have been fatal. On these journeys so full of risk, we feel so entirely by whose Hand we are brought through all dangers. Umfundisi very tired with the anxiety of superintending this descent. Outspanned at twelve, oppressively hot. A superior looking and gentle mannered Zulu came with two wives to visit us; he was anxious about a sick child at home, and asked us for medicine; we were very sorry that we had forgotten to bring any of the kind that would have been really useful to them. They were pleasant people, and stayed chatting some time, amused at watching all our doings, telling us that we looked merciful, &c. &c. Before they left, they begged to be allowed to take some of the tar that the wagon-wheels were done with, and when they had obtained this permission, it was most amusing to see them scraping it out with sticks, and carrying it off most carefully for the benefit of the sick child. Umfundisi said it would irritate the child's sores, but they had great faith in it, and were very grateful. The man gave us some directions about our road, which were a great help: we seemed to be in the midst of mountains without outlet; I was almost dispirited, but Umfundisi's strong words, 'We'll *go on*, and it will come right,' gave me strength. It was so hot, that, hoping to travel by moonlight, we did not inspan until 4 P.M.

"Outspanned at 7 in the evening, after a very fatiguing anxious trek through mountains, climbing up them, and then descending into deep stony gullies, which the poor oxen had to struggle out of as they could. Just as the sun was setting we came out on a rich grassy plain, with fine cattle grazing peacefully about, and a great many nice-looking kraals. It was a calm lovely evening, quite a Saturday, telling of the morrow. The moon was soon shining. Some of the people went to the largest kraal and told of our arrival: it was a festival with them, and an ox had been slain for the feast: Daniel begged for some beef, but could not get any. Afterwards Umfundisi went to visit them, and it was such a lovely evening that I wrote my journal, with the wagon-box for my table, the lamp not being disturbed by a breath of air. The tired oxen were luxuriating in their good pasture; each ox knows his own name; some of them, indeed most of those in our span, are *Umlazi* friends, and if you call to them they turn round with such a quiet earnest gaze, then go on feeding. It is so resting to think that they may all rest to-morrow too. They become such *friends* in a journey like this. Umfundisi has talks with them, and they quite understand him, and seem to know how he loves them. Undabezimbi is the name of the head man of the kraal; he is a tall, fine-looking man, with a courteous manner; he has only one eye, which gives an undeserved sinister expression to his countenance; he seemed very glad to see us, and said that he would come to the service in the morning. Christina has arranged Master David for the night, and now they are sitting chatting on their wagon-box in the quiet moonlight.

"*Sunday, Feb.* 9. A dull morning, but the people came in numbers early to our wagon. Whilst I was dressing, Dick (a good Amatonga man) arrived with letters. All well at home. Thank God for this blessing to-day. 5th Sunday after Epiphany. Psalm xliv. 3, 4. A nice assembly. *All* seemed to come, babies and aged women too. Our two wagons side by side, a few yards apart, and shut in by the tent-cloth at the back, formed an enclosure which helped to

enable us to have things done in order. We arranged the children and young girls on one side, the women with their babes on the other, and the men at the tussel boom end. I was pleased to hear Undabezimbi direct a little boy who was passing with his flock of goats, to drive the goats near, and come into the service: they were very attentive and quiet, and often seemed really interested in what was said, and I think it has done good. Afterwards Undabezimbi sent me a present of a large piece of beef, which they had refused to give or sell the evening before. He paid us a visit in the course of the day, and we were quite friends; when I thanked him for his present, he said it was to give me strength; that they were all our people, and we must often come and see them. They pointed out in the distance the Inhlazatya, which is the landmark the King gave us as our guide to Amapiseni. The plain we were on was surrounded by picturesque mountains: in the distance we could distinguish the Inhlazatya as a very large dark table-mountain, but it was too dull and grey for us to know much about it. Undabezimbi thought we were going to live there, but we told him we should come and see them, but that another Umfundisi would come and build there, who would like them as much as we did, and we were going to write home about it, and get him to come.

"*Monday, Feb.* 10. We did not start this morning until 10.30 a.m. Here we parted with Daniel, Undabankulu and Paqanga, who were to go on to the Amatonga country to trade for oxen. Daniel is not strong, and it is rather anxious work parting with him, as the Amatonga country at this season is fatal to Europeans, and even to natives who are not used to the climate: but they see no danger. After their departure we took leave of our new *friends*, hoping to see them on our return: one or two of the elder men very kindly accompanied us as guides over one or two rather stiff hills, and stony places: (these stones which we dread so much, are some feet in size, and in descending a hill rapidly, the wagon jumps from one to another in great jeopardy of upsetting:) and then we came out

on another beautiful grassy plain, good gardens, and many kraals—the Inhlazatya straight before us enveloped in mist. Some nice old people (women) came to talk with us; one was a relation of Umonasi, the mother of Umkungo; she danced for joy when we asked her to bring us some mealies for an 'itele' (a yard and a half of blue calico); they were not satisfied until I stepped out of the wagon to be looked at. We treked on, and outspanned on another most lovely undulating plain, bounded by the picturesque mountains whose varying outline had been our boundary for the last few days.

"The people soon flocked round the wagon, some bringing very small baskets of mouldy amabele to sell, others amasi, others a few goats. Our nice old *lady* I like to call her, for she deserved the title, whom we had met by the way (the relation of Umonasi), followed us here with the amabele she had promised us.

"When a great many were assembled, Umfundisi addressed them concerning his office, telling them that although he was very glad to buy food, that was not his work—that he was *sent*, and from Whom he was sent, to tell them those things that would make them good and happy here, if they would listen, and very happy when they died: they were most attentive; the old lady had a truly benevolent intelligent expression, her face was pale with feeling. When he asked them 'Where were their dead?' she made exclamations of thankfulness for much that was said, her eyes fixed enquiringly upon him. A young man too asked questions, with an expression of varied feeling, anxiety and intelligence, and many interrupted him with remarks and enquiries, quite different from the usual assent of a heathen congregation. He said one or two prayers very slowly that they might understand and follow him, and then they gradually dispersed more subdued and quiet than I have usually seen them.

"We treked on to the grand Inhlazatya, which we reached about 4 P.M.; the sun was shining brightly on the surrounding mountains, but the top of the Inhlazatya was

invisible, it looked dark and grand. Umfundisi left us to explore it, in the hope of finding a way to the top; he came back at sunset, charmed with his expedition: he had not attempted to ascend the mountain, the fog was so thick, but he had found the way, and some delightful spots, to which he was determined to get the wagon next day, that we might enjoy them, as they were too far off for a walk. There were many kraals near, and he proposed staying in the neighbourhood all the following day, as he wished to examine the wood; for on the top of the mountain there is an extensive forest, and any mission in this locality must be supplied with wood from it, so it was of importance to ascertain whether it was of a good kind for building purposes.

"*Tuesday, Feb.* 11. Woke before sunrise, and looked out on the Inhlazatya: it was perfectly clear, and of a bright rose colour reflected from the East; the morning was calm, and the front of our wagon facing it shutting us out from the East, it looked most glorious, and having in the bright sunshine the day before seen it so dark and misty, it now had quite a mysterious influence, as if it were enlightened by some inward light of its own.

"William soon started to explore the road towards Amapiseni, and was expected to return soon to take on the wagon to the place appointed; but finding the road very bad straight on, he determined to come back quite round the mountain to see if it were better there. He did not return until 11 A.M. with a very doubtful report of the way. The day was now breathlessly oppressive, but we treked to Umfundisi's chosen spot, which was indeed most exquisite. The mountain itself, as we went slowly along its side, reminded us of some lofty old cathedral walls of sandstone, stained by time and worn by the atmosphere into various forms and fantastic shapes: all the ledges of the rock were richly wooded, hanging creepers were trailing in rich luxuriance, whilst quiet birds were flitting about: you could even picture bases and capitals, old fonts and monuments, and fantastic water-spouts. The whole scene took us quite

home, and all was so vast and grand and solemn. Soon we outspanned opposite a waterfall, which came tumbling down from the very top of the mountain, which is somewhat lower here.

"Many natives had been following us with their hearty friendly greetings, and now others joined them: all had heard of us from different neighbours, and thought we were then come to build there. They were overjoyed; the welcome which a missionary receives in this country seems universal. If some at home could but know how they would be welcomed, how they might live here as devoted earnest loving friends to their fellow-creatures—their brethren for whom Christ died—their *natural* advantages being so far above those of these long-neglected ones, that their mere coming is welcomed because of their wisdom and mercy;—surely they would come, and would not shrink from the hardness they must endure in many outward things. I think it must be the experience of every missionary that he gains in his inward being far more than he gives up.

"Christina decided that she must take advantage of the clear stream running from the mountain to have a washing-day, and Alice must go too to take care of little David, who was tired with the heat and fractious: and then there was bread to make. William Adams and Longcast were to superintend the baking, and as I was still considered the invalid, and was exhausted with the heat, Umfundisi said he should make the loaf: just as the fire was good, and he had flour, sour milk and soda in the basin ready to make it, a most sudden and terrific thunderstorm arose; wind, rain and hail drove into the wagon, put out the fire, and stopped all operations. In such a spot the thunder was of course fearfully grand, but my time was so taken up in trying to protect things from the heavy rain which was driven halfway through the wagon, that it all seemed very cheerless. The people crowded under the wagon for shelter, and when—I should think in about half an hour—the storm as suddenly ceased, and the sun again shone out, it was most amusing to see them

jumping, laughing, and shaking themselves dry. Now the fire must be relighted, the unfortunate bread kneaded and baked; it *would* be a firstrate loaf in spite of all disadvantages, not one of the least of which was, that there was no proper baking-pot, and I amused myself by watching Umfundisi teaching the boys when the sides needed baking, to turn it round and round, until the whole was pronounced done. As we are all rivals in the art of breadmaking, having often to make it under difficulties, and frequently without any flour at all, each of us is rather vain about it, so that I quite meant to find this loaf a failure, but it was perfect, and Umfundisi reserved it as a future triumph over Fanny and me. But all the contretemps of the day had quite upset his plan for the mountain, and not the least of these was the intense heat, which not even the storm had cooled.

"And now came the anxious news that poor Kopman, a fine young ox, which had been bought when we were leaving the Umlazi for Zululand, and was therefore an old friend, seemed ill; it was hoped at first that it was oppressed only with the heat; but towards evening it became much worse. Umfundisi went out many times to watch it, and the poor beast was in increasing pain, moaning pitifully when he last saw it alive, and seeming to know how he cared for it. We were very sad. In the morning it was dead, and another of the same span, Royland, was ill. It sickened so rapidly, that when we wished to inspan it was dying. William was so grieved, grieved for his oxen, and for his Umfundisi, to whom he is the most devoted little fellow; he was anxious about two of the other oxen, and we began to be anxious about getting the two wagons home. The road was very bad in front, and Umfundisi having ascertained all he wished about the forest, determined to return homewards. Being so near to Amapiseni, he thought it might even be best to build in the immediate neighbourhood of this mountain, so he decided to go straight to Kwamagwaza, and then ride over to the King

about it.

"As we left the mountain and the waterfall this morning, Wednesday, Feb. 12th, it was all dull and misty, and we could not see the torrent, but it began to clear as we were moving away, so that we again saw it, and a pretty bright coloured sugar-bird flitting about, its bright colours quite flashing like light, as it was lost in—and again reappeared out of—the fog. I took leave of a pretty little child I had made friends with yesterday. A party came with her from the kraal, saying, 'Here is your child,' and I tempted her up to the wagon-box to have some red braid tied round her head. I asked them to let her return with us, but they evaded it by asking, 'Why, if I liked her so much, we left them? Why would we not build there?' We only went as far to-day as the kraals we left the day before, in order that we might spare the oxen, and see more of the people.

"*Thursday, 13th Feb.* No more oxen ill, we were very thankful. All astir before sunrise this morning. It was at first dull and grey, but the sun soon dispersed the mist, and we took a last farewell of our beautiful Inhlazatya, looking as it did most lovely in a bright silvery haze, a thin bright white cloud resting on one side a little way below the top. There is something most elevating and strengthening in this fine mountain scenery; on our left was the Ingome mountain covered with black forest, and beyond it the Intaba Inkulu, I believe the highest mountain in this country: before us the Isihlalo sika Manyosi, a large massive rock, not unlike a lion couchant. It is so refreshing,—wide plains of rich grass for our oxen, numerous kraals, and the constantly varying outline of the mountains—the Isihlalo especially looking so different from different aspects that you scarcely recognize it. It involves *very* bad roads, but there is something very exhilarating in it all—such sidling round precipices, then rattling down amongst huge boulders of stone, you don't know how you have come, you are so anxious to hold tight that you may not be tossed out. Alice and Christina walk half the day, and I often wish for strength to trudge on with them; but I can

scarcely put my head out in the burning sun. I am almost ashamed of being made stronger by it all, yet in spite of many difficulties and fatigues, tremendous shaking all day, and sleepless feverish nights in the wagon, I *am* getting stronger, and am enjoying it very much. We have made friends with an intelligent young man, Umasiwana; he seems to be much looked up to by his own people; he walked beside our wagon some way this morning. We outspanned at noon at Undabezimbi's kraal; here we received a most joyous greeting. We had a narrow escape of a most terrible upset of our best wagon, and Umfundisi, in his anxiety to get it out of the stones in which it was locked, turned the wheel round on its axis by his own strength; they were trying to back the wagon on the edge of a precipice. I don't know how it was saved; it looked so terrible that I turned my head and shut my eyes, not to see it, as I thought, go rolling over the edge. It was very hot, and Umfundisi has over-exerted himself. The people here brought more goats to sell for brass chain, which they seem to prize greatly; there are scarcely any mealies to be bought, but we are very glad to have goats, which have been hitherto difficult to procure. We parted from these people very cordially; they called themselves 'our people,' and used many other affectionate expressions. We left with quite a herd of goats under Henry Longcast's care, with a man from the kraal to help him; two little kids were entrusted to me, one a most vigorous, beautiful little creature. We were anxious to push on, two more oxen were sickening, and two most important ones, one of which was Tyamlute, our right wheeler, and a dear old friend, one of our Umlazi leaders. It was almost impossible to keep the wagon right in difficult places, from Tyamlute not drawing with full strength, Roman, the left wheeler, pulling it to his side. In the course of the afternoon we came to a deep gully full of huge boulders of stone; old Roman pulled the wagon all but against one; Umfundisi saw the danger, and tried to push him off; he was carried off his feet, and twisted round and round by the side of the

ox against the stone, and just as it seemed inevitable that he must be crushed by the wheel, he managed to jump into a deep pool of water, and as the difficulties were very great, he went on in his wet clothes, with the heat dreadfully oppressive. We outspanned as soon as we came to a good place for the oxen. Umfundisi was thoroughly worn out, and although he then took every precaution, he became very feverish. I tried to sketch some of the mountains we should soon be leaving, whilst he rested at sunset. It was so sultry, we could not close the wagon all night. By the bright moonlight I saw that poor Tyamlute was very ill, and I thought that Roman too was not breathing freely, and Umfundisi was evidently restless and ill. I could not remain in the wagon, and thought it would be soothing to go to the rocky stream we could hear not far off, but when I looked down, the water was lost among the rocks and stones, and reflected no moon.

"*Friday, 14th Feb.* All astir early. Whilst Umfundisi was bathing, he felt a sudden sharp pain in his shoulder. He thought at the time it was rheumatism, but it increased through the day, and his arm became almost useless. I saw in the East at early dawn this morning the most beautiful tinted clouds changing in form and colour for some time before the sun peeped above the Isihlalo. We hope the oxen are better. Harteman, the good leader, makes us anxious. We are outspanned at 1 P.M. near the White Umfolosi, much higher up than we crossed it before: it is very pretty here; we are quite near the river, the sheep and goats resting, the oxen feeding, the people cooking at the fire. Umfundisi is very poorly; although it is so hot he is glad to wrap up in his plaid, and try to sleep, being quite unable to take any food. A bright-looking intelligent boy, our first visitor, came peeping round the back of the wagon, too shy to join us. Bruce did not approve this, and flew at him and bit him; he took it so well and bravely, we quite liked him. The shoulder is so painful that Umfundisi cannot bear the motion of the wagon, and he is ill and feverish. We outspanned at night in the rain and fog, five goats

missing. William and Enyameni found them late at night. Harteman very weak; Umfundisi very ill; besides the pain of the shoulder he has fever and giddiness.

"*Saturday, Feb.* 15. Detained. Harteman dying: Umfundisi almost too ill to proceed, fever and giddiness increasing. The shoulder, which we feel sure now he must have sprained when he turned round the wagon, excruciatingly painful: he remembers feeling a sort of snap in his shoulder at the time. It was so touching, poor Harteman pushed up to the wagon when he was dying. Umfundisi says they always do. We could not travel far now, fearfully anxious as we were to get home; outspanned at sunset. Umfundisi alarmingly ill, violent shivering fits came on, though we wrapped all the plaids and rugs about him; his teeth chattered, it was more like ague. It was raining too, and the fire would not boil the kettle for some coffee, although Christina and William helped me to the utmost—the time seemed so long. Of course burning fever followed; and though we had proper medicines the shoulder continued in such suffering that nothing seemed to give relief: he would beg me to read to him, and sometimes this soothed him to sleep, but the pain soon woke him.

"*Sunday, Feb.* 16. Umfundisi very ill, scarcely noticing any thing all day. Several people came with milk and amasi. I told them we did not buy or do any work on this day, and I tried to make them understand it was the day on which we remembered Him who made us and gives us all things, and that if Umfundisi had not been so ill, he would have told them some good 'indabas' (news) about it. Usoriga found us to-day; he had missed us, and had been following instead of coming to meet us. All well at home, and dear Fanny has sent us some tea, which I was most thankful for, it seemed to refresh our invalid.

"*Monday, Feb.* 17*th.* A better night, and I think less fever. If we could but rest the shoulder. It has been a most wild, broken and picturesque country; but it is so sad; we are travelling so slowly. Tyambute is useless, and comes slowly after us with the goats. Umfundisi suffers

greatly from the motion of the wagon, in spite of all Alice's and my attempts to make an easy couch for him: they are all so thoughtful and attentive; he is feverishly restless to get on. Poor William looks round so sorrowfully when he comes to bad places, and sometimes stops the wagon, and looks as if he would throw down the whip and do nothing. Umfundisi begs him to go on, and then groans with the pain, and he is too ill to walk.

"*Tuesday, Feb.* 18*th.* All just as yesterday.

"*Feb.* 19*th.* Outspanned at night within about three hours' trek of home; at our noon outspanning our invalid had a long refreshing sleep. I sent on Usoriga to beg Fanny to send the horse the next morning, hoping he might bear it better than the wagon.

"*Feb.* 20*th.* Just as the sun was rising Mr Jones and John Adams appeared on horses. Mr Samuelson had thought they might help with the wagons, and let us come home quickly, but I was only too glad of the shade of the wagon, and we were not far behind. When we came up to Ketcketeni the people were so glad to see us, and asked *where* we had been? What had we been doing? They told us that Fanny had been coming or sending the last two days to try to see something of us. We had expected to be away only a fortnight or ten days. We soon caught sight of our well-known trees, and as we came in sight of the huts there were our dear ones all rushing to meet us, following Fanny quite into the wagon, Hali, Billy, Johnnie, Frances, old Mam (who has never before been so long parted from Alice): the little kids were in danger of destruction.

"A fortnight's home care and nursing saw our dear Umfundisi nearly well again.

"I have omitted to say that Usonkuba, the little boy bitten by old Bruce, liked us so much, that he obtained leave to join us as we were nearing home. William turned round to me and said, 'We are all coming home safe though we have had many troubles, God has been merciful to us.' I told him how sorry I had been to see him working so

hard; for often after we lost Umfundisi's strong arm and experienced eye, he had to drive both wagons through difficult places: from the weakness of our spans too, he had to take our wagon on to some good place, and then go back with the oxen to bring up the other; our two wheelers at these times being allowed to feed. One day when we were kept waiting for a long time, Roman, seeming to think it not right, came back to us, and after looking at us and snuffing about, really looked down the hill as if to find out the cause of the delay, then came back and tried to put his head into the yoke. When I said to William how sorry I had been to see him have so much to do, he answered, 'I was hlupeka (troubled), but my great trouble was that I gave the Umfundisi so much pain.' He is a very improving boy. Hlambula too was more under my notice when Umfundisi was ill, and I was struck with the great difference between him and the rest of the *Zulu* boys. He has been living with us more than a year, and never wishes to leave, that he may learn to live like a Christian; he was an ungainly-looking boy, who came as cowherd, and is not very bright: he wears clothes at his own request, and I was struck with the earnest quiet manner in which he always joined with William at prayer-time, whilst the other boys would sit chatting over the fire until I asked them to be quiet. William asked me to let the new little boy sleep in his hut, that he might take care of him, and perhaps he might stay a long time. We all think, now we are at home, that we have seen nothing so pretty as Kwamagwaza."

A little later Mrs Robertson wrote:

"We were so happy as to be able to have service in our new chapel on Easter Sunday. It is made of sods, and I cannot tell you how nice and church-like it is, far better than if made of brick, with such church architects as we can command. It was begun last Advent in the hope of its being finished for Christmas Day, but the summer rains combined with the famine, made it a longer work. Pointed windows are cut in the thick turf-walls. You would be

quite surprised to see what can be done with mud, for it was so wet and plastered, it really is nothing else. It is not whitewashed. We all preferred the dark Rembrandt-like tint of the plastering in this bright sunny climate. The deep shade of this tint has really much of the effect of real architecture.

"I wish I could convey to you an impression of the real happiness of our life here; and you must not think that because we are without many comforts, which in England seem necessary, we feel their loss so much as we should at home; and even when it is darkest, the truest comfort draws nearest."

The rainy season being now over, no time was lost in making preparations for the wished-for house and real church, and these necessitated many fatiguing journeys in search of timber, which for building purposes could only be procured at a considerable distance from the Mission Station; and with roads, or rather no roads, such as have been described in Mrs Robertson's letters, many casualties befell both the wagons and oxen. Mr Robertson thought himself fortunate in securing the services of bricklayers and sawyers, white men, and an entry in his journal records it thus:

"My hands thoroughly full of work, having been so long from home. We have an accession to our working hands of thirteen Amatonga Kafirs and five white men, and I cannot help feeling it quite providential our having so many people brought to us as it were, just at the time we were in want of them. God grant that they may get good by being with us, and that soon the Gospel may be preached in the Amatonga country also! From all I know of the Amatongas, I consider them a most teachable and docile people, anxious to improve. They have for generations been an oppressed and abused people, which is a good preparation for the reception of the Gospel of Peace."

Mr Robertson's hands being further strengthened, (as has been mentioned, by the arrival of a Deacon and a Catechist), he was also doing his best at this time to occupy two new stations at Amapiseni and Enkandhla, experience only confirming his opinion, that to travel far and wide among the people was not the least important part of his work. On the 7th April he started again with his niece on a visit to the King, of which the following account is copied from his journal.

"*April 7th.* After a very pleasant ride, off saddling once, we reached Enokweni, where we slept; our only anxiety during the day having been, the possibility of missing our boys, and so having to sleep without our blankets. Fortunately we fell in with them at a place where two roads met. Had we been ten or even five minutes earlier, it is most probable that we should not have seen them at all that night.

"*April 9th.* After an early breakfast and service with the people, we rode on to Kanodwengu, which was only about three miles distant. We were very well received by Umasipula, who indeed is always kind and civil to me. We did not see the King, he being very unwell and suffering from an attack of gout, but we paid a pleasant visit to Umkungo's sister, Ubatonyile, and the other princesses. They were very kind and much interested in my niece, and gave her some beer to drink, but she not having acquired a taste for this beverage, refused it. The princess, who did not understand, asked me if she was to taste it first, that being their custom, that the guest may be assured there is no poison in the drink. I replied 'Yes,' upon which she took a good draught out of it, and handed it again to my niece, to her great dismay. She only put it to her lips, to the great amusement of all present (who could not understand any one refusing anything so sweet), and to the distress of Ubatonyile, who asked me most anxiously what kind of food English ladies could eat. I suggested a piece

of beef, and accordingly a man was sent after us with a good lump, of which we and our boys were very glad.

'"Before leaving I had some interesting talk with them about religion. They all said they wished to serve God as we did, and I promised on my next visit to spend a Sunday with them. I have also to-day had a very interesting talk with Umasipula, my theme being, 'They that rule by the sword shall perish by the sword.' He listened with the deepest attention, whilst I proved the truth of what I said from the history of his own and the neighbouring nations, and shewed him the glory and happiness of the opposite course."

The next touching entry needs no comment:

"*April 10th.* Good Bishop Mackenzie's birthday. Often did I think of him, and of all he had been to us, and as often did I pray God to bless him. Little did I know that our dearly beloved friend had long ere that gone to his rest.

"Slept at Keteketeni, where we found the people exceedingly kind and attentive to us. It is very cheering to find that the nearer home we come, the more we are appreciated.

"*Easter Sunday.* It was our happiness to open our chapel to-day. There were present at the Holy Communion five white people and four natives. We all felt it a great comfort to be able to worship God once more in a building set apart for His service solely."

On the 24th of this month Mr Robertson started again to visit the Catechist, whom he was establishing at Enkandhla, where all the people were overjoyed at the prospect of having a Missionary amongst them. Having started rather late one morning, he was obliged to sleep on the grass, and thankfully records that "after having committed himself to His care whose protecting arm embraces the whole earth," he soon fell asleep, and took no harm from sleeping

in the open air. The forest in which he was, abounded with wild animals, but though he heard some rather unpleasant sounds, nothing came near to hurt him.

In the mean time the two wagons had made several journeys to Egudeni, where the wood for building was procured, but one of them broke down very often, and the mission oxen were reduced in numbers to only thirteen. On one occasion at the beginning of June, a very sad accident happened, the account of which I will copy from the journal.

"*May 22nd to June 3rd* was spent in another journey to Egudeni.

"I brought away two loads of wood, and kept with the wagons until both loads were past the worst part of the road. I then took leave of the boys, and started for home, which I reached on the evening of June 3rd. Well had it been had I not left them at all. Wild animals abound here, and two days before I left them, one of the oxen was killed by a wolf or a tiger, and I left a gun for their protection. The result was that on the day after I came away, William Adams, the driver, went with the gun to a kraal near the road, at which he was in the habit of calling to buy mealies, and while he was standing outside he amused himself by practising taking aim, now at one object, now at another, when suddenly, while doing so, the gun went off accidentally and sent a 2-oz. bullet through both the thighs of a poor man who was standing by, making a flesh wound in one, and breaking the bone of the other.

"Of course the whole kraal was in an uproar; in an instant wives and children were crying as for one dead, and the man was in the greatest excitement. According to their own laws William, had he been a Zulu, would have been killed at once, and the matter only reported to the King, but being *our* boy he was spared. He was dreadfully frightened, and very sorry for what he had done, and nothing could exceed the kindness of the people to him. Ever since our wagons have had occasion to go that way he

has been a great favourite with them, and when the accident took place one of the wives of the wounded man was mixing some amasi for him.

"The above sad tidings reached me at Kwamagwaza on the evening of June 5th. Sunrise next morning found me twenty miles on my way to the sad kraal, which I reached in the afternoon. I found that William had done his best to set the leg, having once seen me set an arm at the Umlazi; and the poor man was as well as could be expected. I stayed at the kraal until the 9th. Nothing could exceed the kindness and the sympathy that I met with from Undongeni, the wounded man, and all belonging to him, crying (or, in better English, sorrowing) as they did, more for me than for themselves. 'We do not cry for ourselves but for you,' was often said to me during the days that I stayed there. The old woman said 'Kubuhlungu ukuzala' (it is pain to bear children), speaking of him as if he were my *own child.*

"*June 9th to 12th* were spent in a journey to the White Umfolosi, in order that I might 'tela i cala' (go into the matter of the accident) with the Induna, who is Undongeni's chief. He was very kind, 'crying' like the others for me. According to the laws of the land, to report an accident promptly ends the matter, but I, considering the pain to which the poor man had been put, and that the boy ought to be punished for using the gun so carelessly, he having long ago known better, determined that he should pay a fine of ten blankets and one cow. This of course gave entire satisfaction. Indeed, I doubt not that God will bring good out of this eventually.

"The tribe to which Undongeni belongs borders on Amapiseni, where one of our stations is to be, and the missionary there may visit them as often as he likes. They are overjoyed at the prospect of having one so near them. On my return I found the sick man progressing favourably. Thanks be to God!

"*June 14th.* Returned to the sad kraal, where I found the sadder tidings from the Zambesi awaiting me.

"*June 16th.* Reached home, thankful to find all well. The expressions of regret with which the people said 'Good-bye,' to me were most touching. Undongeni said, 'No, you must not say good-bye, you must soon come back again. You are our father.' Another said, 'We are so accustomed to you we shall quite miss you.' God bless them all! and if it please Him, restore the poor man to his former health."

Many letters during these three months were written to me and to my brother, which these dear friends hoped we should receive at our new home on the Zambesi, but they never reached us. On my return to the Cape I received the following from Mrs Robertson:

"We received your sad letter from Cape Town on the very day we parted with you and your beloved brother three years ago at the steamer. Dear Umfundisi had left on a most sad errand; how sad it might be we could not then dare to think. The arrival of the postman always drives other thoughts away. I caught sight of your handwriting amidst the heap of letters, which seemed to assure us it was well with you, and not even reading the date, you may imagine how little prepared I was for the fatal tidings. We had been very anxious about you, but though we felt the risk attending the Zambesi work, we never thought *he* could be the first to go. I was literally dumb with sorrow. Umdwendwe was there, besides the postman, in the verandah. He always so enjoys seeing us read our letters, and it was the change in his countenance, which shewed that he divined some sad tidings, that first recalled me to myself. Christina and Lydia were constantly in tears. I thought I ought to turn it to some account for their good in my Sunday class. They always read the Gospel for the day after saying the Collect, and I wished so much to ask them to shew their love to him by remembering his good words, which did seem even that day to give comfort to me. I only began to speak to them, and they quite broke down.

It has seemed to be a great comfort to them to know that he was cared for by *black* people, and had told *them* about his going home.

"We had to send on the postman to Umfundisi, and it seemed worse for him to hear it at that sad kraal alone. It was ten days before he returned, and that seemed to help us.

"For *him* none can be sorry who knew him; I think those least so who knew and loved him most. It was such a distinguishing feature in his happy social character how he longed for heaven, how he tried to realize his Saviour's presence even on earth. And now in loving one who was to us *more* than a common brother, or than the kindest and most valued of friends, I think we both feel drawn nearer to the light of our true home, rather than to have *lost him.* It is so consistent with the life of one who never lived for himself, to have such a lonely grave, away from home and friends. Who can wish it otherwise?"

Mr Robertson continued the letter:

"I hardly know how to write to you; your loss and ours—nay, I may say, the loss to the Church—is so great, I cannot tell you the sorrow it was to all of us to receive the sad tidings of your beloved brother's death and of your sufferings.

"We were not together when the mail arrived. I was at a kraal about seventy miles from hence, and so got the news some days later. John and William Adams, *his* godsons (the only ones with me who knew him), were very much affected. God works in a mysterious way which we weak mortals can seldom understand, but we Christians must believe that whatever He does is best, and must endeavour to say, 'Thy will be done.' I often prayed that you might be spared to see him, and live to see the fruit of his labours. Oh that it might have been so! For him we cannot mourn. He is at peace in the blessed abode for which I know he longed."

In July of this year Mrs Robertson wrote:

* * * "Our disasters with oxen have been very great, but you must not think much of this. In two years, God prospering us, this difficulty will not exist; my husband has had a great many young ones given him, which will grow into use, and our cows will have calves. Things are always more difficult at first, but in every way we feel that we are taking deeper root, and hope that in time the fruit will appear.

"The house is progressing, so far as we can hope to complete it this year. It is quite a comfort only to look at the straight brick walls, high doors, and *real* windows (we have only had calico ones since our fire), and we hope in time to have boarded floors, which will help *me* more than any thing. At present the wood for the house has been a great difficulty and expense. Mr R. has had to superintend the bringing of the planks himself, on account of the mountainous roads, and it has taken three weeks to bring a load. He has been exposing himself to great fatigue, often sleeping this cold weather on the open grass without any shelter, for our tents are all worn out, and he won't leave his boys at night with the wagon (which has to be taken to pieces to make it fit for carrying planks) and oxen, to shelter himself in a kraal. We like to travel with him when we can, because for our sakes he is obliged to take more care.

"Most of our Kwamagwaza trees are unfit for building purposes, so that we *need* not cut them down. Our Mission stands in such a high part of the country that we can see our trees about forty miles from home in various directions. There are none others like them, so far as we know from white travellers, natives, and our own knowledge. They are quite friends when we are far away from home.

"When I tell you that we have very nearly fifty people more or less depending upon our industry for clothing alone, independent of teaching and other care, you will in some measure realize how busy we are.

"In one of your letters you say you will be so glad to hear of a field being brought into culture. We began a

garden the first week after our coming here, besides quite a nursery of young fruit-trees and others, and the first year Mr R. had a large field under cultivation. And this year, in spite of the drawback of the burning of our buildings at the planting season, he has ploughed one, four times as large, and he hopes, with God's blessing, to extend it every year. The Zulus are essentially a warlike people, and it is very difficult, during such disturbances as have existed, to interest them in any such work. The Amatonga tribes who pay tribute to the Zulu king are a quiet, industrious people, and many have come to work for us. They are a very fine, interesting race. We are now sowing wheat for the first time, and we hope in the course of time to have our own flour.

"Mr R. is unable to write to you by this mail. He has, during the last four months, been more than 700 miles among the natives in different directions, on foot, on horseback, or in the wagon treking over mountains."

Again this summer there was a terrible fire, which did great damage to their poor neighbours, and had nearly destroyed the Mission buildings, but by God's mercy they were saved. To a friend in Scotland Mr Robertson wrote the following account of the escape they had had from so dreadful a visitation, but his heart was still so full of the great sorrow of losing such a friend as my brother had been to him, that he began his letter on that subject:

"The Zambesi news is very sad, and to our shortsightedness most disastrous. It is a deep and awful thought, but the more I know of Missions to the heathen, and of the working of them, the more deeply am I convinced that in every case at the commencement, we may prepare ourselves to meet great troubles. There is a fiery trial, a trial of our faith, a baptism which must be gone through, purifying and fitting the messenger of grace for the work before him; and I should be sorry to say those only who

are actually engaged in the front ranks, for I would include those also, those faithful ones at home, whose offerings have supplied the means of sending missionaries forth, and whose prayers have accompanied them. The evil one has long held undisputed sway,—at least so far as man is concerned,—in this land of darkness, and we may expect that he will not give up his hold without a struggle, and it has almost become a part of my belief, that in heathen lands he puts forth extraordinary efforts to maintain the field.

"The Zambesi Mission is now, I believe, going through some such trial. For its beloved and honoured head we cannot mourn;—I mean for himself, for we cannot help mourning for one who was so good and kind,—he is gone to that rest for which he was so well prepared. He had many troubles while here, but now his heavenly Master has removed him to where all is peace and joy. His heart was always overflowing with Christian love and kindness, and he was at all times so cheerful and happy, that many people thought he felt but lightly the troubles of this life. But I well know how his sensitive, holy mind grieved over evil, either in himself or others. Now he rests, let us all pray earnestly that God may soon raise up another faithful man to take his place.

"I must now tell you of a dreadful fire, which but for God's mercy must have again swept away all our buildings. There had been dry weather for months, and on this day the wind and heat were terrific. A man fired the grass about five miles from us, and in an incredibly short time the fire spread over the whole neighbourhood. We had, for the sake of safety, burnt the grass all round our place, but we could see it rushing across burnt patches with a fury such as if there had been no burning at all. In a few minutes seven of the nearest kraals were in a blaze, and we saw that in a few minutes more it would be upon us. We were all in the greatest excitement, and we rushed to a place where we thought we might be able to stop it, but when we got there, we saw that we could do nothing. In fact, it was dangerous to go near it. One of the white men

who were building the house had a most narrow escape. Seeing that nothing we could do would be of any avail, I collected as many people as I could together, and we set about getting every thing out of the houses to where we hoped they would be safe from catching fire. We all worked as only people can work in such circumstances. The heat was dreadful, and we every moment expected to see the stable and other buildings catch fire. We looked anxiously towards them whilst working, for we knew that should our food and clothing be lost, our condition would be something fearful. Oh how our hearts were filled with gratitude when we were told that the fire was passing us, and how we resolved to devote ourselves more entirely to Him who alone has preserved us! It was a most narrow escape.

"A boy had been mixing mortar for building the house when the fire began, and he happened to leave his pitcher full of water. A spark was carried upwards of 100 yards by the wind, fell into our cattle kraal, and ignited some loose straw that was lying there. Another boy happened to see this, and immediately got this water and extinguished it. But for this all our buildings must have gone. It was a great fatigue to all, and especially to my dear wife, who is never strong, and the confusion caused by having everything so hastily thrown out, was frightful.

"In the evening I walked over to see our poor neighbours. It was most pitiable. The fire came so suddenly that many of them saved scarcely anything. They were doing their best to put up temporary shelters for themselves, but they accepted most thankfully my offer of our chapel for the women and children. An old woman and a little child were badly burnt. For this family we set apart a hut, which happened to be empty at the time, but both lingered only a few days and died. All these people helped us much last year in our visitation. Their gratitude now is most touching. 'We are alive by you,' 'May you live long and long care for us,' were afterwards in their mouths."

To my sister in Natal Mrs Robertson wrote a fuller account:

"*August 20th*, 1862. I trust that you are all protected from fire this year. We have had some great alarms, especially on Saturday week the 9th. It was a day of fearful wind, that hot, prostrating north wind coming in continual blasts, and in the midst of it, just as Umfundisi was remarking that it was the same wind that helped to burn our huts last year, Tobi, an old pet of ours, who nearly lives at the station, exclaimed that a kraal was burning in sight. Umfundisi rushed off, but before he reached the place six kraals were on fire; *we* did not then anticipate any danger, and were only grieving for our Kwamagwaza friends, when he came back in great haste, and said outside of the wall of the hut, without our even seeing him, 'We must clear out all the huts, it is only by God's great mercy we can be saved.' He was gone immediately, and every one but ourselves was in different places, watching and beating out the fire. Umfundisi was everywhere, and cleared out the store hut himself, we with the little ones and girls cleared out our three rooms. I could do little more than think and direct, but dear Fanny, with Frances, frightened me even in that time of excitement by her exertions. It was so dreadfully hot that our throats were quite parched. It will give you some idea of it that the wind came so hot upon my hand, as I was trying to lock a box, that I doubted if I were not losing valuable time in attempting it. I quite thought the fire was close upon the hut, and it was then at least 400 or 500 yards off. We could only look to God for protection. Our grass had all been burnt at various times, but in such a storm of wind the fire was carried on in the most wonderful way; and as soon as we were safe from one point, it was brought round in another; *we* could do nothing when our huts were once cleared but watch, and, as dear Umfundisi said, '*pray*.' He seemed to be everywhere, and whenever he passed me I heard the words which he did not even stop to utter, 'Oh pray, pray to God to save us;' and it now seems so miraculous that we escaped. It always seems an answer to his words. Dear little Billy said to me, 'I been thinking I not like to see a fire again in the huts.

I'll be so afraid.' I echoed almost mechanically Umfundisi's words, 'We must pray to God to keep us, Billy.' 'I did be thinking that too; I'll pray to God,' was his answer; and our hearts were full of thankfulness when at last we found we were safe, and could begin to think we had still our home. Had our buildings caught, the wagon too must have gone. Towards sunset we had managed to arrange our huts a little for the night, and for the next day (Sunday), and then Umfundisi went over to see our poor neighbours; it is not more than five minutes' walk for him, and he found them in a most pitiable state, preparing to sleep out on the bare, blackened hills, without any shelter but a few branches which they had cut; quite old women and children, one aged woman cruelly burnt. She was quite blind, and her hair white with age; she had fallen in the burning grass several times in trying to save a little grandchild not a year old; the child had fallen from her back too, and was sadly burnt. We soon persuaded them to come over for shelter. We had a hut which we could set apart for poor Umhatu, his mother, wife and child. Umfundisi brought the old grandmother himself. She leant on his arm, and had a long stick in the other hand, and so came with great difficulty; she was quite wandering in her mind; and as he stopped to rest her at intervals, she told him all about first building at Kwamagwaza in the days of Chaka. We soon had a good fire in the hut, and soft wrappings for them: they had no hope that either would live, and looked upon both as dying then: the old woman seemed quite cheered, however, and covered herself, saying now she was quite well; but she was fearfully burnt, the skin hanging down from her scorched arm and shoulder. The poor young mother, who was pallid with fear and sorrow, cheered up also, and there was a dear little boy about three years old, who was not hurt, and who soon seemed quite happy. Fanny took him down some porridge, and he eat it up, chatting and saying it was so nice. A large party of women and children were accommodated in the chapel. This is a building we have set quite apart for *Christian*

service; it is not used for the daily Zulu prayers, which Christians and heathens attend together; but we thought it should be open to such sufferers. One mother came with a babe not a week old, and it was such a blessing to see them all so cheered, and to feel that we were permitted to help them. We might so easily have been as shelterless, and it has made them so grateful. Christina, who had sheltered several in her hut, told us the people were all speaking of it, and saying that the King had helped them, indeed, in sending them such an Umfundisi; and they told him he was not like an 'Umfundisi,' but like their father. He has grown so fond of having them, and chatting with them, in the evening, that we shall be quite sorry to lose them again. They leave in the early morning, having swept the chapel so neatly you would not think it had been occupied, and work away at their kraals all day, returning at sunset. The poor old woman seemed better on Sunday and Monday than we could have hoped, but on Tuesday evening she was so much worse that we had scarcely a hope she would live through the night, and about one A.M. Umfundisi was called up—she was gone! They wished to know where they might bury her at once. He was with them all night, and it was most painful, but they seemed to be comforted by his presence. They made a hole about 4 feet deep, and when it was ready, they placed a stone for her head, and her mat also was rolled up and placed in it. Then, as she was an old person of some standing, all the young girls of the kraal were obliged to assist in carrying her, which was a great terror to them. The men had to help in digging the grave, which was an upright one according to their custom, and as soon as they had done their part, they rushed down to the river to cleanse themselves. As the young girls brought out the body wrapped in the sheet we had given, two old women followed saying, 'Laugh, laugh, my children, laugh very much.' This was to give the poor terror-stricken girls courage to go through their office, and Umfundisi described it as most sad to hear their attempts to make a laughing sound in

chorus; and as soon as the body was taken by her son, and placed in the grave in a sitting posture, they too, though it had been such a cold stormy night, ran to the river to cleanse themselves from the defiling touch of the dead; and poor Umhatu, overcome as he was, alone stayed to fill up the grave. Umfundisi helped him, and he was very grateful; and after it was filled up he took dead grass and all the loose rubbish he could find to scatter about and cover the least vestige of a grave. The dear old woman had such a benevolent countenance, and there was something so true and good in the cause of her death, that it seemed quite mournful to have such a burial. I remember, whilst I was listening for Umfundisi to come back, finding such comfort in the thought that not even the sparrows die without our Father; but dear Umfundisi said it was all inexpressibly painful. The dear little baby we had at one time great hopes of, but it gradually became very weak, and died yesterday evening. According to their custom, the parents carried it to their home and buried it alone; we have the poor old woman.

"It has been bitterly cold, and they lost so much in the fire that we have done something to cover them—not half we could have wished—and their distant neighbours have helped in cutting poles and wattles for the huts, and two ready-made huts have been sent as a present, and a great many mats for thatching, so that they are getting shelter about them; but there were so many huts destroyed that we still have our friends. There were seven kraals in sight within a few minutes' walk, and these and a great many others were destroyed by this one fire; and on all sides of us kraals have been burnt at different times so recently, that the hills are black as far as we can see, except our own, and that is partly, for the fire passed off at one end and entirely destroyed our garden of young fruit-trees, and trees for planting out, of which we had quite a little nursery, and vegetables. It seems nothing compared with the possibilities of that day, but we were all very sorry. It is such a pretty spot, and we had taken great pains with it;

but we all of us quite forgot our garden for a day or two, and then we could not bear to go and look at it, until Sunday afternoon, when Umfundisi came back from Ketcketeni service, he and Fanny took a walk, and found our garden quite *gone*—shrubs, trees, and flowers, all swept away, and all black, nothing distinguishing it from the rest of the hill. A natural shrubbery amongst tall trees led to it, and this was quite cleared away. I am only just about again from a throat attack and doing so much that dreadful Saturday. We are longing to leave these thatched huts, which are so dry and brittle from the long drought, that the least spark would ignite them. Our *brick* house looks so safe. I hope you remember that you helped to give us such a comfort * * * * *. I have written this with my writing case on my knee, and on such a pinching cold day, that we are obliged to shut our calico window, and cannot see comfortably.

The next letter of the 7th September to a friend in Scotland begins with the account of a severe illness from which Mr R. was then recovering, and it was very grateful to us all, to receive a commission from one of those who only knew the Robertsons through their letters, to send them a couple of cork mattrasses, which have been received, and are now always used when journeys from home are made.

* * * * * "We always open our home parcels when we are together. We often say, 'How good of them to remember us,' and it seems to tell us of prayers too at home, and in our own family prayers it is with such fervent hearts that we ask for a blessing on all those who have cared for our good. Every thing too that you send comes into use. One morning we had a messenger from the King begging for a hat to shade his eyes, so we made him a peaked cap, the messenger most of the time watching us from the verandah, and hastening us continually, describing in the most exciting way the trouble of a king's messenger,

who is always expected to 'tyetya' (make haste), and is sent out again somewhere else as soon as he returns. We lately sent a cap to Ketchwayo, a combination of a volunteer cap and a Turkish fez, which was highly appreciated, and another of the same kind to the Prince Uhamo. You will have heard of the dreadful fire in our neighbourhood. It would be almost too terrible to remember but for the blessed fruit it has produced, in binding our neighbours closer to us than ever, because they were the sufferers, and we, through God's mercy, escaped to help them.

"We are beginning to be very busy again, for our nice nursery garden for trees, vegetables, and flowers was quite destroyed by the fire, which is a sorrow to us. We are putting in potatoes now, which will be ready by Christmas, and oats for horses, wheat, mealies, pumpkins, &c.

"Mr Robertson is just recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever, brought on by lying on the clay floor of a hut all night, when he was tired out with a long day's journey. He remembered feeling the cold chill from the floor, and next morning woke in great pain, which became excruciating before he reached home. The attack was attended with high fever, and we had a very anxious time for some days, but it has pleased God to bring him through it. Although now, I am thankful to say, quite well, he is far from strong, and there is so much depending on him that I am afraid he gets too soon back to full busy life. Although last week he could not walk without support, he is now up at sunrise for the early service, and is quite living among the people again; for this is the beginning of the planting season. He is often very faint and worn.

"And now I have not yet thanked you for the valuable box which reached us just ten days before Umfundisi was taken ill, I don't think I can tell you the happiness of that evening. There was the bell we had so longed for, the clothing so needed, and the nice new books. I do not believe the pleasure of only the outside of a new book in its pretty cover can be appreciated so much anywhere as in Zululand. Nearly all our best books have been to the

bottom of the Umlazi river, and again they have been twice thrown out of our huts to preserve them from fire, so you can imagine how the look of the binding—the sight of a new book—is refreshing. It was indeed a very happy evening.

"You ask me whether the natives are learning to cultivate the things we do, and as we do them. Not only would they not dare to plough, but when my husband offered to plough a garden for the leading man of Kwamagwaza, he dared not accept his offer. If one prospers and improves, he is almost sure to incur the envy and jealousy of others, and to become a marked man, and be killed the first opportunity, such as during some political strife, &c. Do not be disheartened at this. It makes our work slower, but perhaps not less deep. We may work on and see nothing, and yet His work may be progressing deeply and silently. The boys who work with us improve much, and we are permitted to see some attaching themselves to us, and listening with interest to religious teaching. I must not mislead you. They have not much understanding of things. It is more a feeling of reverence. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' I think it is something like that. I am very much afraid of being misunderstood. It is so almost impossible for an English mind rightly to understand the meaning of our impressions about the heathen in this matter. The tendency would always be to convey a too high or too low opinion of our poor friends.

"We felt it most kind in you, dear friend, to write to us so immediately on hearing the sad Zambesi tidings. I think your Christian sympathy was one of the first blessings we owed to that beloved friend. We have lost much on earth in losing him, but oh what a treasure to have gained in heaven, in the Church invisible! I do not know any one who suffered more *with* Christ on earth; he so deeply sorrowed for the sins of the world, whether in others or in himself, and the thought of his rest from his labours softens the grief of feeling that we can no longer hold sweet counsel with him on earth, whilst the thought of his holiness and

purity helps us to look up more and more to Him who can make us 'to faintly shine.'"

In November Mr Robertson wrote to me as follows:

"It is very kind of you to write to us. It brings so freshly before us him we love so well, both as he was while here, and as we are sure he is now. What a touching history is that contained in the 'Occasional Paper' you sent us. '*Oh for the ladies!*' How well I can picture him with his hearty happy look making this exclamation, and how the heart bleeds to think that that hope was never to be realized. We have been reading with much interest the account in the *Guardian* of the great meeting at Oxford in June last. I cannot help being exceedingly surprised at many of the speeches made at it. To say that a man may not defend himself by all the means in his power, is to me simply and entirely absurd. If it were a question of faith, I doubt not but that Christians would be found as plentiful as of old, ready to lay down their lives for Christ's sake. The present is quite a different one. We must do all in our power for peace, but if it went so far, I should think it a sin not to use the physical strength which is God's gift, for the protection of my own life and the lives of those whom God has given me.

"The mission party in such a country ought to be strong and well able to defend itself. Here under an energetic government, as is that of the Zulu, our weakness is our strength, but there it is different. The missionaries ought, according to South African custom, to form a tribe of their own and under stringent laws, the needy and afflicted being admitted into it, but only in manageable numbers. Territorial rights ought also to be acquired in some way or other. If the new bishop go out unarmed, or if armed, forbidden to use his arms, I predict that his work—looking at it with my human eyes—will be a failure. The missionaries ought to be bound not to begin, but in such a country

where there may be said to be no law, they ought to be prepared and able to hold their own.

"We are anxiously looking for help in our work here. If we only had men and means we might extend it indefinitely. I have begun work at two stations, besides this one at Kwamagwaza; a catechist has charge of one, a deacon of the other. We ought to have two bishops for Zululand; one stationed in this neighbourhood, the other at the Pongolo, where he might make beginnings both in the Amaswazi and Amatonga countries; both of them are untouched.

"The Germans some months ago made an attempt in the Amaswazi country, but were refused. Traders, however, are most welcome there. The plan to follow would be, not to seek for mission stations, but for the missionaries to travel about from place to place, staying for a longer or shorter time, sometimes here, sometimes there, until they gained the confidence of the people.

"Since writing the above the sad tidings have reached us that a white man from the Tongaat, a trader in Natal, is dying at a kraal near the White Umfolosi, a day's ride from here. He has sent for me, and I intend to go and see him, so I must bring this to a close."

The touching story of the death of the white man —the trader—is told in the next letter written to me.

"From the accounts that the Kafirs gave of him, I judged that he could not live long, so I started at once on the Sunday morning, Nov. 16th. I reached the kraal in the evening, and found him very ill indeed, having had the fever for three weeks, and a continual hiccough for about four days. So violent was this last, that he could be heard at the other side of the kraal, a distance of about thirty yards. He was overjoyed at seeing me, and as he drank the coffee I soon made for him, he exclaimed, 'I feel as if life were returning again.' A glance, however, was sufficient to shew that if a change did not speedily take place he could not live long. The civilized food and my presence

cheered him. He had been without the former for a long time. He was himself when I first reached the kraal, but it was only at intervals: for the most part he was delirious. I however learned, partly from him, and partly from a little journal he had kept, that he had been a sailor, and had run away from his ship at Durban in April last. He came up to the Tugela, and there fell in with two traders. They were on an expedition to the Amatonga country, and he joined them. They had not been long in the country before one of the traders took the fever, and his companion was obliged to have him carried out. My poor friend was thon left alone with the goods, and only one native. His instructions were to get skins where he could dispose of the goods, and then return. You may well imagine the difficulties he had to encounter, not knowing hardly a word of the language. Every day was a day of trouble and vexation to him; and after staying about five months in the country, he returned, having obtained only about a third of the skins he had hoped to get for his goods. In fact, at one time he despaired of ever getting out of the country, having no natives; but the chief of the Amatonga having been well paid for it, at length procured seven boys for him.

"After this he set out on his return, and hardly had he recrossed the Pongolo, when the fever attacked him. At one time he was so delirious that for several days he knew of nothing, and was so unmanageable that the people of the kraal where he was, obliged his Kafirs to take him away. They made a kind of cartel for him out of a lion-skin, and in that way brought him to the kraal where I found him.

"Before going to rest I prayed with him, and made him as comfortable as I could. He never slept, however, the whole night, the hiccough never leaving him for a single minute. At one time he called out for his knife. I said, 'What will you do with it?' He answered, 'Nothing,' and said no more. At another time he would seize a bundle, and attempt to go away with it, but would fall down in the attempt. It was most sad to see him.

"In the morning, Nov. 17th, two things were clear,

first, that the poor sufferer would never recover without more care than he could get at the kraal; and, secondly, that I could not remain with him long. The only thing to be done then was, to carry him, if possible, to the station. He seemed a little better in the morning, and I talked over this with him. He sprang at it as a last hope, and was most eager to be off. For a short time the hiccough even left him, but only for a very short time; it soon returned again. I had much trouble in getting him away from the kraal, the people were so exorbitant in their demands. During the day too we had much trouble, the boys being rather weak for their work. At about 3 P.M. we reached a kraal where I hoped we might spend the night, but the people would not on any account hear of our staying there. It was a royal kraal, they said, and by their laws no man was allowed to die there; even their own people were carried away to die. There was nothing for it but to go on. We did not get away until 5 P.M., having been delayed by two of the boys who had fallen behind, and we could not leave them. The boys carrying the sick man pushed on bravely, in order to reach the next kraal, which we were assured was not far off. We had not gone far before we were enveloped in a thick mist, so thick that we could see only a short way before us. Added to this, the night soon came on. I knew the locality tolerably well, and for several hours after dark we tried all that we could to find a kraal. At last the bearers, who had really worked well, said that they could carry him no further. I entreated them, but it was of no use. The poor man was feeble, and being delirious knew nothing. When I saw that it was of no use to press them further, I placed the sick man in a sheltered place, and made him as comfortable as it was possible with blankets, and piled his own goods and mats around him.

"After this I went in search of a kraal, the bearers promising that if I found one near, they would carry him to it. I took two of the boys with me. We searched about for hours nearly in one place (as I now know), until all hope

left us, and we were obliged to lie down and make ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. Being tired we slept very well, and were not a little surprised in the morning to find that we had spent the night close to a kraal, in fact so near, that when I sent to know where we were, I could hear distinctly what was said. We were about 15 miles from Kwamagwaza. We at once went in search of the others. We searched the neighbourhood for four hours, but could see nothing of them, nor hear anything. It was most distressing. At last I determined to ride home, and send out the people to look for him, also that I might get a hut ready for him. Having decided upon this I left one boy to look for him, with a supply of coffee, sugar, &c. for him.

"I reached home early in the forenoon, and at once sent off John Adams on horseback and a boy on foot to look after him. Meanwhile we busied ourselves in getting ready a hut for him. Vain work! he was never to see Kwamagwaza. John returned in the evening with the sad intelligence that he died at mid-day that day, and that moreover we had slept quite near to one another, only a ridge intervening. The country there is so broken, and one ridge so like another, that it is difficult for any one not thoroughly acquainted with it to find his way across it. He died in the kraal near to which I slept. Early on the 19th John and I rode up to where he was, and buried him by the banks of a little stream, a tributary of the White Umfolosi. The Zulus of course would not allow the dead body to remain in their kraal, so his boys sat and watched it by the river side all the night.

"Here ends a most painful story. I was dreadfully sorry not to be with the poor fellow in his last moments. He clung to me like a little child. But I was doing my best to help him, and it is most likely from what his boy said, that he knew scarcely anything of what was going on around him.

"It is a sad story, but may it not teach us and others a lesson? If traders venture their lives for gain in these

hostile regions, why should not the servants of Christ venture theirs for Christ's sake? No fewer than nine white men have died this year in the Amatonga country.

"How happy it would be, if in the providence of God we should ever see you again, dear lady. One, we can never see again here, your dear brother. We must strive so to live that we may 'go to him.' Oh how the thought of him makes us weep even yet! God bless you, dear Miss Mackenzie, and with our best love believe me ever very affectionately yours, R. ROBERTSON.

"We have one piece of intelligence which I am sure will delight you all, as it has us. Undabankulu, our last convert, is shortly going to bring a younger sister of his to be with us altogether and be taught. The stedfast progress he is making is very cheering. He has an elder brother, who paid us a visit some time ago. He came, he said, intending to be very angry, and to take away his mother and brother by force, but when he saw how good everything was, his heart melted, and he could say nothing. He is a son of old Tobi.

"A minor event, but still interesting. Our good pig gave birth to three little ones, one day last week. Also our goats have, since the sad day of the tiger, been raised to their former numbers. We are very grateful for the increase of our belongings. They seem as if they were given to us so directly from Him. One of the little pigs I have given to Usajabula."

Another letter telling of the white man's death, mentioned that he received a Christian burial, that his blanket was his shroud, and the lion-skin on which he was carried, his coffin.

A few extracts from one more letter will conclude the story of this year:

"We hope to be in our house in a few days, and are quite looking forward to it. It is nearly finished, and it will be such a refreshing change from our low dark huts which in

the rainy season are very trying. My dear husband is overworked, and sadly wants help. I hope others will come to join him in time.

"We have lately been rejoiced by one of our Zulu men expressing a wish to become a Christian. He is an earnest intelligent man who has been with us for a long time. His name is Undabankulu, and he is the son of Tobi, an old friend of ours, a widow woman, whom you must have heard of. He is the second Zulu who has expressed a wish for baptism. Hlambula, the other, is younger, and he has fewer natural advantages, but he has remained faithful for nearly a year since the time of his profession, and that in spite of difficulties from his brothers. He calls Mr Robertson his father, and says he will never leave him, or serve him for payment.

"We have cause for much thankfulness amidst care and anxiety, in the friendly feeling of all with whom we have any intercourse. Some of the kraals about us have evidently profited from religious teaching, even though they continue outwardly heathen.

"Usajabula has a service every Sunday afternoon at some kraals about four or five miles away. He is very earnest and quiet in his teaching, and takes great interest in it. He always finds the people expecting him and already assembled, which is a great thing; they not being within reach of our bell, the wished-for bell which we are so rejoicing in.

"It is so cheering to see our people literally running along the hills as they catch its sound. Some are even beginning to wish for clothing, which is a great step. Umdwendwe, our especial friend, amused us by his humorous dolorous expression when he told us that his best Sunday shirt had been burnt by the carelessness of one of his sons, and he wanted it mended by old Mam, who had just repaired his every-day one. When he brought it the next Sunday, it was nothing but great burnt holes, but he thought our needles had a magical power of renovation, and was quite astonished when we considered it past all

improvement. We are very thankful for the box of valuable clothing you sent us, which arrived at the same time as the bell. There is a growing feeling about the seemliness of wearing clothing. The pen-cases are just the right size; from their being so large they fit the hole in the ear where the people carry them.

"I must tell you of an interesting visit I paid to Ketchwayo with my husband. When we came to within sight of the kraal where he was, we outspanned, and were told that the prince was sleeping according to custom. He habitually rises at daylight, and transacts business at that time, and rests during the heat. We too were glad to rest, for it had been a long trek, and we were thoroughly tired. Towards the cool of the day we were told that the Prince meant to pay us a visit, rather than trouble us to come to his kraal; and we soon saw him walking at the head of a small party of his Izinduna. Others joined him as he came nearer, who greeted him and then fell behind, seeming very much flattered, if he occasionally looked back and addressed any observations to them. There was a native dignity in his manner which shewed he was accustomed to command, though he seemed courteous, friendly, and even familiar with them.

"He stepped on the wagon-box beside Mr Robertson, (his followers squatted on the ground,) and greeted my husband quite as an old friend whom he looked up to. According to Zulu custom he unblushingly asked me what I had brought him, in allusion to a handsome bowie knife which my husband had given him in my name on his last visit. I told him I had sent the knife when I could not come. Now I had come myself. He said that was very nice, and then he told us how much he liked us.

"Presently we heard in the distance the wild hunting-song of the Zulus, and this proved to be a party returning from elephant hunting. They had been rather successful, and brought eleven tusks, which pleased Ketchwayo, as they are a source of wealth to him. The hunters formed in line in front of our wagon, then each in turn ran forward,

sprang high into the air, and returned to his place, sitting on the ground as they do in the presence of royalty.

"Mr Robertson consulted with Ketchwayo as to the best hour for service next day, and was begged to arrange it for his own convenience, the Prince saying he would be glad to come with all his people, that he liked his people to be taught. Mr R. told him of the great sorrow that was uppermost in our thoughts at that time, the death of the Prince-Consort, and tried to make him thoughtful, and to lead him to feel that he could not tell how soon *he* might be called away by death, and that he should be careful how he lived. He expressed great sympathy in our sorrow, and said he ought to send to the 'Amakosi' in Natal, meaning Mr Shepstone or the Governor, to '*kala*' (mourn with them).

Next day he appeared in good time with a large party of people. Seeing Mr Robertson in his surplice, the Prince did not like to address him, but asked me if I would beg him to wait a little time, as he expected others to come. When all were assembled, it was most striking to observe the deep interest of Ketchwayo himself, and of many of his people. As far as he could, he joined in the responses most earnestly, and when Mr R. had finished his address to them, he buried his head in his hands for some time after his people were beginning to talk to one another, and sighed deeply. It was very sad to see him. He was not indifferent, and yet he was so involved in political circumstances, that you could scarcely imagine his being impressed so as to break through all and follow Christ.

"Early next morning my husband saw him, and proposed to him to send his younger brothers, or the sons of the chiefs, to Capetown, for education at the Bishop's college. He said that he could never enforce their being sent out of the country, but that if any would attend instruction in the country, he himself would be very glad of it. We left, feeling much drawn to him.

"The weather is now oppressively hot, and we are all feeling it very much."

CHAPTER IX.

1863.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLESIASTES xi. 1.

"Be patient...brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient."—JAMES v. 7, 8.

"The livelong night we've toiled in vain,
But at Thy gracious word
I will let down the net again:—
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!"

So day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought,
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

At morn we look, and nought is there;
Sad dawn of cheerless day!
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay—and we are strong;
Our Master is at hand,
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand.

In His own time; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride:
Cast after cast, by force or guile
All waters must be tried.

KEBLE.

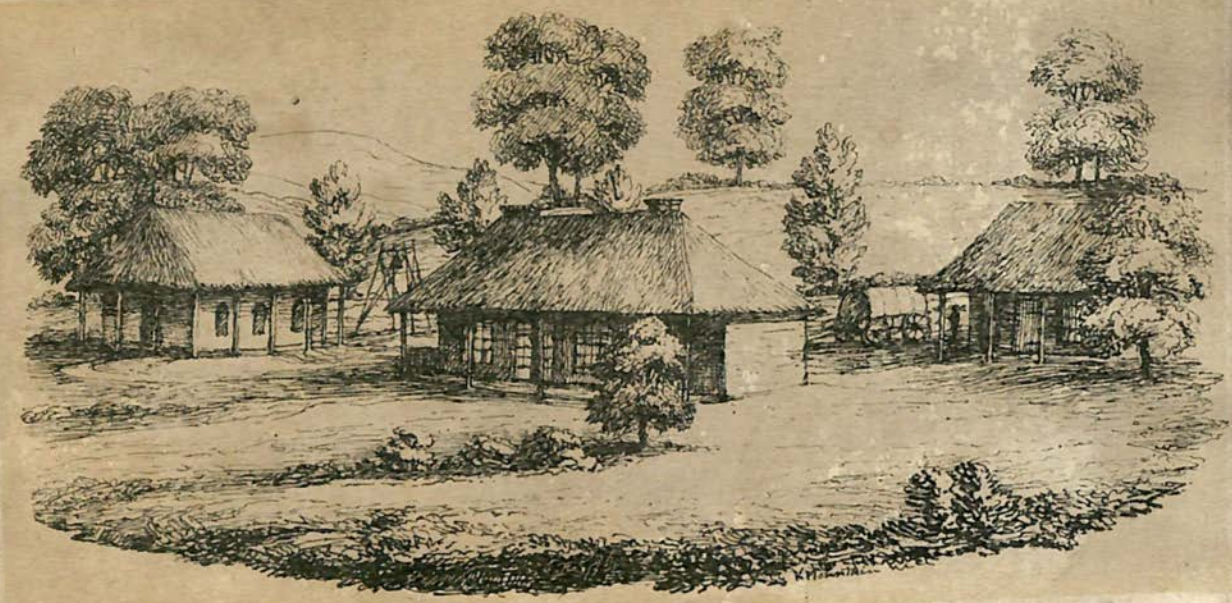
THE beginning of 1863 found Mrs Robertson, as in former years, very weak and ailing, but the pre-

vailing feeling in the Missionary's home was gratitude. The comfort of living in a house made sickness much more bearable than it had been in huts imperfectly built, and pervious to wind and rain.

The progress made now becomes more and more manifest, and we are astonished at the amount of industrial work accomplished, while the influence gained over the chiefs and the people, and the tact shewn by Mr Robertson in his dealings and conversations with them, must inspire confidence for the future. At the end of January he wrote to me as follows:

"We have had a dreadfully hot and damp summer this year, and my dear wife is very poorly at present, scarcely able to leave her room. I am afraid she will hardly be able to write to you by this mail. What a blessing it is to have a good house! Had she been still in a hut, I am sure she would have been much worse.

"You ask me whether Ketchwayo will allow his people to become Christians. It has pleased God to bless our labours by the conversion of two young men, Zulus, Undabankulu, about twenty-five years of age, and Hlambula, about seventeen. They are both of them quiet amiable lads, and very anxious to learn. Neither of them is as yet baptized. It would be unwise to hurry their baptism until we have seen how they persevere, and until they have acquired more knowledge of the Christian faith. So far, I am most thankful to say, they have gone on well: their neighbours mocked and laughed at them, and one of them (Hlambula) has been threatened by his relations with death, but they did not care for that. Hlambula, I was told, replied to the threat, 'Although you kill me, I shall be happy after that.' In consequence of the proceedings subsequent to the great dances the fears of their relations were excited with regard to them, and I saw that it would be necessary to go and talk the whole matter over with Ketchwayo, which I did



Mission Station.

last week (Jan. 20—24 inclusive). Before going I called them to me and asked if I might. This was a trial of their earnestness of purpose, and they joyfully agreed that I should. At the same time I explained to them, that whatever the decision might be, it could not hinder them from being Christians. If Ketchwayo gave his consent, well: if not, they must endeavour to serve God faithfully in their kraals, or wherever they might be. I have from the first been most careful to impress upon them, that becoming Christians does not absolve them from their allegiance to their chiefs; and that they ought to honour and obey their parents more than others. Hlambula's parents have been wishing him to return home for some time, and since my return from Ondine he has done so.

"But to return to my visit to Ketchwayo. I formally reported to him what I called a good 'Indaba' (matter), viz. that two of his people who had been in our employ for some time, now wished to become Christians.

"The way in which reports are made to great men in Zululand is as follows: the matter is stated briefly and distinctly, the speaker pausing for a few seconds at the end of every sentence, to give the chief an opportunity of making a remark if he chooses, and the speaker time for recollection. When the report has been fully made, the chief then enters into the discussion, and ends with his decision.

"When I had made my statement, Ketchwayo, turning to one of his councillors, told him to cross-question me, which he did, as to the names and parentage of the boys, and the regiments to which they belong; (all Zulus are enrolled in regiments from the age of about fifteen;) on all which points I had taken care to inform myself. After this Ketchwayo replied as follows; 'You see, Umfundisi, that to believe (become a Christian) is a new custom: we follow the customs of our forefathers. I like you missionaries, but I wish my people only to attend church on Sundays, and then return to their homes. I do not wish any of my people to become Christians. These boys are soldiers; there are the great kraals at which they are known and where they serve.

By becoming Christians they are lost to me; and if I consent to them, all others will follow them.' After this there was a pause of a few seconds, during which I was thinking of Him 'in whose rule and governance are the hearts of kings:' then I replied, that ever since our first knowing one another to this day, I had been most thankful for his kindness to us, and that although my heart longed after this matter, yet I would not trouble him with many words. There was only one word of his to which I wished to make reply, and that was his idea that by becoming Christians his people would no longer belong to him. 'Nothing could be further from the truth than that,' I said; 'by becoming Christians they will not cease to be your subjects, but will be, I hope, more faithful and true than before. One of the first of *Christian* truths is, Love your parents, and obey your king; and no one can be a good Christian who acts otherwise.' I then went on to tell him of the first Christians serving in the armies of Rome, and assured him that we did not in the least wish to interfere with the services due from his people to him. He seemed now to be growing a little impatient, and stopped me, saying, 'Oh seeing they choose it for themselves, what shall I say? But do not be in a hurry to come back with another such petition.' I thanked him without making any remark...He was very kind, and begged me not to leave so soon, and amused himself and his councillors not a little with my *one* excuse, which he said I had made every time he had seen me, 'so much to do at home.' I must be a great worker, he said; and turning to Usajabula, he asked him how it was that we had so much to do. Usajabula added to their mirth by saying that work at Kwamagwaza was like food at Ondine. 'You eat every day,' he said, 'and we work every day except Sundays.' This excited a great laugh, while Ketchwayo went over it again, 'all the week they work; on Sundays they rest; Monday comes, and out they go again.' After we had left, a servant followed us, who took us into a hut and gave us a fine dish of amasi. On our way home the boys and I had a long discussion upon what I had said

about Christians serving native chiefs. Usajabula said he knew all I had said about the Roman Christians was true and good, but my fine words were altogether thrown away upon Ketchwayo and his people: no arguments were of any avail but such as approved themselves to their knowledge, experience, or common sense. They knew very well what the Christian Kafirs were in Natal, and what the few in Zululand are; viz. that they do nothing but work, serving neither their own chiefs nor the government; they live only for themselves. 'The Zulus know this well, and no matter what you say or how right you may be, it will make no difference: they will believe when they see.' To this I replied by asking them what *they* thought about it. 'If all the Zulus as soon as they wish to become Christians were to leave the service of Ketchwayo, what effect would it have upon him? Will he not refuse altogether to allow his people to be taught? Nay, if many forsake him, will he not become hostile to us missionaries?' To this they assented, and I went on to say that I was sure it was wrong, and that a man could be a Christian, even although clothed in monkey-skins and carrying a shield and spears; and I added, 'Perhaps you may find me one of these days packing you all off in a body to serve Ketchwayo.' This gave them prolonged merriment. They went along picturing to themselves what Mrs Robertson would say, and what the Zulus would say: the latter would despise them, they said. 'Pushing them on one side, they would say, 'Get along, you little trowsers, what can you do?' If we had guns, it would be all right; they would not despise us then, we should be honoured.' Such were our thoughts and conversation as we went along the road. Do they not afford very serious matter for our consideration? I can see that, humanly speaking, we can look for but little good to be done, unless we do all we can to make ourselves felt at head-quarters. I can fancy our working for years, as the Norwegians have done for the last twenty years, with only a very few converts, and they people of no importance, some of them only destitute children, gifts from the chiefs from time

to time. Whereas, on the other hand, I think we may very well hope that by being much with Ketchwayo, by gaining his confidence, by really shewing him that Christianity among his people increases rather than diminishes his strength, a good measure of success may be the result. Ketchwayo is undoubtedly friendly to missionaries. Some years ago he even made some progress in learning to read, but left off through the remonstrances of his great men. Nothing is impossible with God: even Ketchwayo and his whole people may, by wise management, be brought to Christ. In writing thus I may be accused of enthusiasm, but I know that men who have *attempted* great things have *done* great things; and if we, trusting in God, do likewise, we may at least hope also. It will be most wrong if we *tamely sit still*, and let matters take their course. What Guizot says in his preface to the life of Monk on this point, is, I think most excellent. May God give us grace to act wisely and for His glory!

"*February 2nd.* I am sorry to say that my dear wife is still very poorly, and entirely laid up to-day. When I last saw her she was amusing herself with a little black child, Georgie Heber, who had found his way into her room, and climbed up into the bed.

"The crops are looking most excellent; I am sure it would delight you to see them. We tasted our first new mealies on Thursday last. I have just harvested a good crop of potatoes, for which we are very thankful; they save the bread. I shall try some day, when I have not so much to do, to send you a plan of all our doings, drawn after a certain scale, to which we may refer afterwards."

Grieved at the accounts of Mrs Robertson's health, a friend sent them out a box of homœopathic medicines; but it was not physic they either of them needed so much as help in their work. Fever and exhaustion were almost always the consequence of overwork, yet when there was so much to be done, how

could they rest? The next letters speak for themselves.

"*Feb. 16th*, 1863. My dear wife, I am sorry to say, is still very poorly. The weather has been very trying lately, both damp and hot. I am afraid it will be difficult to find a medicine that will do her good, she is so very weak. The only thing is, to try and keep her from working so much with her head and hands (which is all but impossible); and if we should be spared to receive the tent you kindly write about, it will very much help to that end, as we shall be able then to make little excursions. That is the only way of giving her a rest, to give her a thorough change now and then; when at home she cannot help working.

"On Sunday evenings we have no regular service for ourselves, but after all our labours with the natives are over, my wife reads a sermon from some good book. I like to tell you this, that you may know how we close that happy day. To me it is a most happy and comfortable way."

Mrs Robertson ended this letter.

"I am not at all worse than I was in Natal, nor I think so really ill as I used to be in England. A great many comforts as well as medicines are lost upon me, because I do not profit by them. I quite think that, under God's blessing, I owe it to this house that I am not actually suffering so much as I did last summer. It is only the hot wet months of summer, and the coldest part of the winter, that I have to creep through as well as I can. Yesterday I fought against a headache to be at church, and to have my class in the Sunday-school, which is getting more and more interesting, and has many encouragements in the visible influence it has upon my pupils. Umfundisi has a class for *all* the people who will attend. Those who can read do, and to those who cannot he reads, and explains what he reads by pictures, and then he joins us with them all to sing a hymn and close the school.

"I must tell you about Christina. She is such a proud mother, and Usajabula often brings the little David with him to school or work, and putting him at the door, says, 'Here he is, Inkosikazi, he cried to come,' as if he thought it a great compliment to me. Everything Christina has she shares with David, and talks so gravely of David's garden, or cow, or goat, or hen, and she tells me that Usajabula would like him to come and be quite with us now, that he may grow up like Hali, but that she tells him it would be a great '*klupa*' (trouble) to me to have him so young, and that she must put it off till winter. He is only 15 months old now, but very lively and very forward."

It is quite unnecessary to draw further attention to the affection which was mutual between the Robertsons and my dear brother; but the next letter gives such a true picture of the source from whence he drew the strength and the calmness for which he was so conspicuous, that I must insert it. It is from Mr Robertson, and was written to me in March of this year.

"The post arrived on Saturday, bringing your kind letter. You cannot be otherwise than weak in body: the wonder is that you have been able to endure so much. Had you not been enabled by a greater than earthly strength you could not have done it. I often picture to myself that dreadful hour on the Zambesi when the sad blow fell upon you. I cannot tell you how often I think of him, and wish I were more like him. I often remember the last night he spent at the Umlazi. I occupied the same hut with him, and on coming to the room I found him on his knees, and did not go in until he had finished, which was not for a long time, I should be afraid to say how long. I never knew any one so holy and so full of love as he was; and although we are sure that he is now reaping the rich reward of his labours, yet we cannot help sorrowing for our loss. * * * I am anxious to be enabled to employ as many

native teachers as possible. In this I entirely agree with the Bishop of Grahamstown. Missionaries from England are essential at first, and perhaps for two or three generations, to superintend the work of an indigenous clergy. Not to speak of the expense, where could a staff of English clergy be found sufficiently numerous to bring the whole or even the hundredth part of South Africa within reach of the means of grace? Such a native agency will no doubt be imperfect and ignorant, but it would be raised in time. It has long been my idea, that although the native be behind his English brother in attainments, yet in bringing the Gospel to his heathen countrymen, the one (ignorant although he be) is a more efficient instrument than the other. In a fellow-countryman they can copy what in a highly-civilized white man they would (and I know *do*) consider beyond their reach. It is to our having so many Christian natives (none of them all that they ought to be—who is?) with us from the first, that I attribute a good measure of the success with which it has pleased God to bless us. I am quite sure that—if not in our day, yet—the time will come when this agency will be very largely employed; for supposing it the case that only Europeans were employed, the result of this would be that a large portion—perhaps the greater portion—of Africa would never be touched, for many districts there are, and those often the most populous, where no white man could live half-a-year.

"I am sorry to say that during the past three months there has been a great deal of killing going on in this country, chiefly on the charge of being '*Abatakati*' (wizards). In this they seem to be infatuated. It is not the King that does it, nor Ketchwayo, but the people themselves. I have heard of I do not know how many cases, in some of which Ketchwayo interfered, and would not allow the man 'smelt out' to be killed. In one case near here a great man was 'smelt out;' and Ketchwayo said the doctors were liars—they must smell again—and the result was that the man escaped, but four of his people were slain. All this is sad, but we know that there is One who overrules all the evil in

this world and turns it to good. My belief is, that He is preparing them for some great change—may it be so in His time!

"*March 17th.* Upon the whole I think we are doing well here. The chiefs are friendly to us, and the people love us, and attend the Sunday services well. Two boys, I should rather say young men, have expressed their desire to become Christians, and the King has given his consent.

"I am thankful to say that we have been enabled to erect a substantial house of burnt brick, sawn timber, &c., which is a great comfort to us, after having been so long in huts. We have surrounded ourselves with a good embankment of clay, so built that the turf can grow all over it; and a ditch 3½ feet deep, and 5½ feet wide. We have also done a good deal in the way of gardening and planting. In our garden we have figs, peaches, apricots, almonds, oranges, lemons, apples, mulberries, and pomegranates on the way. We have also had some excellent crops of potatoes and mealies; of the latter I hope to harvest 60 muids—they promise well at present.

"For one thing I am sure you will be very sorry. My dear wife is again very ill, and has been for the last three weeks. She *will* work so much, and the weather has been exceedingly hot of late—I intend getting her a change as soon as possible."

An extract from Miss Woodrow's journal continues the story of the Mission.

"*March 16th.* I am thankful to say that all the people on the Station are well and happy, and nice little proofs of their Christianity are continually occurring. Indeed if it were not for our many native visitors, I could quite forget that our own people have black faces, and could believe that this was an English parsonage in a most pretty village. I long to see them all living in neat little cottages with gardens in front, instead of their present bee-hive looking dwellings.

"The civilized Kafirs who are not Christians are un-

bearably conceited. Usajabula is not at all like them, and Christina, his wife, knows a great deal about English customs in the way of cooking, dressing, &c.

"Hali and Billy are just now particularly happy in the possession of a new kid each. Hali's last kid died, so he is more than ever careful of this new one. They want them so much to make haste and have young ones to give to the offertory. Johnnie the other day was lamenting that he had nothing to give, but he said he would make his garden pay. He will eat none of his mealies green, he says, but when they are ripe he will sell them for a blanket and buy a sheep, which is to have most beautiful lambs for the offertory. Christina, who heard this, asked what the Church would do with animals? I explained as well as I could what was meant, and Hali told her about it so truly that I was quite pleased to see how thoroughly he understood it himself. Christina lamented very much that a goat of her own and a little kid had lately died, but said that she too would give one when she had a nice one 'without blemish.'

"You would be quite struck with the way in which Hali adapts the history of the Israelites to our own circumstances. He told me the other day he did not think our chapel quite good enough for God's Church. He would like so much to build a big one, and make it nice and pretty inside. He would like to have it like the tabernacle, and to have golden candlesticks like almond-trees. This is the way he dreams when he seems absent and stupid.

"13*th May*. Two men arrived this morning from Dabulamanzi, one of Panda's sons, to present Umfundisi and the Inkosikazi with a little girl. We could hardly believe at first that she was really given, but it proved to be quite true, and we are so glad and thankful. Her name is 'Umhlobokozana,' literally, little great friend, and she is a dear little girl about seven years old. Her father was killed a long time ago, and our people say her mother won't be sorry, when she returns, to find no child. She was gone to a neighbouring district to buy tobacco, when the prince sent for the little child.

"I received from one of the Zulu princes quite unexpectedly the other day, a present of a beautiful red and white cow, with a message that his highness was very cold and wanted a blanket, but had no idea of buying. Of course I sent back a grateful message, and promised to give him an 'ingubo,' when I had one. It was very nice, the manner in which the compliment was paid, viz. 'because I was the child of the Umfundisi who is a great Inkos,' Umahama being the child of Panda, thought it meet that we should exchange presents. Umdwendwe and Umaigani were standing near, and heartily congratulated me on my new cow."

Mrs Robertson in the next letter gives an account of the 'little great friend.'

"*May* 13*th*, 1863. Our little Umhlobokozana is a dear merry little creature, and so loving—wild as a bird, and so coaxing and entreating to have her own way, it is almost irresistible, but in spite of it all she is really very tractable. When she first came we thought she would be quite a Topsy, she was so active, and so unaccountable in her doings. The day after her arrival we found her in the dining-room alone, with Fanny's hat upon her head, spreading out her little frock, and trying to walk like a grown-up person, brimful of fun and grimace. When she observed Fanny she snatched off the hat, and held it in both hands behind her back. A few days after I found her alone in the sitting-room, sitting in my chair—the old folding one of the Umlazi—leaning back, her hands folded, and trying to make her little feet reach the footstool. She looked so full of fun and enjoyment, I could only watch her trying to balance herself. My chair has lost its front legs, which added to her difficulty. She is so pretty and clever and affectionate that I hope much from her. She is rather younger than Hali and Billy, and Hali takes great pains with her. Sometimes he tells her so gravely that she must be good, that she may go to heaven.

"We are all very busy just now, helping in different

ways to make bricks. We have had so much trouble with white men, who have worked for us, that Mr Robertson has determined to make them himself, and he is most successful. My part, I am afraid, is mostly looking on, but still I can help by that. It is a most busy scene. Mr Robertson makes the bricks; that means he puts the clay into the moulds, it having been properly prepared by boys treading in a large hole dug by the river, which is full of springs, and in which the oxen have first been driven. When the moulds are filled, boys carry them away, and lay them down carefully on the brick-ground. Then comes *our* part; that means the girls and little ones—to turn the bricks that have been made the previous day, and when dried to place them on one end, and build them up in rows a few feet high, not closely, to allow the air to dry them thoroughly.

"The boys sing while they are treading and jumping in the clay, sometimes in the most grotesque attitudes, making the others laugh, till all are full of fun and merriment, so that it is a very exhilarating scene. But it is really very hard work to them all, and especially to my husband, who has to keep them all in good spirits, and to stand working all day long. These bricks are to make a kitchen and four verandah-rooms for ourselves, and a kitchen and rooms for the Samuelsons. Mr Robertson has made me an awning of the cart-tent, and I take my work and sit in a wheelbarrow, with a bundle of dry grass for my feet,—but my very presence keeps all the little ones in order, and Mr R. says it makes them work with new strength to see us all come down.

"They are also working very hard at the saw-pit, preparing wood for the roofs, and as the saw-pit is close to the brick-ground, we have quite an industrial school.

"At night we are disturbed by tigers and wolves, which have been unusually troublesome this winter, and have carried off a favourite dog and sheep.

"Mr Robertson has early Kafir service before our breakfast, and after it we have English prayers, besides reading and writing, which he gets through a little. I am

anxious on his account, though he is feeling quite well, for he has so many continuous hours of work, without any real rest. They do cease for one hour at noon.

"Besides brick-making and tiger-watching, our wagon is going down to Durban, and we have to think of all we need for the next half year, if not year's house-keeping. It is no light matter to be short of soap, &c. &c., at Kwamagwaza. Then we have to make new strong shirts and trowsers for the boys, who are going to be away a month, and like to be neat in going to Natal.

"We are looking forward so much to the mill, which your kind friends are sending us, for we are cooking porridge of half-ground mealies, and poor Frances's hands ache with trying to grind the amabele (Kafir corn) fine enough to make bread. She grinds it on a stone.

"The cold is bracing us all up again this winter. The other morning we were exhilarated by the sight of snow on the tops of the hills, a higher range than ours, but so clear was the air from the frost that we saw it quite distinctly. The hills were thickly covered, but it disappeared before noon. Umfundisi congratulated himself on being at home."

The journals now tell us more of troublesome neighbours, who paid nocturnal visits unwelcome and uninvited, in the shape of tigers, as they are called in Natal, (though their proper name is panthers or leopards,) beautifully spotted creatures, but very destructive to sheep and cattle. Catlike they make their entrance through holes so small, that it seems impossible their bodies should get through. Many favourite dogs were killed by these fierce animals, so whenever it was possible, Mr Robertson destroyed them with strychnine, and very grateful the Zulus were to him, for ridding them of their enemies. They sang his praises, calling him their great Umfundisi and chief, and would only believe he killed them by magic. One man shewed his gratitude by

giving his little boy, a remarkably pretty child of 6 or 7 years old, called Godi, to the missionaries. Mr Robertson did not think it possible that he would, knowing that he was his father's favourite; he said, 'he will never spare him,' but the man told Mrs R. that his heart had already given him to the Umfundisi.

The little boys were delighted to have another playfellow, and Hali, though only a month or two older, was a great help in keeping the others out of wrong ways. On one occasion when Billy and Godi disputed as to who had torn Billy's coat, Godi said "Let us *bula*" (inquire of the spirits). They retired to a heap of broken bricks with their hands full of sticks, with which they by turns struck the heap, calling out "Izwa," (listen). When no answer came, Godi said it was because Hali interrupted them. He did so to some purpose, quite scolding them, and especially Billy, whom he asked "How could he forget that God was seeing him, and knew all that we did, even when we tore our pinafores?" At the Sunday School Billy flushed when it came to his turn to repeat the first commandment, and whispered, "We won't do that again."

In July Mrs Robertson wrote to a friend:

"The winter is a perfect delight to me in every way. To be able to bear all these little ones around me and live more entirely for them all, is the greatest blessing; and the sympathy we have received from you, and from others through you, seems like sweet sunshine which God has made to shine upon us in our daily life. In the same way the glorious scenery around us, as I am passing through our verandah, seems to speak in unutterable tones of love and holiness. It does not need the finest scenery to speak

to us in such language, but when I see our distant mountains, in different outlines and tints from the nearer quiet green hills, it seems to be something specially *given* to calm and soothe our daily cares, telling not only of God's present love and care, but of a world of rest and peace, where sin is not, neither in ourselves nor others.

"I am alone at present; Mr R. and Fanny are making an expedition to Enkandhla, which is a grand mountain, within about 30 miles of us. My husband has a great many friends there, especially a blacksmith, who is a most intelligent man, quite beyond his people, as good as our dear Umdwendwe, but superior in intellect. In order that my niece might see him at work he ordered his fire to be lighted, and set to work on purpose for her gratification. He was courtesy itself, they said. The mountain is covered with a large forest, not always thick jungle, and you wind your way among tall trees with thick stems, so far as it is safe, but it abounds in wild animals. Umdwendwe, Tom, and Daniel were hunting for us, and shot a young buffalo; which they skinned, and left hung in a tree. When they returned with boys to carry home the meat, they found two tigers eating its head. It was altogether an unlucky affair, for the man who was sent with it to Kwamagwaza, all salted and ready for hanging up, feasted himself and his friends by the way, to the detriment of our housekeeping.

"The little sister of Undabankulu, the daughter of our dear old Tobi, is not yet with us, but it is quite a decided thing that she is to come. The cause of the delay is, that the kraal where she lives belongs to a Zulu who is the physician of the royal family, and there has been so much sickness in the way of fever, and fear of small-pox, that he has been detained for months past at the King's kraal, and her coming to us depends upon his return. Tobi and her son are most anxious and earnest about it; Undabankulu so much so that he proposed going to Kanodwengu in the hope of forwarding it, but his mother declared it would be of no use.

"I hope you are interested in Umhlobokozana, our very own little girl. The children call her Tapatapa. We have been quite struck with her rapid improvement, and she is a great pet with every one. Her love for me seems like a rich treasure given to me. Though full of play and childlike fun, she is always earnestly watching to do something for me. She is very intelligent, and seems lately to have gained a light and understanding such as we have been watching for. You know how when you plant some valued seed, you look in impatience almost too early for signs of life, and how your impatience leads to your despairing lest it should have no life, simply because you have sought it too soon. Then, suddenly, you are gladdened by the sight of two little perfect green leaves, which in spite of your close watching you did not see coming. It has been just so with our dear little one. When she first came it was natural that she should not care to learn to say a little prayer, and that she should ask the most irrelevant questions when I tried to tell her of her Father in heaven, who made her and all the world. But when this continued what seemed to me such a long time, and she *would* in her loving little entreating way say, 'I did say my prayers yesterday, I am so sleepy now,' in order to get off saying the few little simple words, my heart quite sank within me. I did not, however, betray it to the little unconscious creature; I used to say, 'Shall I say it for you, because God is so good to us every day, we ought not to get tired of thanking Him,' and she would mechanically repeat my words.

"Now it is so different. She *will* be taught, and her great desire is to go to church, to have a new name from the Umfundisi, that she may be made a child of God. I did not say anything to him when I first observed such an evident light and understanding springing up in her, and it thrilled me with happiness when Umfundisi remarked the great improvement in her. She steals quietly into my room in the very early morning, and says in such a reverent way the little prayer I taught her, and she has taught her-

self the Lord's Prayer in Zulu, and has added it without any suggestion to her other prayers." * * * * *

To a friend at home engaged in Mission work, (for, is not the Field the same, whether the labour be given to black or white children?') Mrs R. wrote:

"I do not think that your labour can be lost. One sees so often in children who have had the benefit of the earliest good training, that they do not bring forth its fruits for many years. Indeed, the really good, holy, teachable child in each family, is too often only the exception to which all the others look. I do not think that we, in our work among those who are darkened by vice or heathenism, ought to despair when *we* see only disappointment. We have had many deep and bitter ones in our work, humbling to ourselves, and agonizing for those who have disappointed us, but still I do hope that the teaching may not in the end be lost upon them. They are *His*, and He can follow them where we cannot.

"I do not like to write much on the dark side of our work. You know we are working in the dark, toiling in the night, so I like best to tell you of the stars that peep out upon us. For our very best, our hearts often ache with disappointment. I look round upon them all with anxiety, and then there come those comforting words, 'Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' And then one feels the great work is after all with oneself. Our labour *is in the Lord*, but one is apt to grow mechanical, and not livingly abide in Him. My husband helps us by making Hope the subject of his sermon sometimes. He often puts in his head at the window, saying, with such a bright look, 'I have had such a nice talk with so and so. I'll tell you all about it by and bye;' but we seldom hear more, he has to hasten away. He reads at all his meals, and after evening-school, which we manage to have over by 8 P.M., he is either reading or practising for Sunday services. He is up at

5 A.M. at the latest, and at work as soon as the early service is over, but whilst his hands are busy, he generally has a group of people round him, and the *real* work is going on too."

Mr and Mrs Robertson were now each year reaping more of their reward, which was the result of the training and the prayers which had been bestowed on Hali. She wrote to me:

"One day we had our lunch under the trees, near the brick-ground, to save Umfundisi the fatigue and time of coming home. Our little Tapatapa enjoys fun as much as any body, and seeing Godi up high hidden in the trees, with some of his elder little brothers, who had come to see him, she darted off to join them. Hali did not think this at all right, so he gently stopped her and said, 'Ca, a ku lungile loko' (no, that is not right), in such a low tone and so gently, that any other interference was quite uncalled for.

"Godi, you know, is not given to us like Tapatapa. No one can take her away from us, but this child, if his parents desire it, may be sent for at any time. At present they call him our child, and when they bring presents of food, his mother says it is for the Umfundisi, and she impresses upon the child that it is not his. Indeed she said one day, 'Though I am come to see my child, he is not my child, he is the child of the Umfundisi.' Hali told us that Godi had confided to him, that he meant to stay here until he was a man, and then he would go home and sit upon a log, and tell his people all about it. One good result to Hali and Billy of Godi being here, is, that they must speak Zulu to him. Hali often puts in an English word when he is talking earnestly to the people, and to Billy he said when he was roughly handling a bat he had caught and wanted to make a pet of, 'Musuku pinch' (don't pinch). It was amusing the other day to hear Godi ask Tapatapa how she came here; who went for her on a horse? He knew who had come to take him—who had come for her? She said,

'I am the child of the Inkosikazi. I live here: do you ask who I am?' From her manners we think she must be the child of some murdered Zulu chief, and little Godi is quite a gentleman. You should see him bow when he leaves the room, or anything is given him, just from watching Hali and Billy.

"We are every day looking for our old wagon lazily creeping over the tops of the hills, because of the mill which it is to bring, and which will be such a valuable addition to our comfort and even health. At present our porridge is like the crushed mealies we give to horses, and to make our bread, we pour boiling water upon the Kafir corn to soften it, after it has been crushed in the Samuelsons' nearly-done-for iron-mill. We try to be as independent of Durban as we can, but the blankets, cotton sheets, beads, &c. which are necessary for barter, make a load in themselves. We are quite pleased with a recent accomplishment we have acquired, of making our own candles. We buy the tallow of the natives, and boil it down, adding a little beeswax to harden it, which we procure from the wild bees; so we are now quite established brick-makers, builders and candle manufacturers."

But a great disappointment was awaiting them, and not the Mission party only, but also the kind friends who had hoped to add to their comfort by sending the wished-for stone mill. It had been insufficiently packed for the bad, or rather the *no*-roads it had to travel over, and in September Mr Robertson wrote to the friend who had been mainly instrumental in sending it:

"On opening the case my heart sank within me, not so much for our loss, as for the disappointment we felt sure it would be to you. The upper stone we found split in two; and all the iron-work that supports the wheel broken to pieces, rendering it, until it can be repaired, utterly unserviceable."

It is a pleasure to mention here that we have received tidings of the safe arrival of another mill, and that it was working well. Alas! too late for her comfort, for whom it was especially intended.

Mr Robertson continued his letter:

"My wife will give you an account of the great affair of the past month. Gaus, one of the greatest chiefs after the King and Ketchwayo, came to pay us a visit, and when within about half a mile from the Station, was thrown from his horse, and his arm broken. Of course I at once took him in hand, and he and his people (sometimes about 500 were in attendance, never were there fewer than 50,) were our guests for a fortnight. Now he is at his kraal, and his arm is doing very well. The gratitude of himself and his people is very touching. The King and Ketchwayo have also repeatedly sent grateful messages. As a matter of course it was attributed to witchcraft, and four people—a man, two women and a little infant—have been killed. Seven others were to have shared the same fate, but through the kindheartedness of Gaus they were spared. Do not be too much shocked at this horrible state of things; I mean do not think too badly of the people. It is not so much their fault as the fearful system under which they live. May it kindle in us a greater desire to work harder and more earnestly for the diffusion of that light which shall one day put an end to such fearful deeds of darkness. Good, I am sure, will come out of this. Our influence it certainly has increased already, whatever else may come out of it. The witch-doctors were all agreed that there is something in the country that the ancestral spirits of the Zulu nation disapprove of. They hinted that the spirits were displeased with Gaus, because he was so intimate with an Umfundisi; and finally they have come to the conclusion, that they had a kind regard for him, in causing him to meet with the accident so near to one who could cure him. How wise they are! But what of our own forefathers not so very long ago?

"I did not know personally the people who were killed. They lived about 15 miles from this. But some of Gaus's head men speaking to Usajabula about it, said, that if they had been especially friends of mine, they would not have killed them; they would have given them to me to do what I liked with. This may or may not be, but it shows the spirit that they entertain towards us, and it is something for them to feel that their evil doings even require an apology."

Mrs Robertson's account of the accident to Gaus is as follows:

"Lately we have been greatly interested in a Zulu chief of considerable influence who has been staying with us. One of his kraals is within 12 or 15 miles of us, and whenever he is staying at this kraal, he is a constant visitor here, and evinces much sympathy with all our doings, indeed we quite look upon him as a personal friend. He is a middle-aged man, with quiet dignity of manner and a very pleasing expression. He was coming to see us on Saturday, when his horse threw him within a short distance of our house, and broke his arm: his younger brother, who generally accompanies him, came in haste and distress to tell us what had happened, and Mr Robertson ran to his assistance and brought him home. It was so sad to see the expression of pain on his kind face, but otherwise he was so quiet—you could not have known his sufferings. We soon made bandages and splints, and my husband bound them on with such anxiety. We are very thankful that he wished to remain with us, and we gave him up our dining-room, at least the so-called dining-room, but which at present serves every purpose but that, until our kitchen, store-room and bed-rooms are finished. It is in the day-time a sort of housekeeper's-room, a school-room in the evening, and then our children's sleeping-room. He was afraid of stooping so low as the entrance of a hut would require, or even to lie on the ground, and used a sort of couch all the time he was with us. It was a most interesting time to us,

and we had no disagreeable inconvenience from the crowd of Zulus who came from all parts of the country to visit him. Our lawn has been covered with the spears, shields and sleeping-mats of the different regiments and companies that have come to pay their respects to him; but it was all so orderly—only the leading men were admitted to his presence, and the others were seated in groups about. The King and Ketchwayo sent several times to enquire for him, and each time an especial earnest message to my husband not to let him be removed until he thought fit; his own people wished so much to have him home, and Gaus himself, not wishing to go, had been obliged often to send for Mr Robertson and Usajabula and Heber to fight his battle for him. Ketchwayo's people said that when he heard of Gaus being with us, he sent to some white gentlemen to enquire if our Umfundisi were a skilful surgeon, and being assured that he was the most able man in the country, it was his express wish that he should remain here. We are quite at a loss to know how he has acquired such a reputation, as he only set two limbs before, and one of those was in Natal: but we were very thankful at anything that brought us nearer to the people, and I only wish I were well enough to tell you all the striking scenes it introduced us to. His room opened into the same verandah as our own, which enabled us to see all. Many great chiefs came to condole with him. His sisters from Panda's court were received with great ceremony, a mat being spread near his couch, and no one attempting to approach it, though the room was full. Another sister came also, one of Panda's queens, and she was accompanied by one of the king's sons and many attendants, bearing their travelling paraphernalia. It is not etiquette to mention the name of a prince in his presence, and he is introduced as 'the son of the King.' His name was whispered to me. The Queen is a very handsome person, but not by any means so pleasing as our good Gaus, her brother. They were both very friendly, and pleased that my niece should play to them some of Gaus's favourites, when he very politely begged her

to do so. Whenever such visits occurred, one of his chief attendants whom we called the 'chamberlain' and the 'speaker,'—he having so much to do as master of the ceremonies,—came to announce them to us, and begged us to come, as they wished to thank us for our care of Gaus. Once there came an express from the King to thank us each individually: indeed, during the whole fortnight he was with us, our quiet home became more like a large military kraal. So many people came, they consumed more food than the nearest kraals could give them; they were obliged to go six miles or more only for a few boiled mealies. It speaks something for the kindly spirit in which they lived with us, that our dog, a great favourite with all the Zulus, accompanied them, and they told us with distress that they could not get him to share their food, though they crushed the mealies for him. He is a very savage dog to strangers, but soon became friends with them, which made them very fond of him. A kraal very near us, and in some way connected with Gaus, soon heard of the accident, and a party of women came in great sorrow —some were in tears, and the first smile we saw on his suffering countenance was to cheer them, and tell them in a kind humorous way 'he was not dying.' Two days afterwards an ox was sent from this kraal, with such a touching speech, that 'it was the ox of tears, not of rejoicing;' it was sent to supply food for the people, and there was a good deal of ceremony in receiving it—such a fine creature, we were quite sorry for its approaching fate. It was sent away to the kraal where some of his people were staying, and the next day those who had been feasted sent one of their party to make a speech of thanks to Gaus. These speeches are called 'Isibonga,' and they were always made in a full, loud, rich tone of voice on the lawn, so that they might reach their poor chief in his sick room. Mr Robertson told me that when the Zulus heard some of the psalms chanted in their own language, it reminded them of their 'Isibonga,' or thanks and praises to their earthly chiefs. The sad part of this accident was, the realizing the hold witchcraft has

upon them, and their thorough belief in it. A man cannot die, or suffer any evil, but from some evil influence of the Abatakati, and such a great man as Gaus could not meet with this injury without an Umtakati specially designing it. But the most extraordinary part of it was, that the accused man confessed it, and named several others who were implicated in it. He was not a man of good character, and had long been accused of bad feeling towards Gaus, which no doubt guided the doctors to condemn him. Gaus had always refused to believe the accusations against him. One of our own people who was searching for stray cattle, met the poor victim as he was being conducted to Gaus's land for execution, and described him as walking, apparently at ease, before his captors, talking in a loud tone, telling them what he had done, and naming others who had joined him. Two of his wives had been also accused, and were to be killed. One poor mother had a young infant on her back, which they did not kill, but just left it to die. It seems almost too horrible to tell you that the poor mother revived at night from the blows which were thought to have killed her. When we heard of the poor babe left there, my husband planned to have it found and to bring it up here, but the next morning we heard of the poor woman's awakening, and that she had hidden the child and gone some distance. She was obliged to stop at a kraal to beg for food, and here she was detained. They were kind to her, but would not allow her to leave; if they had aided her, their whole kraal would have been destroyed by the King. A condemned 'Umtakati' is looked upon as a condemned criminal is in civilized countries. They sent to Gaus the next morning, and as she was believed to be the worst of all the three, I am afraid there was very small hope for her.

"Can you imagine anything more dreadful, the sacrifice of four lives because one man fell from his horse? I hope you will not be repulsed by the cruelty and superstition of these ignorant people, and we may hope that the light is beginning to shine which shall clear away the dark-

ness. You could not think Gaus a cruel man. On the contrary, he seems most gentle and kindhearted. He was so fond of all the children, and pleased with our care of them. He interested himself in all our doings. He quite enjoyed music in the evenings, and when he heard the harmonium, would send to beg for some favourite pieces to be played again. Those he liked best were 'God save the Queen,' and the 'Dead March in Saul.' His brothers, who are much younger than himself, were so watchful over him and attentive to his wishes: nothing could be more pleasing than their intercourse with each other and with ourselves.

"Gaus himself said, that being under my husband's roof was like being at a brother's kraal, and a very kind brother who loved him specially. The last evening he came into our sitting-room to hear his favourite pieces, and then he told us how much he should remember us in his home, in such a quiet, gentle, truthful manner. He wished us all to come and see him, and could scarcely understand that it was a longer ride than I could manage: but we promised that my niece should go. It was decided for him to walk home, as we feared the wagon, and he could not mount a horse; and it was quite with regret that we watched him with his long train of people winding their way over the hill. The wagon took his couch which he still required, and my husband accompanied him to take care of him by the way, and to be there with a saw to enlarge the entrance of his hut. Gaus's people were rejoiced to welcome him back, and my husband has been visiting him constantly since, always being received most gratefully and warmly—Gaus rejoicing to tell him what confidence the King and Ketchwayo have in him, and that messengers arrived as soon as they knew of his return, begging him still to be entirely guided by the Umfundisi; adding that he had never known them show such respect to any one before. At another time he said, 'I always knew how much you were liked at Kwamagwaza, but now every one knows you and loves you.' All this we treasure

with deep thankfulness: it seems like a new blessing given us on our work in bringing them nearer to us.

"We often hear encouraging things through our own Christians. Christina has often heard the people exclaim, 'Why does the King send us such an Umfundisi that we must love, when he would punish us if we belonged to him?' and Lydia told us she heard some of Gaus's people say that everybody would like to stay here if it were not for fear of their chiefs. One great friend of ours, Umaigani, whom we have often told you about, a superior man and much looked up to by the Zulus themselves, said to our children, 'Am not I one of Umfundisi's people? Do not I like to hear what he teaches? I do not dress like you because it is not the custom of my people, and I must obey my chief, but I do pray and wish to learn.' His wife is as nice as himself, and she has attached herself to us and often pays us a visit, and has confided to us her wish that one of her children, a little girl of six or seven, should live here and be taught. When Gaus was with us, he heard the bell ringing for school, and asked me where I was going. I told him we taught the children in the afternoon. It was Sunday. His face quite beamed with pleasure as he said, 'That is good work, a nice work.' Every visit my husband paid him at his own home he inquired for each of the children by name. The visit this week was a very pleasant one, as the bandages were to be changed, and the arm was so well, he found he had the entire use of it so far as he was permitted to try it, to the joy of every one present. Mr R— described it as being most exciting, as he gradually unrolled the bandages and removed the splints. It was all watched with such intense interest until the arm made its appearance like any other arm. There was a simultaneous shout of gladness, and Gaus himself is so happy and thankful. Since that he has sent over his brother to tell us that he is able now to go into any of his huts.

"But now I must tell you a little more about the arrival of the wagon, which to us here is always a great

event, and it was a more than usually exciting one to our little ones, as one of the little boys whom we used to have at the Umlazi, Charlie Heber, was returning to us with it; and as he is Hali's cousin, Hali was promised a horse to ride to meet him, the others all running as fast as their little feet would carry them, and within half a mile of home we saw it creeping along as African wagons do. Heber, Charlie's father, had anticipated us, and we met him walking beside the wagon hand in hand with his little boy. Charlie's large bright eyes dilated with joy as he saw his old playfellow, and he held out his arms to receive his little brother Georgie, who was riding before my niece. Presently he was beside Hali chatting away, and they paired off, lost to everything else. The beautiful tent is come, and we thank you so much. Of course we pitched it at once.

"*Sept.* 16*th*. We have lately had a comfort in Tobi: you remember her as the lone woman who attached herself to Umfundisi soon after our coming. A long time ago she installed herself in Mam's (the Hottentot woman's) hut, and made it her own work to keep the church neat, but she has had a great prejudice against actually clothing herself like our other women, although she did so partially to satisfy our wishes, and Umfundisi had advised me not to urge it too much at first. Now she has come to beg me to make her a dress like the rest, and she appeared at church two Sundays back neatly dressed, to the surprise and joy of all our Christians. She is quite an original, and when she came to beg me to dress her, it was somewhat in the form of a lecture for not doing it sooner. You could quite see it was to hide a deeper feeling, for the tears were in her eyes the first day the dress was completed. She made the broom she uses for the church herself, and she makes me keep it, with strict injunctions that it is to be used for no other purpose."

These gleams of light and hope were too often succeeded by the dark traits of heathenism, which

were appearing at almost every turn in the Missionaries' life.

I must remind my readers of the mottoes at the beginning of this Chapter, and if those who have their faith and patience daily tried do not lose hope, surely we at home ought to pray for a likeminded spirit, and that the hands of the Missionaries may be strengthened, and their efforts blessed.

To my sister in Natal Mrs Robertson wrote in October:

"Those lines you quoted, dearest Alice, are very marked ones in my *Christian Year*, for they have your brother's mark. He once used my book for several months, and those marks of his are so precious. Our work must be full of care, our strength and hope is that we too may 'look to heaven and sigh.' If we might not cast our care upon Him, it would be such a toiling in the night without hope. We have had lately to realize very painfully the sad state of things in this heathen land. I was one day at lessons with the children, when Umdwendwe, one of our first friends on coming here, came into the room with two medicine bottles which he wished to return. He is very fond of watching the children, and stayed chatting, but there was something in his countenance which made me ask if they were all well at home. He said, 'No, nothing is well at home,' that he was in great trouble, and that the Abantu (people) wished to kill him. I could not believe it, and thought he was only speaking figuratively, as they so often do, but I saw something was wrong, and proposed that he should talk with Umfundisi. At first my husband thought as I did, that he was only in some common trouble, but he was soon convinced that our good Umdwendwe was in danger of his life. You ought to know him as we do to realize the horror of such a thought; he is such a good father and husband, and he has not only been a constant attendant at our Sunday services since we

came, but he has often sought Umfundisi to converse with him privately. He has such a bright expression of genuine goodness you must trust him from the very first, and his manner about holy things is so reverential. It was he who gave thanks to God for food at home, after he saw Umfundisi do so, and who with Umaigani sent us mealies when we first came in a year of famine, and almost saved us from starvation. They spared us out of their own need. He lives about two miles from this, but he has always considered himself as belonging to Umfundisi, and he often shoots for us, and has always clothed himself since we first gave him a shirt. His wives and children are constantly coming and bringing us presents of pumpkins, or mealies or amasi, and they are a most united family. I must now tell you the cause of his trouble.

"He has a young brother of about 16, who three years ago was living with the Prince Umahama. Every prince has a certain number of kraals which owe him service, perhaps because they are related to his mother, or simply because they have been given to him. The kraals of Umdwendwe, Umaigani, and Ungiza belong to Umahama. One day Umdwendwe's young brother, Usiguba, had the misfortune when giving the Prince some water to drink, to let a leaf fall into it, which he swallowed. He threatened to kill the poor boy at once, and there was a great 'indaba' made of it, but Umdwendwe and some other influential Zulus interfered to show that it was an accident, and that therefore he ought not to be killed.

"Some time after this the same boy was sent to order a young girl in the service of the Prince to grind him some snuff, which he was to bring back. The girl refused to grind it, and the Prince was so enraged with him for coming back without it that he tried to kill him, but he ran away to one of his own people's kraals some distance from Kwamagwaza, where Umfundisi chanced to go shortly afterwards. This was about two years ago. The boy came home with him, and has either been working for us or staying at home with his father, but there has been great

resentment about it at the Prince's kraal. Quite lately the Queen his mother in passing Umdwendwe's kraal slept there, and used very threatening language about the boy, and the punishment which should come on his people for protecting him.

"Another tyrannical custom of the Princes has caused Umdwendwe great trouble. Any young girls that they or their people wish for, are ordered to come and live at their kraals, and there they must remain until they do not care for them, or else they are given to be wives to some one who has plenty of cattle, and, whether they like it or not, these men must receive them, and pay the cattle demanded. For some time past every effort has been made to get possession of two of Umdwendwe's daughters for this Prince, but their father is most averse to parting with them. This of course has increased the irritation against him, and now two people of the Prince's kraal having died, they accuse an 'Umtakati' of having caused the deaths. The doctors are inquired of, and all Umdwendwe's people say they are sure he will be the victim. It is always kept a secret who the accused is, until he is surprised one morning in his own hut by an ambush, that have come in the night, who surround his hut, and either kill him on the spot, or lead him away to the supposed place of his evil influence. The Prince had sent to take all his cattle from him which had been under Umdwendwe's care, and his people were saying at all the neighbouring kraals that this and that man was suspected, carefully avoiding Umdwendwe's name, which all look upon as a sure sign he will be the accused. He is advised by every one to escape to Natal, as the only means of saving his life, and that day he had quite made up his mind to do so.

"Umfundisi advised him strongly to apply to Ketchwayo, and offered to do so himself, but he did not then consider he had sufficient proof to produce, and it might only cut off his chance of escape. The next day, however, came an angry message from the Prince taking the rest of the cattle away from Umaigani and Ungiza's kraals, for not

joining in the inquiry that was being made of the doctors about the death of his relations. Umaigani is as close a friend of ours as dear old Umdwendwe, and he has great influence amongst the Zulus as a good and just man. He came to talk with Umfundisi about it, and he has determined to go to Ketchwayo, my husband promising to use his influence with him to prevent such a sacrifice of life. Meantime, his poor wives are in great anxiety. One poor thing came to me on Saturday, looking so sorrowful. She seemed to find comfort in talking to me. She has two young children, both of them babies, and she says, 'How can I escape with both of them out of the country?' If Umdwendwe has to go, he is most anxious to take his whole family with him, and especially his grown-up daughters, whom the Prince has cast his eyes upon.

"The last case of death as 'Abatakati' was when Gaus fell from his horse. Some witchery certainly caused it, and a man and his two wives were destroyed. A young babe on its mother's back was left to die. The whole kraal would have been destroyed, but Gaus interceded for them. It makes one sad to indignation to see such a fine manly person as our Umdwendwe, so full of energy and good feeling and so thoroughly good and kind, thus sacrificed. Both he and his wives have told me at different times what comfort they felt in the thought that we were praying for them. All the people express such gratitude to Umfundisi for his advice and sympathy, and it is one source of comfort to us that they do look on us as friends in their hour of need.

"Dearest Alice, can we wonder at the trials and anxieties we encounter, with those under teaching in trying to raise them in social life, when we realize the state of degradation they are in? I often look at Christina with surprise when I think that a few years ago she was a refugee from this country. With all her shortcomings and infirmities, still what a different creature she is from the girls here. Not that I think they are worse here than in Natal; I believe there is here more of the sanctity of domestic life.

They are not married at the will of their parents. Perhaps there is a general order given by the King that certain regiments at a certain age are to marry, and the young girls of such and such an age are to be married. Their choice is not consulted, but the father in Zululand, instead of being the oppressor, is often the protector. This order was given last year as a jubilee on the coming of age of Ketchwayo; it is not frequent, but the great evil is the way in which young girls are claimed by the princes. I am afraid to say how many girls are at Ketchwayo's different kraals. Their life is a most oppressed one, and many try to run away to Natal, at the risk of their lives if they are retaken, which is often the case. And we can do so little but sympathise with them, and teach them God's will so far as they can accept it.

"There are two kraals we know of where they do pray with their families, and come regularly for religious teaching and to worship; but the whole country is so pervaded with superstition and tyranny and cruelty, it sometimes seems appalling, especially when we have to realize it as now. At other times there is such a cordial friendliness amongst them all, and outwardly their lives are so simple and pastoral and quiet, that it seems hopeful ground to work upon.

"Since I began this letter, a message has been sent to a man who has been herding our cattle, that his father and eldest brother have been killed as 'Abatakati.' The doctors, who seem to be the cause of so much bloodshed, themselves say it is the people who will have it so. Umfundisi has often quiet talks with one of some reputation in this neighbourhood whom we know quite well, and he laments the evil state of things, and says he is consulted to gratify the private malice of individuals, and would lose his life if he did not fulfil his office. They look upon themselves as instruments for power in the hands of the chiefs, yet with all this they lament with the people the insecurity of their lives, and the cruelty of their system. There is such a deep superstition in all the nation. All believe

in witchcraft, from Ketchwayo to the humblest of his subjects. Ketchwayo is extremely superstitious. Gaus was quite sure that the witchcraft which caused his fall from his horse, would have caused him some other injury had he not come to us on that day; but in his case there was no malice; he was not inclined to believe that the accused man had any evil feelings towards him, but his young men, his soldiers, did, and would gladly have obeyed Ketchwayo's orders that the whole kraal should be destroyed.

"It is sometimes with almost a faithless, hopeless feeling one says, 'When will the true Light shine that shall drive the darkness away?' Then, in spite of our own weakness and littleness, compared with the greatness of the evil, comes the remembrance, 'He sent them two and two into all places and villages whither He Himself would come.' If we are *sent*, we may hope."

Writing on the same subject to me, Mr Robertson said:

"It is fearful to think of the numbers of people who are annually put to death as witches, men and women, guilty of no crimes whatsoever in most cases. A daughter, a good garden ground, a few cattle coveted by some one else, being the chief causes. That in *every* case there is collusion between the people and the witch-doctor there is not the least doubt. You have heard of Umdwendwe's trouble. I was taking a journey on his behalf, and on the way had very nearly met with an accident. I rode Spring—so called after your brother's horse in Natal. He is one of the best of his race, powerful and fleet, but at the same time so gentle that a child may do anything with him. You may fire a gun from his back, or slip off by his tail, or do any thing with him. On the day in question the road often took me round the head of deep gullies, and in passing one of them suddenly the ground gave way beneath us. Spring gave one plunge, and held on to the bank with his knees, where he remained as quiet as if nothing were

wrong. In a moment I was off; as soon as he was disengaged from my weight, he rolled head over heels into the hole below. He was actually on his back, with his feet up in the air. Had he been nervous, or I unable to disengage myself from him, I should certainly have been hurt. It all happened in a moment. The road was very horrible.

"Eight Amatonga men arrived on Saturday last, so I am well off. They are a very docile teachable race. I wish very much we might have a good mission in their country. I am assured that one would be well received; I have had a present of ten skins sent me from their chief. There is a healthy ridge between them and the Amaswazi nation and abutting upon Zululand, which would be just the place for one. It would in fact be a central Mission for the three countries. The Amatonga are great traders, and dreadfully fond of money. They will do almost anything for it. Their songs are about money.

"It is most interesting to read of Bishop Patteson's work. What we want is, I believe, a modification of the monastic system; a bishop with his staff of clergy and artizans, &c. Their great object ought to be to live simply by their own labour, as nearly as possible, and the products of the country. I am striving with all my might by planting, raising cattle, &c., to bring about so desirable a result here. Our *first* beginnings have been very small, and we have not as yet much to shew, but if it please God to spare and bless us, even our small beginnings, like the tiny spark we read of, will one day appear. I am so anxious to have a good bishop over us."

Will he ever have one? God grant it, is the prayer of many. In the next letter we have an account of a visit paid to Zulu royalty. Mr R. wrote to me on the 7th of November:

"I am just returned from a most pleasant and satisfactory visit of a week to King Panda. It is about a year since I was at Kanodwengu, and he has repeatedly sent

messages saying how much he liked to see me, but I put off going until now, sometimes on account of other engagements, and partly on account of the expense, for such visits cannot be paid without to a certain extent incurring that. It is a custom of the land, and though there is also a custom that a return should be made, that part is often forgotten. On Monday week a messenger arrived from the King to call me, having directions to accept no excuse, but to stay here until he *brought* me.

"After so urgent an appeal I could not but go. I reached Kanodwengu in the evening, and saw the King next day, being very kindly received by him. He asked me many questions about Natal affairs, and about the English and other tribes across the sea, and I gave him a long account of England's greatness, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and the American war, interspersing the whole with such remarks as I hoped would lead the minds of him and of the other great men present aright. After this he scolded me gently for visiting him so seldom. I had a number of excuses ready. When I mentioned that we were often short of boys, and that it was difficult to find baggage-carriers, he raised himself up, for he had been resting, and said, 'Where is Unhlongolwana, the Induna of Kwamagwaza? Has he no boys? Why do you not get boys from him?' I replied that he and all his people were very kind, and that his young men often worked for us, but that often, as at present, they had their own work to attend to, and could not. He replied, 'When you want to come here, they must put their own work on one side. You may call them whenever you want them.' For this I thanked him. I must here state, once for all, that in relating a conversation with the King, or Ketchwayo, I cannot do so literally, but am rather conveying the sense. I have now perfectly mastered the Zulu mode of address, and practise it. Every sentence then contains some such epithet as the following, History of enemies, Tiger, black Tiger, Lion, Father, &c., which would sound rather strange in English. These are nothing more than

titles of honour and respect, and my using them adds to their estimation of me. I overheard them praising me for it, and remarking that no other white man did so. After about an hour's chat I visited the princesses, who are always delighted to see me, especially Ubatonyile, Umkungo's sister. They were full of inquiries for the ladies; why did I leave them behind? Then I went to my hut, and was soon followed by a fat sheep which was killed. I meant to have returned home next day, but the King would not let me go. He sent me a leg of beef, and I had interviews with the Princes Uhamo and Umsutu. The Pongolo grant for a Station is in Uhamo's district, and he says he will be very glad to see us, and to help me to pick out a good spot. God grant that the men and the means may soon be forthcoming for that most important post. If we ever have a bishop, I think he ought to be there. It will be a point of departure for the Amatonga and Amaswazi nations, and for the little Dutch settlement beyond the Blood river, which last Uhamo told me is only half a day's ride from his kraal.

"When I told the King I had come to say Good bye, he made me a present of three beautiful fat rams, and told me to come back again next moon. Ubatonyile added I must not come alone. The King is a dreadful sufferer from gout, and one object of my visit was to administer to him for that, which I have done with partial success. All his joints, every one of them, are affected. It is rather tedious work however to doctor him, as he must first go to sleep and dream of the medicine before taking it. Nothing can be done without that."

A few days after, the letter was ended at Kwamagwaza, with the melancholy tidings that both his horses were dead. Mrs Robertson wrote to me:

"The visit to the King was a very hopeful one, but the happiness was overclouded by the loss of both our horses, which were quite friends, Spring especially. I never see Umfundisi's broken gun, which fell with Spring down the

precipice, without warm love for the animal, who in God's watchful care over our dear Umfundisi was made his preserver. Both Kanodwengu and Ondine are fevery bad places for horses, but by avoiding the sickly season we had taken them hitherto with impunity. This year it seems to have begun unusually early.

"I am so glad to tell you that Umdwendwe's case is settled for the present. His neighbours fortunately were so faithful and true to him, that his enemies were obliged to give way. Next time Umfundisi goes to Kanodwengu, Umdwendwe means to accompany him. As soon as it was settled favourably, he hastened to us with such a different expression, so bright and happy, and in his beautiful untranslatable Zulu said, 'With such a glad heart I must come before the Lord to-morrow' (Sunday).

"We have paid such an enjoyable visit to our friend Gaus at his kraal. Having the wagon and the tent we all went, and eleven of the children. Our hearty welcome was most cheering, and we remained two nights. The scenery is exquisite; we found most beautiful ferns, which in going to a distant and lovely waterfall we lost, all but one. We visited Gaus in state in his largest hut, a most symmetrical one. You do not see such in Natal. The rods were so close, and tied so neatly, that my husband said he could not put his knife between them, and the floor was shining. We had a mat on one side with the chief, but he allowed no one else to sit near us, motioning every one who entered to the other side. Then he thanked us for all we had done for him, and expressed himself most affectionately, saying it always made his heart glad to remember us. After this he paid us a state visit at the tent, and was very kind to the children. We had intended to stay only one day, but he would not hear of our going away, and it was so pleasant we were not sorry to agree. I had not left home for considerably more than a year."

In the beginning of December Mr Robertson paid

a most interesting visit to the King at Kanodwengu, where he witnessed the great annual dance, and (what may be considered) some religious rites, practised by a people whose organization obviously vibrates between that of the Negro and the Arab; and I may mention here that some of the ceremonies and words in use among the Zulus point to a similar conclusion. The very name by which they are generally called—Kafirs—which means literally, unbelievers in the doctrines of Mahomet, is a term of constant occurrence among the Arabs.

Mr Robertson was sent for by the King to visit one of his daughters, who was thought to have broken her arm. He writes:

"On December 2nd I started with the wagon to see what I could do for the poor princess, being accompanied by John Adams, Dabankulu, Hali, Billy, Charlie and Godi. I did not leave home with a light heart. My wife was ill, and much work must be retarded by my absence. We reached Kanodwengu in the afternoon of the next day, and were welcomed by Umasipula, who drove with us in the wagon to the top of the kraal where I was to stay, that I might be near my patient. I paid her a visit, and found that the arm was not broken, but partially dislocated at the elbow. One of the bones of the forearm had been forced out of its place by her having fallen on her hand. The bone had been replaced by a Norwegian mechanic, who had bound up the arm. I tried to induce her to bend the elbow and place the arm in a sling, but she would not, keeping it out straight. She promised however to try the sling in a day or two.

"In the evening I had numerous visitors, and next morning the Princes Uhamo and Umsutu came to see me. They sent us presents of beef and beer and amasi. I found it rather difficult to keep the children from romping too much. It is very well for them to sit still a little

while, but for a long time it is trying, so after making them read for an hour, I made them dance a Kwamagwaza Highland Fling, while I whistled, 'My love she's but a lassie yet.' This turned out to be a great hit, for we had soon an admiring audience of princesses and their attendants, who were extremely amused. Hali with his long legs did not keep time, and they noticed it.

"In the evening I had a long talk with Uhamo, and afterwards with Umasipula, about a young man named Usibopo, whose life is in danger. He wanted him to come and see him, but I know Usibopo will be afraid to do that, though I am assured he will not be killed. I spoke very strongly of the wrong doings in Zululand, and told him that the real witches were those who wished to live alone and to drive away his people. 'Was there ever a chief seen without people?' &c., to all which he assented, and we parted most cordially, Umasipula saying he would talk with me on the same subject next day. I also spoke to him about having orphans assigned to me, and received his permission to broach the subject to the King.

"Two days after was the commencement of the great annual dance, and in the morning the King's hand-carriage was had out, and after a great deal of shouting and noise, about 3000 men assembled in the great kraal, and went through their dances and other exercises before the King. It was a very interesting sight, and one almost impossible to describe to those who have not seen it. Much the same or more difficult than it would be to describe to a Highland company of shepherds a glorious musical festival. The words, generally speaking, have little meaning, but one of their songs was in derision of the Natal Kafirs:

'The Natal people have no King,
They eat salt,
To any tag rag white man they say,
Your Excellency.
Chorus. Ho! Ho! Ho!'

"After each song, those soldiers who had signalized

themselves came out of the ranks and cut their capers, amidst the praises and laughter of their companions. Sometimes they looked extremely savage, and pretended to despatch a foe, and one very muscular, tall, well-made fellow elicited great praise by jumping from the ranks, and, with legs distended as far as it was possible to do so, by a series of bounds coming close up to what I may call the royal carriage. I don't think any English mountebank could have performed the feat. The King was much pleased with our children, and he sent me an ox to take home with me, and a leg of beef for present use, but with an intimation that I must not go home yet. At the dance this morning a dwarf figured conspicuously, and the King, who is full of humour and fond of a joke, has found a wife to match him. The measurement of the two does not, I am sure, exceed 8 feet, but they have two of the prettiest children I have seen for a long time. A white trader had offered the King a good round sum if he would allow him to take them to Natal (very likely this meant England) to be exhibited, but, happily for them, the King would not hear of it. There were frequent demands upon the dancing and singing powers of our little boys.

"In the evening I had a long talk with Umasipula, and as Dabankulu belongs to his tribe, I took him with me. Umasipula was offended at my having gone to Ketchwayo about Dabankulu's baptism, before going to him; and from the derisive way in which he spoke to Dabankulu, I suspect that had I done so, his fate would have been far otherwise than it is. I determined to see him alone next day, and try to shew him that Christianity will not deteriorate his subjects, but on the other hand, will make them much more faithful and true. Oh that God would incline the hearts of the rulers of the people to better things!

"The next day—Sunday—was a fearfully hot day. Several regiments were reviewed, and we had in consequence but a poor congregation, not above 50, the others making one excuse or another for not attending. Those who did come seemed really interested, and I explained

what was the real object of the missionary in coming among them. I longed for a small bell or a gong to call the people together, for they would soon learn they will not be waited for after the second ring. I always feel as if it were a disrespect to the service of God to *wait* for the people to come, but I am not satisfied about the rightness of this. It was a most oppressive day, but a thunder-storm cleared the air.

"In the afternoon detachments from the seven regiments arrived, amounting to about 4000 men, and a great dance took place. After a time a large black bull with sharp pointed horns was driven into the midst of them. The people rushed, some seizing it by the tail, others by the legs, others by the horns or the head, and having thrown it on its back, dragged it—sometimes actually carrying it for a distance of about half a mile—into the cattle kraal at the head of the parade-ground, when it was dispatched by cutting the spinal marrow in the neck. After this the state doctor cut open its stomach, and extracted certain portions, which were burnt in a crucible with a number of medicinal herbs, to be administered medically (perhaps it would be more proper to say religiously) to the King. The whole was then burnt with fire along with a goat. The wood with which these animals were burnt was brought by the soldiers in the morning, each carrying one stick and throwing it into the enclosure as he marched past. During all this time the troops were assembling, marching up and down the great enclosure. At length the King made his appearance, and they all formed in line in front of him. Some speeches were made, and then the King was wheeled close up to the smoking bull, when the doctors and great men administered the powder from the crucible, rubbing it upon the King's person, and upon an old spear, the blade of which was a yard long, and always used on these occasions. A decoction of bitter herbs was also made, which the King took into his mouth and squirted in all directions. Then he was supplied with sea-water, which he sprinkled upon the soldiers near, and a young

pumpkin was brought to him, with which he struck the shield of one of his great men. After being cooked with medicinal herbs, the pumpkin was administered to the King, and then the bull and the goat were finally consumed by fire. All this time the troops were chanting their songs outside, and when the ceremony was over, all dispersed, and the King returned to his hut. Before prayers in the evening I had a refreshing talk with Dabankulu, whom I believe to be thoroughly in earnest. His confession before Umasipula, his chief, was a test of his sincerity. God grant that others may follow his example!

"Next day I was visited by one of the princesses, Utandile, the meaning of whose name is 'she has loved.' She was the only one of the royal family at the service on Sunday, and she came to say she liked the hymn so much that she wished to hear it again, so we sang it for her benefit, and explained the meaning. I liked her much, and she said, as I believe sincerely, that she wished much to serve God. Poor girls! their life is but a miserable one after all, fed like the beasts of the stall, and not allowed to marry, although some are between thirty and forty years of age. Any departure from virtue is visited upon them with death, while all around them unbounded license reigns. There was another thunder-storm to-day, and one of the people said, 'We are so afraid of the thunder; we always pray to God when it thunders.' Simple words, but I believe them to be true, and they give a hope that when the day comes and the door is opened for them, our work shall not be unfruitful.

"Next morning before I was up a great sound of singing was heard. This proceeded from a large body of men, each carrying a branch of a tree, which he threw down in a heap for the use of the King's blacksmiths. There are two with about half-a-dozen attendants, constantly at work, early and late, making bracelets of copper or iron. They are both of them intelligent old fellows. The King has sent me constantly presents of beef, and all regret that I must leave them. 'We shall be so lonely when you are

gone,' was said over and over again by the princesses, who have been constantly about the wagon. It is very cheering to see how my visits here are appreciated.

"Our children danced, and sang their rounds, and I ended by singing some hymns, and 'God save the Queen.' The princesses, when they left us, made me a present of a young ox. A number of girls were this day dressed as boys, and herding the cattle. This is done annually at this time of the year. The tradition is, that once upon a time a young lady descended from Heaven, and told the people to do so. Another account is, that the young lady grew out of the grass, and another that she appeared in a mist. I had a long talk with the people who came to the wagon about their customs, founding lessons upon some of them. They tell me that far beyond the Amaswazi country, where they have never been, there lives a tribe governed by a woman with four breasts. I have heard of this before from the natives, and the fact of the female ruler is confirmed by white traders. They also believe that in the same neighbourhood people die and come to life again. It is quite natural that an ignorant people should have exaggerated, wild ideas of the vast unknown beyond them. Perhaps they may be remains of traditions their forefathers brought with them from these regions.

"Next morning, though we made an early start on our return home, a number of people were up to see us off. Several of the princesses came to bid us good bye. I have had many interesting talks with Prince Uhamo. He is very kind and respectful, and wishes much to see us at the Pongolo. He made quite a joke of it, saying, I had talked about it very long, quite long enough. Oh, how I shall rejoice when the talking is done, and we come to doing. He told us that there was a pleasant place at an easy distance from his great kraal, and lots of fine trees; which on inquiry I found to be of the valuable kinds. He sent me a message after I had started, to say that there were some sheep at a kraal near the Black Umfolosi, which he means to give me. It is very gratifying and encouraging to see

these great men so kind. God grant that we may be enabled to improve opportunities so good. I am told that Uhamo is considered the richest man in Zululand in sheep and goats, his country being peculiarly adapted to them. Altogether this has been a most happy visit. It has cost me £6 in presents, but the two oxen I received have amply repaid it. I am thankful to God for all His mercies, and especially that He should so incline the hearts of this people towards us.

"We reached Gaus's kraal in the evening, where we were hospitably welcomed, and courteously as in Spain, where they are said to greet a stranger with the words, 'Walk in, Sir, it is your own house.' Next morning we passed the kraal of Godi's father. I am thankful to say he has overcome his enemies who wished to destroy him. Ketchwayo after hearing the case, told him to go home and sleep; no one should disturb him. When I reached home I was thankful to find my wife, though still poorly, better than when I left."

One of the remaining events of the year was, their faithful old watch-dog Bruce being seized by a tiger in the kitchen, where he was asleep. Though badly wounded he drove it away. The instinct of danger made the calves cry out in their house, though it was all right with them. Mr Robertson's skill as a physician and surgeon brought patients to him from great distances, and much quinine, rhubarb, jalap, calomel, &c. were administered; but these, though a great expense, were freely given in the hope of doing good. The great people generally presented him with an ox or a cow, and the poorer would occasionally bring mealies in payment, and the doctoring led to more intimate intercourse, and to talks on the health of the soul.

Christmas Day was a beautiful one, and the home-

anthem was sung, "Hark, the herald angels sing." The wagon arrived from Durban the last day of the year, with only half a load—the roads were so slippery—and, as the journal records, "alas! no shoes." A Hottentot man, very like John Adams, came with it, who begged that he might remain and get religious teaching. Mr Robertson at first said he could not receive him, he had so many depending upon him, but Tom, as he was called, refused to go, saying, "I can work and do anything for you; I only want my food and my clothes;" so he was added to the Mission party, and Mr Robertson wrote to me: "He is worth his weight in gold to me, quiet and diligent at his work, and very diligent at his book, never having learned anything before."

I will end the story of this year by giving extracts from two letters written by Billy and Hali to kind friends in Scotland:

LETTER FROM BILLY.

"My dear Miss ——, I never wrote a letter to go by the post before. You have sent us so many books and nice pictures. We are so fond of looking at your pictures in Mrs Robertson's grand book. Yesterday we had a long walk, but we had pony and Lily too. Hali rides best. We are afraid of pony. We crossed two rivers, and Lily's foalie did jump over a ditch. Good-bye, Miss ——. This is from Billy."

LETTER FROM HALI.

"Dear Miss ——, we have been so glad. Umfundisi took us all to see a chief called Gaus. His kraal is one trek off. He is so kind, he gave us a sheep to eat and plenty amasi. Mr Robertson took the grand new tent for Mrs R——. It is such a pretty tent, quite as good as a

hut, and so much higher; Umfundisi need not bend at all. Gaus gave Umfundisi a large cow to thank him for mending his arm.

"Please 'bonela' Master Jack, and Billy, and Charlie, and Johnnie 'konzela' you. P.S. 'Bonela' means 'see for,' used as we would send greeting through another. 'Konzela,' the same, only used to chiefs or superiors."

CHAPTER X.

1864.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."—REVELATION xiv. 13.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.... and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

REVELATION vii. 16, 17.

Safe in His hand—
His pierced hand! we leave her there,
And pray for grace to follow her
Whither she beckons—on, and up,
Upwards—from earth its transient hopes,
Fears, joys and love—points to the throne
Round which the Risen Saviour garners all His own.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Though like a wanderer
(The sun gone down,)
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way
O Teach me from my heart to say—
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
"Thy will be done!"

I NOW enter on the last year of Mrs Robertson's life, *that* life which seemed so valuable and so necessary to the Mission; to her husband, whose health, never strong, so often required her careful nursing, to the women and children, and to the morals of all on the Mission premises. There is so much that can only be done properly by a woman and a lady, in teaching and caring for the heathen, that our faith is tried when she is taken, upon whom so much depended; but let us remember who has said, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways;" and let us strive and pray that her work and love may be made up to all who mourn her departure, in some way that now we see not, believing in God that He can and will bring good out of what to human eyes seems so sad and lamentable. But I must proceed to the few remaining events of the Mission, and I will begin with this letter from the dear lady to me, written in January, 1864:

"We are quite crowded with people, who now come to Umfundisi from all parts, and it is not the least interesting or hopeful part of his work. The other day a poor man was carried thirty miles from Kanodwengu with compound fracture of the leg, a week after the accident. The wound was in such a frightful state, we had scarcely any thought of his recovery, but he has been with us nearly a fortnight, and Umfundisi has hopes of him. He requires his atten-

tion four times a day. In another hut he has a poor girl brought by her mother, who had been wounded in the head and eyes, besides others at neighbouring kraals, who stay there to be under his care. To-day a delicate looking girl has been brought by her mother a distance of more than fifty miles, who seems to have palpitation of the heart. It beats fearfully, and as it has been going on for two years, it is a very difficult case. The other day a man came from the Zulu border—at least 100 miles—for advice, and we have nearly come to the end of our medicines. We are glad to have any help in the way of medical books, hints, medicines, &c.; and it becomes very interesting as a study. We have Dr Mann's books, South's *Surgery*, and the *Family Doctor*. Heber and Usajabula are very good, and help us to accommodate those for whom we have not room.

"You were probably prepared for the event which took us by the very greatest surprise, the sudden appearance of the Rev. L. Procter early in the morning of the 19th. We have not yet received our letters by the December mail, and we did not know he had been obliged by illness to leave the Zambesi * * * * * * * His marriage to my niece is arranged to take place in Easter week, and it makes my heart beat, only to think she may see you again, and all loved ones at home. It brings us too so near your beloved brother having Mr Procter here, and it was such a mingling of joy and sorrow that at first it was almost too much, and Umfundisi could scarcely go through the Sunday's ministrations without breaking down. Mr Procter is the first clergyman he has seen since we left Natal, and the companionship is quite refreshing to him. Mr Procter says that Umfundisi thinks and does so many things in your brother's way, that it was quite startling to him at first, and you know we feel this to be an honour.

"Christina has another little girl, which was her heart's desire, and she says 'It must be Janie again, and it will be as if the Lord had given her back to me.' She is to be baptized D. V. next Sunday, and of course Fanny and Mr Procter are to be two of the sponsors. Christina was so

good, for as soon as Mr Procter arrived, she knew she must be wanted, and she surprised us one morning by being at her usual work, without giving us any notice, baby only a fortnight old being laid by in a basket.

"I have pleasant news too to give you from the Umlazi. Benjamin, who had caused uneasiness from intemperate habits, has taken a good turn, is industrious, and setting an example of good gardening and farming. He has now quite a prize garden in beautiful order, stocked with pine-apples, bananas, and all the coast fruits, and they seem to be living very comfortably. The canteen or public house which caused such trouble to the Umlazi has been removed. We are told that if we were to go back, all our people would come away with us, and Louisa is begging to come. 'The relapsed man,' as we used to call him, now attends the service at Mr Baugh's with his wife clothed, and all his children have been baptized. A present was sent to Hali of some black silky hair, cut from the head of his little baby sister, who has just been baptized Susanna. It is such a treasure to Hali. He is a dear boy in his love for his parents and brothers and sisters, though he has been so long separated from them."

By the same mail Mr Robertson wrote to me:

"This has been such a happy day to me, and to explain the cause I must go back a little.

"I told you Ketchwayo had given permission to Hlambula to remain always with us and become a Christian, (he and Undabankulu were the two for whom I had made this petition), but his father and two uncles came and took him away. He was most unwilling to go, and every means short of force were used, and I have no doubt they would have resorted to that, but I advised him to go with them, and overcome his father by kindness and good behaviour; above all not to forget to say his prayers, and I was sure a day would come when he would be allowed to return. That day has now come. During these many months he has been at home, I frequently saw him, sometimes at

church, when I always made a point of saying something to meet his case, and sometimes by accident as I rode about the country. He always expressed his desire to return to us, and twice attempted to do so, but his father followed after him and took him back. About a month ago he made a third attempt, and this time he was unmolested, but three days ago his father returned and another man with him. They set about their work as usual, coaxing at one time, threatening at another, and even laying hold of him. At this point I interfered, and held Usibindi the father, and made him sit down while Usajabula talked to him, and I left them together. For three days I reasoned and pleaded with him, offering to come to an arrangement with him by means of gifts, but without success. I shewed him there could be no danger either to him or his son, seeing he is with us with the knowledge and consent of Ketchwayo, and that he would not even suffer pecuniary loss, as all the lad's earnings, for a time at least, should be his. After this Usibindi was overheard to say to the man that came with him, 'I see that force will not do here, let us be cunning, and say there is a purpose for which we want him, and he will be sent to us as he was before.' They accordingly came to me with smiling faces, making apologies for the past. They were not angry with me, they said, only they wanted the boy for a short time. I was their chief. Could they quarrel with me? &c. In reply I told them that I was doing nothing to hinder Hlambula from doing what he wished, but that I would not send him, inasmuch as I remembered their fair words nine months ago, and their subsequent conduct. The father peremptorily demanded that his son should go home with them. I told them I had done with talking, and was now on my way to Ketchwayo, and they might go with me if they liked. Against this they exclaimed, and returned home alone.

"I took Usajabula and Heber with me to see Ketchwayo, and was much comforted by their talk as we went along. Partly from the jogging of an old horse Prince Umahama had lent me, and partly from anxiety, my head

ached dreadfully. I felt that speaking about Hlambula *might* do good, and it *might* do much harm, by possibly causing him to be entirely removed from us, never to come back.

"The Prince and Gaus received me very kindly, the former repeatedly thanking me for having cured Gaus, and also for having attended several of his people. Trusting that God would order all for the best, I determined to speak. You may imagine my joy when he at once confirmed his former permission, and told me to send Hlambula's father to him, and he should see whether they would refuse. They will as soon think of flying to the moon. I thank God for all His mercies. We returned with lighter hearts than when we set out.

"We had our feast on Christmas-day, a very happy one. Early Service at sunrise, full Service and Holy Communion at 11 A.M., a good dinner of beef, plum-pudding, and potatoes for the children. Twelve of my wife's little favourites from the kraals were invited, who enjoyed themselves much. We were visited by crowds of natives too, who, although we could not spare them much to eat, yet thoroughly enjoyed themselves, taking part in the racing with great glee. The grown-up people had their dinner in the evening, and it was a very happy day, every one was so perfectly satisfied, and not the least pleasure was it to us all to hear dear Hlambula with his merry laugh once more amongst us.

"We are very grateful for the help promised to support native teachers. For Usajabula I have had £12 per annum since before we left the Umlazi, but I should be very glad to give him more now. £12 per annum would be enough for Heber, he has so many children grown sufficiently to help him, but Usajabula has two young babies, so I will name £20 as his salary. We could employ almost any number, but these two are all we have fit for the office here. Others however would be found in Natal, if we had the means of supporting them.

"*January 11th.* I have been again at Kanodwengu, when I pleaded once more for Usibopo, and am thankful to

say my petition was accepted. The King received us very kindly, and afterwards came close up to the tent when he reviewed one of his regiments. I am sure it must have been over 2000 strong. One day all the troops were marshalled and marched in two long lines along a ridge, about five miles in length, in order that the King might see them, and form some idea of their numbers. They did not of course march in single file, but in companies, 12 or 13 men abreast. An intelligent Umsutu (the name of Moshesh's tribe) told me that one of the lines was quite equal to the whole force of Moshesh, *i. e.* the Zulu warriors double those of Moshesh. Having seen each of the regiments apart, I compute, roughly of course, that the whole force could not be under 12,000. Kanodwengu was fearfully hot and unhealthy, and we were all very glad to get back to our healthy hills again."

Speaking of Mission-work a month or two later, Mr R. said:

"We must not be discouraged if for years we see but little fruit of our labours here. The Norwegians have been nearly 20 years in this country, and have very little to shew. Further north, where the tribes are smaller, and their Government less despotic than in Zululand, I think we may hope for speedier results. Here the great object ought to be to influence Ketchwayo. Were we once to win him, then under God we may well expect to see—as it happened in our own beloved country—a nation born in a day. We feel the want of a Bishop more and more. If one would come here well supported from home, then with God's blessing on our labours, I am sure not many years would elapse before the scene of your dear brother's labours would be again visited by the messengers of the Cross. I shall consider nothing a sacrifice that I can do to further that."

The letter ends with the account of another dreadful murder:

"*March 4th.* This has been a very sad day. Uhopo, a poor man at Etunzini, about a mile from the station, has been killed as a wizard. He had for a long time been accused of witchcraft, and his enemies wished to kill him, but his brother-in-law, Unhlongolwana, who is chief of Kwamagwaza, would not allow it, and brought him up here, about 20 miles from where his enemies lived. He had much trouble in accomplishing this. For months he and his principal men were at one of Ketchwayo's great kraals, arguing the case with the great men there. They gained their point at the time, but the malice of his enemies did not end here. They practised upon Unhlongolwana himself, accusing him of confederacy with Uhopo in his wicked deeds, saying that the time would come when he should repent it. It so happened that he has a little child about two years old, which has for the last six months been gradually sinking in decline. The superstitious heathen minds of Unhlongolwana and his people naturally turned to poor Uhopo, for they never attribute death to natural causes, but to the secret devices of some enemy, and this is the result. For some time past they have been consulting the witch-doctors who pointed to Uhopo (no doubt in consequence of the reports of him which have been for a long time abroad), and yesterday messengers came from the King authorizing his being killed. The people here who know how shocked we are at such conduct, say that they knew nothing of what was to take place until the arrival of the messengers, and that they assisted to kill him, because if they had acted otherwise their own lives would have been endangered. But I know it is not so, for they now accuse him of causing the death of the first man said to have been killed by him, and of two others in his own tribe, besides causing two boys to be sick and the little child mentioned above, and since the arrival of the messengers they have watched his every movement. I should respect them more, if they were boldly to maintain their belief in his guilt, and not try to impose upon me as they are doing. That he was guilty in any way of the crimes imputed to him, I do not

for one moment believe, there being no conceivable motive to account for it.

"The murder—for I can call it nothing else—took place just outside his kraal. As soon as I heard of it, I went over, accompanied by Usajabula and Heber, and found his two wives, poor creatures, in the act of dragging him away to bury him, previous to being killed themselves. He had several fearful club-wounds about his head, and was not dead, although quite insensible. In that state they were going to bury him, but I stepped forward, and undid a string which was choking him, and said that I should not allow them to touch him until he was quite dead. The men who had been left to look after the removal of the body were not a little alarmed as to what might be the result of a revival. They questioned hastily among themselves, 'What shall we do if he recover?' but allowed me to proceed in silence. I waited by the body for more than an hour, and when he had breathed his last, the poor women buried him in the hole of an antheap. Before leaving them, I spoke very strongly on the wickedness of such doings, and told them that God would surely visit them for it. They agreed with me, and pleaded that they had personally no ill-will against the poor man, and that they were compelled to act as they did. I then arranged with the women that they should hide in the thicket during the day, and come to the station at night. One of the women I fear was only left until she had done them the service of burying her husband, the Zulus having a superstitious dread of touching a dead body. The second I was told afterwards was not to be killed, but on such occasions they are always beaten. I felt it to be my duty as a Christian and as a man to do what I could for the poor creatures, and I pray God that our position may not be imperilled by it. It was most touching to witness the distress and utter misery and prostration of the poor women. One of them said to me in the most heart-piercing tones, 'Ngi tole Umfundisi,' Take me, protect me.

"Oh how earnest ought we to be in prayer and deed to

spread among them that light which alone will put an end to such horrors. 'Give light, O Lord, to those which sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and guide their feet into the way of peace.'

"The poor women arrived in the evening half-dead with fear and cold. It was most sad to see them. One of them had left a little sucking child behind her, and she begged me to get it for her. They had eaten no food all day, but they would touch nothing. They said they had no heart left. It is their custom too to fast on such occasions, and to eat nothing until they have gone through some rites of purification.

"Next day I consulted with my own people, to whom it seemed unwise to do anything about the child further than to ascertain how it was cared for. It was most touching to witness the anguish of the poor mother. She burst into tears and said, 'Oh I know it is being cared for by nobody; it is tumbling about on the ground crying for me; who will take care of it? No one, no one.' When Heber went over to the kraal he learned that this was not so. The child was cared for, but this could not satisfy the poor mother. What mother will not understand this?

"Next day, Sunday, one of Unhlongolwana's chief men came to say that the women had been forgiven, and that they were to return to their kraal, and take care of their children and gardens. I told him that it was of no use to deliver this message to me; he ought to declare it to the men at the kraal, and I should speak with them when I saw them. I told the women, but they were not any the less alarmed as to their fate. They know well how subtle and deceiving the Zulus are, and gave me several instances. Many visitors came from the kraals to express their sympathy with our guests, (the two poor women,) and some of them were quite overcome. There was much consulting, I was told, as to what was to be done with them. Some suggested that they should live at Unhlongolwana's kraal, but the chief wife said, in that case she would leave it, even if she had only strength to crawl out on her knees. Then it

was proposed that some one else should take care of them, but his wives said he should have them alone to live with him in that case. Every other arrangement having failed, they are likely to remain unmolested with us for the present. I walked over to the kraal with Mr Procter and Usajabula, to see the head man about the child. He received us kindly, and expressed his satisfaction at our taking care of the women, but durst not give up the child to us, as his own life would be endangered by so doing. He would gladly give it if his chief consented. The poor mother is much disappointed, and is clamouring for me to go to the King.

"I am told that another man is to be killed at the other side of the Umhlatuze, and I grieve to say that Gaus's people have been to the witch-doctors just beyond us, in consequence of his being ill. He seems to be suffering from a rheumatic attack.

"A more horrible system than that under which the Zulus live can hardly be imagined. A great man is taken ill, and immediately his people hear of it they proceed to consult the doctors. Were they not to do this they would be accused of being the cause of his illness. The result of this state of things is manifest; murders weekly, if not oftener, in one part of the country or another. We often hear of them without making any inquiries, and I never remember leaving home for any distance without hearing of something of the kind going on. Dear Miss Mackenzie, all this is very sad. Mr Procter tells me they had nothing so bad at the Zambesi. Oh how it ought to make us pray that God may open their eyes to see how suicidal and wicked their present state is, and may prepare them for a better."

Mrs Robertson, writing by the same mail, said:

"We have promised to accompany Mr Procter and my niece as far as Durban on their way to England, if our hearts don't fail us at the last moment; but there are so many important things always happening in the most un-

expected way, demanding prompt sympathy and instant action to turn them to account, that it makes it very doubtful whether Mr Robertson ought to be out of the country even for a day. And there are too so many hopeful things just in the germ which may wither from sympathy withdrawn, that you can see how anxious it makes him to leave them. It is quite touching to see how the two poor women look to my husband, and how nicely they conduct themselves. One day the younger one was going to wash the room which had been given them to sleep in, and expressed anxiety about her shawl. My husband said, 'Oh take it off,' as they always do in their own homes at work. She said, 'No, I veil myself here from respect to the Lord,' looking upwards so reverently: this is the only way in which I can translate it, but her own expression was so simple and touching. To 'hlonipa' is the Zulu expression for veiling themselves, as is the constant custom of a young wife in the presence of her husband's father. Her voice faltered as she reverently looked up, remembering her husband's death, but implying that she could still 'veil for the Lord,' and I can scarcely tell you how deeply touching many such expressions are to us, breaking out amidst all the horrors of the superstitious system in which they live, and giving us hope of better things."

On the 13th April the Mission party started for Durban; Mr and Mrs Robertson with Mr and Mrs Procter, Usajabula and Christina, and all the children. They encountered the usual difficulties on their way, crossed some rivers with difficulty, sat still at others, looking and longing to see them fall, *i.e.* subside, the wagon stuck fast in bogs and quicksands, and everything in it, ladies included, had to be unloaded and carried through. In one river, when the wagon entered it, "the water," Mr R. says, "did not come higher than my knee, but before we got it out it was up to my waist, the current caused by the

standing of the wagon, made the loose sand run away." At the Tugela the oxen had to swim for a distance of about 80 yards, but at length on the 30th, Durban was reached in safety. Here they rejoiced to meet the Bishop and Mrs Gray, who had just arrived from Cape Town, and Mr R. wrote, "I quite look upon my coming as providential; I am so thankful for the privilege of being able to take counsel with him."

On the 3rd May they parted with their niece and Mr Procter, accompanying them with all their children and people to the Point to say farewell.

The visit to Natal I will give in Mrs Robertson's own words, copying from the journal she kept for the benefit of her niece, to whom it was sent after her death. How unlooked for this sad event was when they parted, need not be told.

"*May 3rd.* Went by train to the Point to see our dear ones off by the steamer; very tired on our return, and altogether unfit for anything.

"*May 4th.* I went with all the children to buy their toys. Everything seemed to be a penny at the place Mrs W. had told us of, where such things had been selling off. Hali and Billy each had three toys for their pens," (i.e. threepenny pieces,) "and Tapatapa and Maria laid in quite a stock of dolls. Christina bought herself a warm handkerchief for her face. Dadi a ball, a trumpet, and a wee horse, which he would make to stand in the sand all the way home until we put him on Tapatapa's back. We are getting quite *done* with the heat. Umfundisi has sore throat.

"*May 6th.* The Warwicks wished us very much to leave Christina and all the children with them, whilst we went to Pietermaritzburg. I spoke to Christina about it, but all begged to go to the Umlazi. We decided to leave Hali and Billy with the Warwicks, as he takes pains with them. Christina and the little girls and Dadi are to go to the Umlazi. Umfundisi ill with sore throat and fever,

writing sermons for Sunday, rather anxious how he will get through the services.

"*May 7th.* Busy packing boxes, taking down the tent, and sending all the party to the Umlazi. Two nice old friends had come in from the Umlazi on Friday, and returned with them in the wagon. In the afternoon we went to hear the band in the Market Square. I forgot to say that when we were waiting for Umfundisi after the service on Wednesday evening, Mr Haygarth (who is the master of the band) was practising with his boys for the following Sunday. Hali poked himself in amongst the boys and joined them; they were all pleased with him, and he looked so unconscious, just as if he had done the most natural thing. We were quite sorry you had not seen the Market Square before you left; it is most tastefully laid out with shrubs and trees and walks, and is in beautiful order.

"*May 8th, Sunday after Ascension Day.* I forgot to say there was full service and Communion on Ascension Day. Umfundisi's throat and fever had been so much worse in the night that we did not know how he might be in the morning, but he went through all the services at the Point, and Mr Warwick lent me his pony to come home at night. Hali considered it quite an adventure to bring it in the dark and wait until the service was over. He told me he met some boys who called him 'a nasty Kafir,' and tried to stop him, but he told them he 'was not a Kafir, he belonged to Mr Robertson,' and they were frightened and ran away. We had no idea that Mr W. intended to send him, and as he had only once been to church and that at night, we thought him 'hlakanipa kakulu' (very clever) to come all right. And this reminds me of another little 'indaba' On Friday I took Hali and Billy with me to have my carpet-bag repaired. As we were going we heard loud screaming, and there was master Dadi in the middle of another street roaring: he had tried to follow us and had lost himself, and pursued the wisest course in order to be found by raising his unmistakable roar. I sent Billy back to take him home. When we reached the

carpet-bag destination, I told Hali that I *must* have it the next day, mended or not, and that I wanted him to remember the place, as I might have to send him for it. As we were coming home he confided to me that he did not think Billy would remember the way home, and he was so afraid of losing them both: so he set off and found them wading through the sand. On Saturday I was passing the place of my carpet-bag, and called to hear if it was finished. Slatter is an old friend of ours, and he asked me who was the nice little boy who had called yesterday afternoon to enquire 'if he had nearly done it, because he must make haste as he must have it the next day.' I knew it must be Hali; in his anxiety not to forget, he had gone again. S. said he had never heard a little Kafir boy speak such good English. As I returned I met Hali going to see about it again.

"On Monday we were up at 5, and Mr W. would have me use his pony again to go to the starting-place of the omnibus, which was some way off. Hali and Billy were delighted to see us off in such a new kind of carriage, and had a ride behind. It was quite full and very cramping sitting so long in one position, the heat and dust indescribable. At the half-way house for changing horses, Umfundisi was walking about near the omnibus, and observed that the whole thing was coming off the axletree: if he had not seen it, an accident must have happened before the end of the journey. Mr Welsh, with the assistance of all the strongest passengers, had to lift the whole omnibus into the right place: it took nearly an hour to make it all right, and it was long after dark when we reached Maritzburg, and the Shepstones had sent several times to meet us. It was so pleasant their cordial warm greeting.

"*May 10th.* The day the Council opens. We promised to chaperon G., and we joined the Bishop and Mrs Gray and the Dean. The Volunteer Corps were drawn up outside, and the band and a company of the 85th regiment were also there. This was outside. Inside we had the Governor's reserved seats. A raised dais was prepared for

him, on it a chair, and in the hurry at the last moment a coloured table-cloth, à la Zulu, was thrown over it to make it a more fitting throne for the Queen's representative. He soon made his appearance in a dark blue and silver uniform, attended by some of the officers of the 85th in full uniform (scarlet), and some of the judges. They stood behind him as he read his speech: it was short, and he read it very well, and in it he took leave of Natal gracefully and touchingly. (He is to leave in a few months).

"*May* 11*th, Wednesday.* Morning and evening service —receiving callers. Umfundisi preached in the evening on the Confirmation. I have been reading *Tom Brown's School-Days*, which I quite appreciate.

"*May* 13*th, Friday.* We arranged that —— should come every morning at seven, to read and talk with Umfundisi, preparatory to his Confirmation. On Wednesday, after the evening service, when he preached on the subject, —— immediately came forward as a candidate.

"*May* 14*th, Saturday.* We hear that Usajabula, who was taken ill with fever in Maritzburg before we came up, is unable to reach his people, and that he stopped at a kraal just outside Maritzburg. Henry is gone for him and Daniel is with him. Leah, an old black friend of mine, wishes me to take back with me a little girl the age of Tapatapa, and another little girl of the same age, if she can manage it in time.

"*Whitsunday.* Two *such* sermons to-day, from the Bishop of Cape Town. I hope I shall remember them—both on the subject of the great Festival of the day.

"*Monday in Whitsuntide.* Morning service. I forgot to tell you how *fine* the church music is here, quite different from anything I ever heard here. The choir part is most beautiful. They use *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

"*Tuesday.* School feast-day. The Dean begged us to come early to help him with the school-feast. It was to take place at the hills, behind the camp. I rode a very old steady horse, which Mr S. rides on journeys. There was only a tent for shade, and it was very hot and tiring, but we

were very busy. There was a dearth of knives to cut up piles of cake, so Umfundisi gave the Bishop his pocket-knife, and found another for himself, and they two cut away, making fun all the time. We saw numbers of old friends, and the Bishop introduced me to Dr Duff, such a venerable old missionary, with white beard and high forehead, *looking* the great man he really is. I got so tired, and Mrs Gray too, that we decided on going home. The Bishop escorted us great part of the way. He told us Dr Duff had told him that ever since he had been in Natal, whenever he had heard Umfundisi's name mentioned, it was that he was such a good man, on *all* sides. The Bishop seems quite to love Umfundisi, and to be as glad when he hears such things as we should be. I sat with Mrs Gray until dusk, as Umfundisi was to come for me, but he helped in games with the children, and the Bishop said he could not spare him. In the evening all the gentlemen were invited to meet Dr Duff. He is in very weak health, but it was *very* interesting. He made some most touching allusions to Bishop Heber, whom he had known and loved. Although he is a Presbyterian, yet he is quite catholic in his broad mind, and when he was at Cape Town he wrote a most affectionate letter to the Bishop to express his admiration of the course he was pursuing in defence of the faith with regard to the Bishop of Natal.

"*Wednesday*, 18*th May*. The Visitation began with the Litany, and then came the Bishop's Charge, which I am sure you will see, as it will be published;—but the *manner* in which he delivered it was so impressive and solemn, that although it lasted two hours, the attention was riveted. Dr Duff sat with me. I like to see his venerable face and devout manner. Dr Callaway is kindly visiting Usajabula twice a day. He was brought in *very* ill with fever; we have him at Mr ——, where they have good accommodation.

"*Thursday* the Conference was held. I went to church in the evening with Mrs Gray; afterwards we went with Dr Callaway to see Usajabula, who they hope is better. I

need not tell you I am always tired, but every one is so kind. Every body thinks it so wonderful that we are not uncivilized—they constantly say, no one would think I had been in Zululand, I am not in the least altered since I left home. It is rather encouraging this, you know, because I hope we have behaved nicely.

"*Friday, 20th May.* Our last day in Pietermaritzburg. I chatted and worked until church time at eleven, at which time the Conference was to be quite closed. After the service we went to see Usajabula, who is really better, but very weak; he won't hear of being left behind; he is not strong enough to walk down, but we hope to find a wagon that will take him, and our little new Sarah is going too. I have had *very* disagreeable side-ache for days from so much walking. It was very trying parting with the good Metropolitan. I cannot tell you what a blank it seems that we may not meet him again, nor dear Mrs Gray.

"*Saturday, 21st May.* Umfundisi roused every one at four in the morning. I sat with Mrs S— until the last moment chatting. Mr S— was up to superintend the coffee for us and see us start. The younger children had all ordered themselves to bed very early that they might come too, and they all rode beside the omnibus over the bridge. Mrs S— wishes me to repeat this visit every year. I agreed to every four years, but she tried to make it two. Mr W— was returning, and we dined with them at Pinetown, and arranged that they should take care of Usajabula for the night; they had been very kind to our little Sarah the previous night. Reached Durban and found Hali and Billy.

"*Tuesday, May 24th.* We left Durban, and reached the dear Umlazi in the evening, Mr Baugh really the better for his visit to Pietermaritzburg, Christina and the little girls so bright at our return. I forgot to say that the last evening we were in Durban we heard that Dr Duff was to be present at a meeting of the American Missionaries, so we went. Our old friend Mr Grout, looking as venerable as Dr Duff himself, soon found us out and gave us a

kindly greeting. He was chairman, and in the midst of the meeting he made a bow to the place where we were sitting, and said he had a friend he so much wished to call upon to speak, to give the meeting some account of Zululand. Umfundisi was quite unprepared, but he responded at once and mounted the platform, and when he had finished, Dr Duff gave him such a wringing shake of the hand, that Umfundisi said it was worth speaking to get it. We saw Mr Oftebroe as we were coming out, and he was very much surprised to find us; *he* had arrived that day. Umfundisi spent the whole day—Thursday—at the Isipingo. Mr I— has promised him a dog by and bye. Judy is so improved, and every one says will be a valuable dog; besides this we have another of the same age which Umfundisi asked for in Pietermaritzburg, Gipsy. It is such a little beauty.

"*June 2nd.* The Umlazi visit was such a great happiness. At first the decrepit buildings and tumble-down appearance of the whole place, the choked and overgrown gardens, &c., made it painfully desolate; but it was so *beautiful* still, and we found out so many of our old black friends there that it was deeply interesting, and Umfundisi and I both had the feeling that it was the sort of place where we should like to end our days. Ujadu tried so much to come back with us, and some of Umapinda's children. Umfundisi had service there twice, and at the Isipingo on a week-day, and after the service and sermon there, all his old friends begged him to give an account of his mission, which he did until sunset. We came in here to Mrs Rivett's yesterday. We left the Umlazi on Saturday after service. Mrs Baugh particularly wished Umfundisi to celebrate the Holy Communion, as she is too weak ever to reach the Isipingo Church. She looks so delicate, *far* worse than I am, and he an invalid too. She does every thing for him."

Here follows this short letter to Mrs Procter:

"*Durban, June 2nd.* Here we are at Mrs Rivett's,

wagon and tent pitched, starting to-morrow morning, really home we trust, with all the speed one can hope for in a wagon. You will see that I have really made some memoranda for you, for it is not half what I could have written to interest you—indeed it is the mere shell of so much of deeper interest—but I never wrote until after the time and when I was very tired. Umfundisi is so busy and looking so white, and with one of his Durban head-aches. I am sure he wont have time to write to you. God bless and keep you, my darling! may you every day draw nearer to Him in all you think and do and say! Your own Aunt H."

The continuation of the journal is written in pencil:

"*June 3rd.* We started to-day late in the afternoon, our party including Christina and the children (Sarah being added to their number), Usajabula, Henry, Daniel, William and John Adams, Joseph and Stephen, and Christina's father and mother, Captain, Gip and Judy, the dogs. Our only trouble by the way Judy's foot getting under the wagon-wheel, fortunately it was in the deep sand, so it was not seriously injured. Arrived at the Umgeni before sunset, and were just comfortably settled in the tent with our coffee, having decided that it was not so uncomfortable our first evening's outspanning, when we were surprised by a heavy rain soon after the most beautiful sunset; it only lasted a short time.

"*June 4th.* Bright morning, sore throat and cold. From going a little too low in the drift stuck fast in a quicksand, partly unloaded; it was very hot, and every one was thoroughly tired carrying things over the wide Umgeni. The iron work of the bridge is quite finished, and it is very handsome now. This will be our last trek through the river. We were obliged to stay at Mr L—'s, and they soon let the neighbourhood know of the prospect of a service, and received us very hospitably; feverish with cough, as usual treking.

"*June 5th, 2nd Sunday after Trinity.* At half-past 10 full service and communion. In the afternoon some of the neighbouring people called, and were sorry they had not known of the service in time to come.

"*June 6th.* Left Mr L—'s after being detained more than an hour by the oxen straying: where we were outspanning at noon we were pleasantly surprised by seeing Mr and Mrs W—, who were taking a holiday to pay a visit to Verulam; they rested their horses, and we had a joint pic-nic. They had been very attentive during all our visit, and now it seemed such a pleasure to them to come upon us; he proposed my going on in their horse-carriage, which Umfundisi thought the best plan to give me a longer rest at Verulam. The Elders were most kind in their welcome, wishing us to stay for the visit of the Metropolitan, but we could not, he is not expected until Saturday.

"*June 7th.* We left rather late this morning, having seen many old friends. Outspanned at noon—reached the Tongaat about four, thoroughly tired and ill with coughing, and the cool shade and rest of the house and the quiet sound of the river were most delightful. We were so thankful to dear Mrs S—, she had begged us to make use of her house, and had also written to her people to expect us; but it was a day of sorrow to them; one of the families on the estate had lost a little child that day, their youngest. They had all been helping to watch and nurse it, and it had died that morning. We had left Mr Elder both very busy and far from well, so Umfundisi sent a messenger offering to take the burial for him. Umfundisi busy writing letters and visiting the poor mother, I only resting on the sofa. One of the oxen ('England') missing to-night.

"*June 8th.* Dull and *very* cold. Mr Elder most thankful to be saved the journey. The burial-place is a mile or two from here. Umfundisi started at 10, and on his way back was requested to visit and examine the school, which he did. One of the head pupils chanced to be away, on account of his father's attendance at the burial, and he was

sent for in great haste to do credit to the school. Umfundisi afterwards addressed them on the fifth Commandment, and they all gave him three cheers when he left. I wrote letters and gathered seeds, and made friends with two little girls. We decided not to start in the afternoon. The boys were out in every direction hunting for 'England.' Sometimes oxen are lost for days in the sugar-canes. In the afternoon the gardener made me up a box of cuttings —rose, honeysuckle, verbena, and fuchsia: those I brought down in the omnibus from the S—'s garden are doing beautifully—oak-trees, ivy, and roses—they are quite growing and shooting. I have another little box of coffee-trees from the L—'s. Every one would load us with kindnesses, too much for our wagon. We are *desperately* loaded, and yet we have not brought *any* of our English boxes but the small book one; but we have the mended parts of the mill, and the sclampore, and beads and nails. When we were at the Umlazi, some of our book-shelves looked so irresistible that we brought them into Durban. and then were obliged to leave all but one small one which used to hold my pet books in my bedroom. No 'England,' —heavy rain to-night: we are thankful not to be outspanning.

"*June 9th.* Clear bright morning, but the heavy rain the greater part of the night made it very slippery and a bad preparation for our trek through the bogs. No 'England.' We left William and Stephen still hunting for him. The garden was so delightful this morning refreshed by the rain. We treked on successfully the greater part of the way; being forewarned, we passed the bog we stuck in by moonlight on coming down, by going off the road by the hills, and we did several times in this way, until at last down went the wheels as far as the axletree in some treacherous boggy grass, as we were returning from one of these digressions from the road. We unloaded and got out and treked about ten minutes, and went worse into a bog on one side of the wagon, a most desperate stick even unloaded as we were. We could not get out, when Mr

Dyers with a wagon appeared and came to our assistance, putting his span in front, and after some time the two spans took us out. You know how fatiguing it all is, and Umfundisi begins to look so pale. We reached the Umhlali hotel at dark, and for my cough's sake he determined to find me a bed there; it was cold and damp in the extreme.

"*June* 10*th*. Started without Umfundisi after an early breakfast: he was to make calls and breakfast with Mr W—, and we awaited him at the Cowards. Treked on until we suddenly stuck in another bog. 'Captain' is a most sagacious creature. Umfundisi says he is more like an Irish greyhound than any other kind of dog. When we stick he is dreadfully sorry and excited, he goes from one ox to another as if he would speak to them to encourage them, and tell them what is to be done. To-day when he saw Christina's brother beating one rather too hard, he went behind him and gave him a good bite: the boy made strange contortions at this sudden attack, sat down on the grass, and 'Captain' laid down and looked at him until he was again anxious about the oxen. We got out by a wearisome unloading in the hot sun, and treked on to within two miles of Dr Addison's, where we sank deep at sunset, and felt we must stop there as there were other bogs before us—we dare not trek at night.

"*June* 11*th*. Unloaded at daylight, and treked on into another bog, where we stuck so fast we were only just out at 11, when the kind A.'s who had been expecting us and knew the road, came to meet us with a wagon to take half our load. They told us pedestrians and horsemen could scarcely travel on the road without being bogged, so we went on very happily, thankful for all the help given us. Umfundisi very tired-looking; Mrs A. tried to induce him to go and rest, but he would not. We chatted and rested all the afternoon. Children regaled with sugar-cane, oranges, and bananas.

"*June* 12*th*, 3*rd Sunday after Trinity*. Morning Service and a baptism. When I was reading with Hali and

Billy, Hali told me to 'create' was to make something when you had got nothing to make it with.

"*June* 13*th*. Started after breakfast: kind Dr A. and his wife send their wagon with half our load, to help us through the Umvoti river; treked on without any hindrance; Umfundisi walking before to find a way through high ridges where there is no road; reached the Sinquazi (Mr Mc Corkindale's) at sunset. Soon after we arrived, an express messenger came from our dear Metropolitan, such dear, kind words of 'Good-bye.'

"*June* 14*th*. To-day we were to re-pack the wagon so as to leave some things behind; as we have no helping friends in Zululand, we must try to lighten our load. Umfundisi had a service and a baptism. We have made out at least twelve families, some with a number of children, living without any kind of religious ministrations, and it has been so for years. Started between 2 and 3, proposing to trek to Jack's; stuck in a bog near Jack's; we had again to unload to get out.

"*June* 15*th*. Determined the people should all breakfast well and the oxen feed before encountering the formidable Tugela. Jack proposed putting his span on too, rather than we should unload for the boat; Umfundisi had doubts, but yielded. We got a third of the way across, and then got into a quicksand, and then for an hour they tried to get the oxen to pull, but they would not even try. We unloaded, the things were carried to the nearest bank for the boat to take them, then the oxen pulled: just as we neared the bank, 'Skreeman' sank in a quicksand and was nearly strangled with his strap, the other oxen pulling him on; he gave one groan, his eyes starting, and I thought he was gone. At last they reached him with a knife, and he soon extricated himself from the quicksand. And now we are loaded up just going to inspan. We are treking with only twelve oxen; from the loss of 'England' little 'Kafirland' will not pull, and keeps his fellows back.

"Good bye, dearest ones all. All love from both of us. Which will be home first? Yesterday we sent on six

men to reduce our party on account of lack of food. There is a famine of mealies in Natal, I trust not in Zululand. We have had to give 25*s.* a sack for mealie meal. Ever your own loving aunt, HENRIETTA ROBERTSON.

"Our first trek in Zululand. We came on bravely; no stoppages. The white people on this side had boiled us three bottles of milk and sent them as a present unsought. They would not receive any payment for bringing the goods and children across in the boat. Dadi, Tilly and I, went in the wagon; I think we were quite two hours in the river. If it had not been for anxiety about getting through it would have been very enjoyable, it was so bright, and the wooded hills at the Tugela mouth were such a great contrast to the bright sparkling river. 'Captain' kept in the water near the oxen all the time, swimming round and round the wagon, and looking so wistfully in our faces, and even seeming as if he echoed our thoughts, 'What shall we do?' *Now* we are outspanned on some fine *Zulu* grass. Our poor oxen have not had such a feast on the coast. I am much stronger than when we went down, and my cough has been improving ever since the night we slept in the bogs, although we dreaded that at the time. We enjoy our quiet evenings in the tent. We have Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* in reading, and the *Quarterly Review*, and the children count and spell for amusement. Master Dadi often attracts the attention of all by his vagaries; to-night he made oxen of all the little girls' shadows on the tent, and the whole scene of the Tugela difficulty was acted with his usual energy. At last he attacked his own shadow, and whenever he did so, it raised its hand too, which increased the vigour of his treatment to 'such an ox.' We are near the place where Usajabula and Daniel joined us in coming down, only about three or four miles from it.

"*June 16th.* Treked off at eight o'clock this morning. The sun rises about seven, and the mornings are so cold that it is difficult to get the wagon packed and all off sooner. We have an early cup of coffee, and trek until

eleven, when we are quite ready for our breakfast. We made a détour from the road we came down by to avoid bogs and the Umsinduse river; we were told that if we got in with even an empty wagon we should not get out again, and there are bogs too on that road. So we went a round of a few miles, and outspanned without any thing of exciting interest, but it was a pleasant trek; the grass which was only just springing up after burning, on our way down, is now covered with a variety of flowers—large red convolvulus, and so many I cannot name, one a pretty pink, something like the large blue persecaria, a pale pink with deep purple eye and yellow stamens, glossy little dark purple buds and stalks; then I remember those delicate flowering grasses, some white and pink, cinerarias, large white daisy-looking flowers with crimson buds, you will remember; but you know this is not half: the effect was of a mosaic of all *variety* of colours on a bright green ground. I want you just to picture what we have often seen at Kwamagwaza. As we outspanned, Mr S— joined us; he and Umfundisi by comparing times decided that we were three hours in the Tugela yesterday, and we were in deep water all the time: we stuck until the wagon began to go down on one side. I am much stronger, and not nervous at rivers as I was going down. At this outspanning we missed 'Captain;' he had been with William and Joseph looking out the road, (you know how we dislike the dogs to go away with the boys,) they said he rushed after a buck, and they thought he would soon be back, but as he had not come when we started, we sent Joseph back to look for him. We are a little nearer the coast here than when we came down, but on a higher ridge, so that we have a better road, and entirely avoid the Umsinduse which runs into the Amatikulu before we cross it. We found this drift of the Amatikulu very good as far as the river is concerned, but such a steep getting in and out: both wheels had to be tied, and we just slipped down into the river; but the getting out was very arduous, two steep sand-banks, soft deep sand; we nearly climbed both, and then the poor

oxen gave way all but at the very top. We outspanned at once (4 o'clock); here the vegetation was so rank and luxuriant that the oxen must not eat it, the poisonous sort of chrysalis which kills the oxen being in abundance from the thick growing trees and shrubs; it is quite tropical here. So Hali was obliged to herd the oxen in the river whilst we unloaded; and what did I do? Not help in carrying the heavy things up the hill from the back of the wagon. I darned a pair of socks for Umfundisi. With so much walking he is always getting them wet and in such holes; I get possession of them, and then you know when he wades the rivers I can make an exchange. This stopped us three quarters of an hour, but we were obliged to trek on until the sun was gone and the moon brightly shining, and yet we were not in wholesome grass for the oxen, or near water to boil the porridge. At last we were all very glad to hear, when we came to a more open mimosa glade, that we might outspan, and that William had discovered a stream of water. The fire was lighted under two mimosa-trees, with the tent and wagon at a little distance, from fear of the grass taking fire. Our tea was soon despatched, and I saw the little girls and Dadi to bed, whilst Umfundisi had prayers at the trees with the older ones. We were all too tired to read or write. No Joseph with 'Captain.' We are within an hour's trek of the German station where *we* outspanned at night and heard the waters."

These are probably the last words Mrs Robertson ever wrote.

The end is soon told. Two days after they were penned, this devoted servant of the Lord met her death by the upsetting of the wagon in which she was, leaving her poor husband a desolate and bereaved man. The account of how the accident happened I will give in his own words; and if delicacy to the living did not forbid, I should like to publish the whole letter. On the 20th of June he thus wrote.

"My dear wife was killed on the 18th about 11 A.M. by the upsetting of the wagon. * * * I was walking in front to examine the road when I came to a dangerous place. The wagon was about thirty yards from me. I called to the drivers to stop until we had decided on the best way of getting past. I had walked in front of the wagon nearly every mile of the way from the Tugela, and in no journey have I been so anxiously careful to prevent accidents. The drivers replied that wagons did not go that way now, but another, to which they pointed. I saw the track, and it looked quite safe, and indeed is much less dangerous than many places we had passed. But the grass being very slippery, about halfway down the descent the wagon went too quickly over a little brook and upset, first falling on its side, and then again resting with the wheels right up in the air, throwing the whole weight of the front portion of the load upon her and little David who was behind her. We cut the side of the wagon open with axes, and I tried to pull her out, but it was impossible, so firmly was she wedged in. She calmly said, 'Oh, remove the boxes,' that was all, and in less than five minutes her precious spirit had fled—gone to Him whom she loved and served so well. * * *

"The thought came to me that she would now be with your dear brother whom she loved so dearly. Little David, I am thankful to say, we were able to get out unhurt. I believe he was saved by being close to her. * * *

"The place where the accident occurred is near to the Norwegian Station belonging to Mr Oftebroe. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They came at once with their wagon and removed her precious remains to their station, and out of plank which I had bought in Durban to make doors of (little thinking of the use to which it would be put), they made a coffin for her. At 11 P.M. she was laid in it and removed to my tent, where I kept watch by her the whole night. * * *

"The kind missionaries made her grave near to where they hope to build a church, and on the following day I read the service over her myself. * * *

"On the morning of her death it being cloudy, she took the longest walk in front of the wagon with me that I have known her take for a long time. We were counting the days that it would take to reach Kwamagwaza, and talking so hopefully of the future, laying plans for many a future trek in the new wagon I had ordered in Durban.

* * * *

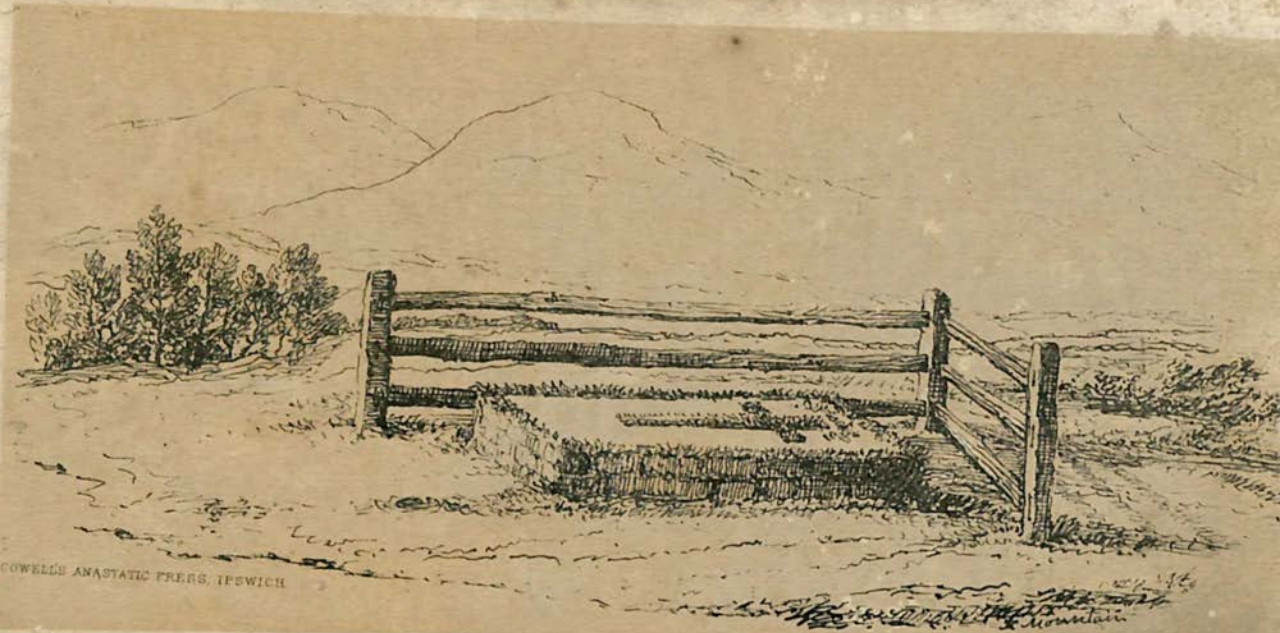
"With regard to the future I mean to go on quietly, doing my work as God shall enable me. I shall try to be as much with the King and Ketchwayo as possible. I am more and more convinced that we ought to do all in our power to try and influence them, as through them we may hope to influence the whole nation.

"Oh how I miss her in every thing, and especially with the female portion of my charge. A lady's influence cannot be over estimated, not only for the few especially under our care, but for the heathen around."

By a former mail Mr Robertson had written very urgently to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, imploring them to add to the strength of the Mission staff.

"A good English priest (he said) ought to be added to our number, so that in the event of any thing happening to me, he may be ready to take my place, and meanwhile for the effectual carrying on of the work he is absolutely essential. In consequence of multitudinous home duties, I am unable to visit the King, Ketchwayo and other great men, as often as I should. Usingo, one of the most enlightened chiefs in Zululand, has been begging for a visit for more than a year, but I have been unable to accomplish it. Some months ago he told one of my people that he was only waiting for the King or Ketchwayo to set the example, and so soon as he saw his way clear, he should send some of his children to Kwamagwaza to be taught; and he is not alone. I know that there are many in the country who are longing for a better and happier state of things.

"It is possible that that day may not be far off, and we



Mrs. Robertson's Grave at Mr. Oftebro's Mission Station.

ought to be ready to seize the opportunity. I am most anxious that our work here should be extended as soon as possible. But I am afraid of men with lax principles. They generally cause disappointment in the end. We ought to have none but thorough churchmen, Catholics to their backbones. Besides, they ought to be men of some intellect and attainments: good and pious men do good wherever they are, but something more is wanted in a missionary, even to this rude people. They are remarkably shrewd, and soon estimate a man at his true value, and respect or despise him as the case may be. So strongly am I impressed with this from instances which have come under my own eye, that (so far as it may depend upon me) I feel much inclined to refuse all, but such as by their attainments we may hope may be able one day to take a standing of their own. None but such are a *real* help, only an increase of care and anxiety."

Will no one who reads this, offer to go and bear the burden of the heat and share the toils of this now bereaved and desolate man, who yet, in spite of his sorrow ever present, labours fervently, and may we not hope by God's blessing effectually; turning his affliction into a means of doing more for the Redeemer's kingdom than when he had the happy home-party of wife and niece?

Bishop Gray, in his published *Journal of a Visitation of the Diocese of Natal*, thus speaks of him and of Mrs Robertson.

"The Church had not two more loving and devoted labourers in her service. Mrs Robertson was full of love for the native race and tenderness for their children, of whom she brought several with her from Zululand. She was also full of zeal, gentleness, devotedness, and even enthusiasm, for the work to which her own and her husband's lives were devoted. He goes back to a desolate home, to labour, as he says, with more entire devotion in his Master's service. But I fear for him. He is not a

strong man; and of earthly comforts and supports he has but a small share in his distant and solitary outpost. Marvellous are God's dealings! We see not why such strokes are permitted to fall, but we shall know hereafter." * *

A letter of sympathy and condolence was addressed to the bereaved Missionary, and signed by Bishop Gray and all the clergymen in Natal. I copy it from Bishop Gray's *Journal.*

"Dear Brother—We have all heard how sorely it has pleased Almighty God to afflict you since you were joined with us at Maritzburg. Little we know can any words of ours relieve the feeling of desolation which oppresses you at this time; but what the expression of our deep sympathy can do, pray suffer it to do.

"We are sent forth to preach the Gospel, perhaps more by our lives than by our words, as is so often acknowledged when it is said that the blood of Martyrs spreads the faith more than much preaching; and it may be that by this most hidden and bitter bereavement, with which God has afflicted you, He is calling the people committed to your care. He may be revealing to them thereby, more than He could have done by your preaching, the Resurrection and the life to come, and shewing to them how the hope of that can sustain at moments when the heathen is without hope.

"They may see that the Holy Spirit is indeed the Comforter, and that He does dwell within the Christian's heart and support it, when they would have no comfort but in forgetfulness.

"We pray God that it may be so, and that you may still see a light burning in your apparently lone home—a light shining through the darkness around—lighting the wearied and lost traveller, not simply to yours but to Christ's home.

"Praying the God of all comfort to fill you with peace and comfort, and to enable you still to do His work amongst men, believe us to remain

"Your affectionate Brethren in Christ."

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

1864, 1865.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

1 THESSALONIANS iv. 13, 14.

I believe in—the Communion of saints.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye gentle spirits far away,
With whom we shared the cup of grace,
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again,
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,
To be sung on, where angels soar,
With blended voices evermore.

THOSE who have followed the history of the Mission so far, will, I hope, be anxious to know how it has prospered, since *she* was taken away, who was the Mother, and Mistress, and Friend to all on the

station; and how the bereaved husband and Missionary has been able to carry on the work, amid the pressure of sorrow, too sacred to be more than touched upon in these pages. May God put it into the hearts of many of my readers to consider what they can do to strengthen the hands and heart of this devoted Missionary*!

I now proceed to give some extracts from the letters which have been received from Mr Robertson during the past year, the first of which was written in July, being the mail following that which told us of his great loss.

"I am now here at Kwamagwaza, having reached it on the 24th ult. * * * * * God is very merciful to me in giving me such kind and good friends. Mr Alington I found on my arrival had been waiting for me for some days. * * * * All the people here are most kind—the Samuelsons and the whole neighbourhood. Natives have come quite a day's journey to condole with me. God grant that her labours for them may not have been in vain, but may, in His time bring forth a rich harvest—a Crown of rejoicing for her in that Day. * * *

"The sclampore and the beads have arrived, and are excellent, especially the latter."

I may here remind my readers that in Zululand no kind of money is used. Every thing is bought and sold by barter, and it was for this purpose that these articles were sent from England. The Zulus do not manufacture any kind of cotton goods, as the natives on the Zambesi and Shire rivers do. Skins of animals were their only clothing formerly, but now they gladly buy from Europeans cotton and woollen

* At the end of the volume there will be a list given of what is most wanted for the Mission.

blankets, blue calico known by the name of selampore, beads, axes, knives, &c., for which they give in exchange, cattle, mealies, i. e. Indian corn, pumpkins, &c.; and to traders they sell, besides, the tusks and horns of elephants, rhinoceroses, &c.

Accompanied by Mr Alington, Mr R— paid a visit in the month of August to the King at his kraal at Kanodwengu, where he says, "every one is most kind to me." * * * And on his return to Kwamagwaza he wrote thus.

"There has been a great deal of illness about—a kind of fever which seemed to be infectious. Two people, a young man and a child, died, but several others I was thankful to be able to relieve. On the 26th July, a poor girl about 15 years of age, evidently dying of consumption, was carried a distance of about 12 miles to be treated by me. She was too far gone for any medicines or care to be of any avail. I clothed her and took what care of her I could, but she died on the 1st of this month. Her name was Unozilwane, and a very gentle loving creature she was; she quite won upon me; I was sorry to be obliged to lay her in the dust without Christian rites. Her mother and sister intend remaining with us. I could not refuse them, they were so helpless and miserable. Their kraal had been eaten up in consequence of their being accused of witchcraft. I have arranged that they shall stay with Heber. * * * * Blanche is soon to be married to Henry, and Alice stays with her old mother, occasionally doing sewing for me, and Christina alone looks after my wants.

"Providence seems to point to my going about a good deal among the people of this land, and as far as I am able I shall do it. Ketchwayo and Uhamo have sent for me, and after having rested a few days at Kwamagwaza in passing, we mean to visit them.

"I like the Bishop of Grahamstown's ideas on mission work very much. They entirely accord with my own re-

specting the employment of native agencies, and I shall be most glad to see a good institution set on foot in Natal for the preparation of promising Christian youths for that purpose. Of our Hali I have great hopes, if he is spared. Although so young, the amount of Scriptural knowledge he is in possession of is quite astonishing, and he knows English almost as well as his own language—certainly he can *read* the former better than the latter. I am indebted to her for that, and I shall make it a duty—a first duty—to see that he and the others do not go back.

"*August* 18*th*. Yesterday word was brought to me that a dead man had been found near Umdwendwe's kraal. They are all in great trouble about it, as according to Zulu custom Dwendwe will be held responsible if the murderer is not found, or if the witch-doctors do not acquit him. Alington and I went over at once and saw the body—that of a young man. He had been dead about 10 or 12 days. He had been laid under a bush, near to which there were evidences of a struggle having taken place. Most likely his murderers, whoever they were, had killed him by twisting his neck about, as no wounds could be seen, and his head was quite loose. What a very sad state of things, is it not? Every one says that evil is determined against Dwendwe, as there is no other reason why the man should have been brought so near his kraal. It is quite impossible that he could have done it; for besides his being such a good man, he has been at one of the King's kraals for more than a month.

"*August* 19*th*. I grieve to say that it has pleased God to lay his afflicting hand upon poor Mr and Mrs Samuelson also. On the 10th of this month Mrs S. was safely delivered of a daughter, as strong and beautiful an infant as you can imagine. Both mother and babe did well until about 5 days ago, when we had a severe change in the weather. Baby caught cold, and on my return home I was told that it was dangerously ill. Yesterday morning it seemed to be past hope, and I baptized it privately. At their desire it was named after my dear one—Henrietta Sarah

Sophia. How soon to follow her! She died in my arms this morning at 20 minutes to 1 A.M. While I write (11 A.M.) our people are digging the grave, and in another hour the little darling will be laid there. Mr Alington has kindly consented to read the service for me. I am so very sorry for the poor Samuelsons.

"I have never known so much sickness about as there is at present, and that at the coldest season of the year. About a fortnight ago a young man died at a kraal close by, and last night a middle-aged man at a kraal about a mile from here. The first thing I saw on getting up this morning was, companies of people going to bewail him. Would to God that this were all! I hear on all sides murmurs of wizards and witches, and I much fear that my next will contain another tale of blood. Oh let all our friends pray earnestly for this poor land, and especially for Ketchwayo. Under God how very much depends upon him. I trust and pray that God will abundantly prosper my visit to him next week. He is, I know, impressible, and I do hope earnestly that God will touch his heart. Lately he has been very unwell, and I heard the cause the other day. One night he had a horrible dream, and in the morning he was quite ill in consequence. In his dream he saw his two brothers whom he slew nearly eight years ago, standing before him and asking food from him. Had wise counsel been there, what good might not have come from this! I fear his wretched counsellors and witch-doctors will undo all. It ended in his killing 12 of the largest oxen he could find to appease his brothers' spirits."

Mr Robertson continues a month later as follows:

"*Tugela Drift. Sept. 7th*, 1864. I am here at the Tugela, as you see by the heading of this. I parted yesterday with Mr Alington, and right sorry I was. He has been more than a brother to me, and with the exception of your dear brother departed, I have been drawn to no man as I have been to him. * * * * I am very sorry that we

could not keep him here, but I must submit and be patient. God in his own good time will provide.

"We have had a very great deal of sickness in Zululand this year—10 deaths in the immediate neighbourhood of Kwamagwaza have come to my knowledge, and one of them took place in my own house. It was a poor woman—the mother of a large family—whose husband died on the 19th August. She came to me on the 23rd, and died on the morning of the 25th. From the first of her coming I had no hopes of her. Violent fever was upon her with inflammation of the lungs far advanced. In fact, she said she only came to me to be buried; poor thing, she said she *knew* I would be kind to her. On the death of her husband her neighbours had been very unkind, making her dig his grave and bury him herself alone; and she was afraid they would only drag her into the bush when she died. The witch-doctors, when consulted about her husband's death, said he was a cunning little fellow, and went about begging goats, at which the spirits of his forefathers were angry, and when they were consulted about her illness they said she had dug the grave too deep: it was large enough to hold two!! How very sad it is that reasonable beings should give credit to such manifest impostures. Oh that the time may soon come when there shall be light!

"It is very strange how much during the past two months I have been brought face to face with suffering and death."

I will now give extracts from the October letters.

"*October 10th*, 1864. It is beautiful spring weather now, and the peach-trees and flowers are all in blossom.

"I have good news to give you this time. Two young women attached to two of our young men have come from the kraals to be taught. Perhaps you will say that the motive is not a pure one. Neither is it, but Christ's net has many folds, and the best of us little imagine for how much of our goodness we are indebted to our natural affections. Their relations consent to their remaining here,

but I have still to get Ketchwayo's consent. I was urging perseverance upon them the other day in learning to read. They said, 'Oh we know that nothing is learned at once. Even our dances require long practice before perfection can be attained.' They are very hearty and nice, but O how helpless I feel in teaching them! Mrs Samuelson could not undertake them, so I am doing my best with Christina's help. While I was absent lately the brother of Unhlongolwana (our Induna) ran away to Natal. He left home ostensibly to beg for some tobacco from a friend about 12 miles from here. When he got there he slept for the night, and gave out that he was going to another friend a little further on to beg a blanket. After that he was not heard of. Not returning to his kraal as his family expected, they went in search of him, and not finding him where he had told them he was going, they divined he had run away. He is Unhlongolwana's only brother, so the poor old man was in a dreadful way about him, and begged two of our people, Usajabula and Henry, to go and see if they could find him. They went and found him at the other side, but he would not hear of returning. He was tired of Zulu troubles, to which he could see no end. The result has been a smelling out, and on the 27th September two whole kraals took the alarm, and bolted for the Tugela. On getting there they found it impassable, and have dispersed themselves among the kraals in different directions.

"In a recent letter I told you that a great deal of sickness had been prevailing in the neighbourhood, and no fewer than 10 people had died. One of the oldest men of the place had been smelt out, but some one gave him a friendly warning. He had nothing whatever to cover himself with, and Jasu very charitably gave him his coat (a blanket coat reaching nearly to the knees). I am thankful to be able to record this act, selfishness being one of the great evils against which we have to contend. It is all very sad this, but I can see how good may come out of it. There is a natural longing in the heart of every man for rest, and the great troubles endured by the poor Zulus will prepare

them for the reception of that which alone can give them rest and peace. Oh that the way could be made more clear with Ketchwayo for their drawing a little closer to us! I know that many envy the quiet and security of our people, and would gladly seek it if only they durst.

"But I must now thank you for the valuable box which I received at the Tugela, and did not know I had it until I got home, imagining that the contents would come in the shape of bales. It is most acceptable; the people—especially the men and boys—were beginning to be very destitute; now we are set up for a long time. Glad as I was to get the box, I cannot tell you with what an aching heart I opened it. It always used to be such a happy day to her.

* * * *

"I was very glad and thankful to get home, but it was a sad home-coming. * * * * I am quite alone now, Mr Samuelson's house being about half a mile distant. The children and all the people are very good, which is a great comfort. A lad aged about seventeen, Usomcubo, has expressed a desire to become a Christian. He has been under our influence more or less for the last three years, and is a very nice quiet boy. His father was killed at the battle of the Tugela about eight years ago. His mother is still alive. God grant that more may follow his example! Little did I think some months ago that the good seed was beginning to take root in his heart. It may be that there are others that we know not of.

"Oh how I miss *her* in every thing relating to the female portion of my charge! They live with old Tobi, and I manage to teach them with Christina's help. * * * There are two other little girls too, about eight or nine years of age, who are often with me. They belong to Umaigani, of whom you must often have heard. One of them was promised to be *her* child long ago, and when I returned, although, alas! alone, they kept their word, and brought her: the parents are such good people, they pray in secret, and come regularly to all the services. * * * I keep up their interest by allowing them to visit me as

often as they like. I speak in the plural, for from one it soon became two, and they always come on Sundays and stay over Monday, Christina looking after them.

"*October 15th.* Do you remember Usibopo, for whose life I pleaded with Umasipula last year? He is here with his sister. They arrived on Thursday; it was touching to see his sorrow for my great loss and his own—he meant to leave his sister, but she must go back—I can do nothing with her now.

"In another month, D.V., we shall have finished a very useful work at which we have been working for three years whenever time could be spared for it: namely, a ditch and embankment all round the mission-house, chapel, and garden. The ditch is five feet wide, and eight feet from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the bank. In some places we took advantage of the nature of the ground, and had only to scarp the face of the hill, but the labour was not much less. If I am spared I will plant a fence all round the top of it, which will make it still more impregnable: it will exist long after I am dead and gone. The turves are all built as they are cut, and fit exactly into one another, not perpendicularly but at an angle of about 60; and after a time it will grow into one solid mass. So it will not dilapidate if properly used. * * * I have measured the length of the trench, and find it 896 yards, and 200 more done along one side of the cultivated land. This we hope gradually to extend, until a considerable space is enclosed.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you all with whom we have corresponded, have such just and true views of mission work, I mean in not being in a hurry to see the fruit of our labours; for that we must submit to wait patiently and faithfully—at the same time like good husbandmen. What husbandman having sown *good* seed ever doubts respecting the harvest, provided that God bless the field with gentle showers and the genial warmth of the sun? This spring has illustrated this very beautifully. Up to the end of last month we had dry cold weather, and although

the people had planted more than a month before the rains came, not a blade was to be seen. Now the sun is shining in full splendour, and every thing is green and beautiful.

* * * "I hope and pray that we may not long be left so single-handed as we are now. At the future I dare hardly look. I do my work from day to day, and pray God may provide for the future."

November 19th, 1864, is the date of the next letter:

"During the last month we have had a great deal of sickness, and the medicines you kindly sent came in very usefully. At the station alone we had five cases of a kind of *typhoid* fever, one of which proved fatal. Little Hali and Godi were of the number, and having them so entirely under my control, I tried the Homœopathic medicines with them. But having the death of the young missionary up at Mombas before me, I was very nervous about it; and seeing Godi getting worse and worse, I took fright and went back to my old remedies. With Hali I was twice very nearly doing the same, but I held on and have been rewarded by his complete recovery. * * * * Hali was very good. At English prayers—which although alone now, I still keep up—we read the Psalms in alternate verses with the others (each reading his verse alone ensures its being read properly, instead of being mumbled in the wake of the best reader): and to shew you how much Hali knows of the Psalms, I mention that he from his sick-bed—which was a mat in the sitting-room—used to prompt the others from memory when they came to a stickfast. Godi's mother came to nurse him, and it was very touching to see her love for her youngest child, and amusing to notice her superstitious fears at night. One night Bruce kept up a continual barking and she was sure an 'Umtakati' was about. In the morning she told me quite excitedly about it, and shewed me how tightly she had drawn all the curtains to keep out the 'wicked prying eyes.' The other three patients belonged to a kraal near, and were brought

to me. All three I believe might have recovered (two have quite): they were all doing well when one morning one of them, in a kind of panic that he should get well no where but at his kraal, started before it was light, and managed to drag himself there, where it was impossible for me with my other duties to attend to him: two days after he died.

"A young man belonging to one of the nearest kraals was killed about three weeks ago in a hunt. The native mode of hunting is, for a large party to surround the game. In this instance they had surrounded it, when a great reed buck dashed through the circle, knocking down the young man who, on his companions going to his assistance, was found to have his own spear run right through his body. The sapient witch-doctors, on being consulted, declared that no 'Umtakati' had done it, but the spirits of his forefathers, who were angry because no sacrifices had been offered to them lately. In this instance we may thank them for the decision. Not so in the case of an Induna who with his child was living about 20 miles from here. A poor man was 'smelt out,' killed with his wife and several children, and the family utterly scattered, about a week ago. This is the only case I have heard of lately. Those whom I spoke of by last post have escaped hitherto. Umdwendwe, I am thankful to say, is safe as yet, thank God. He is very thankful to me for the part I took respecting the dead body which was found near his kraal. The heathen have a superstitious dread of touching a dead body, but I sent a Christian who brought away the dress, and it has been recognized as belonging to a poor idiot. But how he came there no one can say. That foul play had been used there could be no doubt, as there were evidences of a scuffle having taken place near, and the body was partially covered with grass.

"The great fence that I told you of has been finished some time, and the people are now busy in trenching a large cattle kraal.

"On Friday next Henry and Blanche are to be married, the banns having been published three times. In

the box you kindly sent me I found a pretty dress for her. Both she and her intended husband have always been very good, so we may hope that good may still follow them. God grant that it may be so!"

The December journal letter is a very important one; I proceed to make large extracts from it.

"*Dec.* 12, 1864. A month has not expired since the date of my last: but few although the days have been, I do not remember any equal period of my life so pregnant with events, of what importance you will see.

"*Nov.* 25*th* was Blanche's wedding-day—and a happy one it was. She and Henry seem a most attached couple, and I trust that their union may be both long and useful. They give good promise so far. * * * * I could not make any feast for them as on former similar occasions; but Christina made some bread and a nice cake for them, to which I added a supply of coffee and sugar, and they made themselves very happy at Usajabula's.

Nov. 26*th*. I was unfortunate enough to sprain my back very badly to-day. I was only lifting a large block of wood. The pain was so great that I could hardly walk home. * * * It caused me great suffering for several days, and I still (Dec. 12th) feel it a little.

"*Nov.* 29*th*. You will know by my late letters that on my last return from the Tugela I found that two young women and a girl had arrived from a place a long way beyond the Black Umfolosi, wishing to become Christians, and eventually to be married to Daniel and Usandulela. Their past history has been an extremely sad one, and that more than anything else has been the cause of their taking the step they did. But I must first tell you how they became acquainted with us. Two years ago, famine at their homes caused them to pass Kwamagwaza in search of food. In passing they rested awhile, and never having seen native Christians before (except perhaps a trading Kafir), they were very much struck, and being kindly treated by the dear one departed, they thought how they would like

to be with us, but they said nothing then. Daniel and Usandulela, passing their kraal some five months ago, had a long chat with them, and they determined to follow them as soon as possible. The following is an outline of their previous history. Their father was killed when they were quite children in a quarrel with his brother Umxuswa respecting the leadership of their kraal. Very soon after this Umxuswa, and nearly all his people were killed by Dingan. After this our two friends were brought up to womanhood by a cousin. He again was killed by Panda, together with a great number of his tribe. So many were killed that they do not know the number. Two only of importance were left, Umdumela and Ubaccla; but when these sad events took place, the former died suddenly, and Ubaccla is now the head of what still remains of the tribe, and an Induna at Emangweni, one of Ketchwayo's military kraals.

"Very shortly after this, *i.e.* about 1855, our two friends were married to Umanembe, an M.D. and a great man. He had no fewer than forty-seven wives. As may be well supposed, their married life was anything but a happy one. But it was of short duration. About four years ago their husband with nearly 200 of his family and dependents were killed. All his own kraals, eight in number, all large, and two belonging to his people, were destroyed. Very few escaped. Our friends owed their escape to Ketchwayo, to whom they were personally known, having when girls been attached to his mother's establishment. He gave orders that they should be spared. The history of their husband's death is as follows. Some time, above five years ago, Ketchwayo was sick, and sent to a doctor in Natal for medicine; this poor people having much more faith in medicines brought from a distance than in what they know themselves. The medicine sent, however, instead of curing him made him much worse, but he was restored to health by the exertions of Umanembe, or more probably by nature itself. At all events Umanembe, who was the court-doctor at the time, got the credit of it, and was in consequence in high favour—at all times a dangerous position, from the

number of enemies it raises up to the unhappy possessor. About this time Umanembe's eldest son, in whom the old man's life seemed to be bound up, was taken ill with fever. He recovered from that, but Ketchwayo, in whose favour he stood high, wished to feed him well, in order that he might soon recover his strength, and as a preliminary sent him some medicine, but the servants who took it to him substituted in its place some of that which had come from Natal, which had the effect of killing the poor man in a few hours. The Prince was much grieved at this, and at once sent to condole with Umanembe, making him a large present of cattle at the same time. But the poor man was inconsolable. He complained bitterly, and the messengers returned to Ketchwayo, and reported that he blamed him for the death of his son; adding that such a great doctor would soon kill him in return. In this way they wrought upon his fears, and the result was that Umanembe was killed, as I have before described. He knew some time beforehand what was about to happen, but would make no attempt to escape: he said he had no wish to live. * * *

"But to return to our friends. When I first saw them on my return from the Tugela, I was very anxious as to how it might end for them. * * * But they were so earnest and nice in every way, that I determined to trust that all would come right, and to endeavour to do my best for them. At first I wished to go and talk to Ketchwayo, but my advisers, old Umxam, and others, would not hear of it: I might cause their whole kraal to be destroyed, &c. I sent off Heber to their kraal with the little girl who had accompanied them, begging that their brother might come to me that we might consider what should be done. Heber found their brother, Unhlangana, not unwilling that they should remain with us, but he must consult his chief Ubacela. Ubacela was not at home, and the messenger passed him on the road. He, no doubt remembering the sad history of his house, was extremely alarmed, and at once sent to Ketchwayo to say that on his return home he had found that the women had been missing for about three

months, and that they had just found them at Kwamagwaza. The finding was a lie, for I had sent at once to tell them where they were; but he put it in that way to save himself. Ketchwayo was said to have been very angry with me for having concealed them, as he thought, and sent an Induna (Umapinda, a man well-known to me) and four other men, their relations, to take them away by force. Their orders were to take them home and marry them at once. If they refused to go, they were to beat them, but not actually to kill them. To me his message was that he was angry because I had not reported them to him; but he felt sure, from my past intercourse with him and my knowledge of their customs, that I should have a good excuse to make. It so happened that I had kept by their customs exactly, *viz.* by reporting them first to their brother. Their own people had departed from the custom by not at once following after them and taking them home: it would have been time for them to go to the Prince if I had refused to give them up, or they to go. I shall never forget the terrified look of the poor men when I gave the Induna my version of the story. It was all new to him. What follows was most painful to me; but I knew what I was about, and that if I had acted differently I should not have been able to bring about the happy result that I did. But I must not speak as if *I* had done it. I was only an instrument: to God alone be all the praise.

"I at once related to Umapinda all that I had done, adding, 'Ketchwayo is the ruler of the country; the people are his; I cannot oppose him; I am to blame in nothing in this matter: the women are here; you may take them away.' (I must tell you, however, that I had from the first assured the women that there was nothing in my power that I would not do for them.) The women were called. They refused to go back to their kraals; they had had enough of heathen life: they would die first. They would go to Ketchwayo, and he might kill them, but go back they never would. Their relations tried to dissuade them from this, well knowing that if they refused to go home

from his place they would certainly be killed. But no, they would not. So they started to sleep at a kraal near. I was glad to see them go, in order that I might be able to say that I had given them up and they had gone. I sent after them, however, and called back Umapinda, made him a present of a blanket, and told him that if he wished to continue my friend (he is an old friend living close by here) he must on no account allow them to go to the Prince. He promised that he would not, and during the night, as he thought, talked them round. But the young ladies had other thoughts in their heads. In the morning they said they had changed their minds: they would go home. Umapinda's work then was at an end, and the four men started, as they thought, on their way home. But after they had left Umapinda's kraal a little way, they said they must go past the Station to get their mats: they could not think of leaving them. You may imagine the chagrin of the men, when, instead of finding their mats, they came and sat down in the sitting-room, saying, 'You may kill us here: we shall never go.' They tried hard to get them to go, but it would not do. Umapinda was consulted, and he gave them a scolding for being so simple as to let them come back at all—adding that he had done his part yesterday. They then determined to take them by force, I having made up my mind not to interfere before a certain point—*viz.* until they had gone as far as they had been commissioned to go. But to take by force two as strong women as you can imagine, was not such an easy matter. One of the men began by clutching at the younger of the two—such a gentle nice person she is—when the other jumped up saying, 'Ah! you cowards! begin with me!' and gave them a box on the ear. (I ought to say that being the children of one mother, and having always lived together, they are very much attached to one another.) Upon this, all the four seized hold of her, but she bit, scratched, and struck in a manner that soon made them let her go, and no sooner did she get out of their grasp, than seizing an Enfield bayonet, the hiding-place of which

she knew, she soon cleared the room of them. I felt that if she wounded any of them with that, there would be no chance of doing anything for them, so I went up to her and took it from her, giving her an encouraging word at the same time. After this they got hold of her, and dragged her along the ground for a distance of about fifty yards, beating her, but not badly. During all this time I only once interfered. I saw one of them throttling her, when I went up and pushing away his hand with my foot, said, 'It will be as bad for you as for her if you kill her!' At this stage she pretended to be dying, and the men soon sat down to consider what they should do. I went up to them and asked them what they were going to do next: they replied that they were beaten: they could do no more. I then talked kindly to them, told them that they were their sisters; it was a great sin to ill-treat them; it would be much better to arrange for them to stay here always and make us their friends; that I was ready to accompany them to Ketchwayo and plead for them, &c. To all this they entirely agreed, saying that they only acted as they did to save their own lives and those of their families, which would be in danger if they did not obey the commands of the Prince. I said they might be easy about that now; they had done all that they had been told to do, and I hoped the Prince would listen to what I had to say. So although my back was still very sore, I determined to accompany them there the following day.

"After the men left (for they slept at Umapinda's kraal) all our women people ran to the poor woman on the ground. She did not at first know they were gone, so she continued to pretend. I went to her too, and asked her where the pain was: she could hold out no longer, but burst into a fit of laughter. She was scarcely hurt at all.

"During the evening I had a long talk with them, trying to comfort them. I cannot tell you how nice they were—so determined whatever might happen to remain; and they told me how they had prayed during the previous night.

"*Dec.* 1*st.* It was exactly midday before we started. * * * * I slept at the kraal of the young man who stayed so long with us with a broken leg. And, will you believe it, he is now well. The wounds are healed up and he walks quite well. Nothing could exceed their kindness to me; but I was so frightfully tired I could hardly speak to them.

"*Dec.* 2*nd.* The road to-day was most beautiful. * * * * But I was very tired in body and anxious in mind. I went along picturing to myself how sad it would be to return unsuccessful. Often did I try to pray 'in faith, nothing doubting' that God would prosper my way; but doubts and anxieties would come back again. I thought of Elijah when his faith failed him, and tried to take courage.

"I reached Ondine about midday, and found the Prince asleep. I was happy to meet with a friend in the Induna Usigcwelgcwele. As soon as the Prince awoke he sent to tell him that I had arrived; (Heber, I should have told you, was with me;) and presently he was called that the Prince might learn from him the line I was taking. He must have spoken well of me, for in a short time I also was called in, and on being announced outside the hut, the Prince called me, saying, 'Come in, my brother. Why does my brother stand outside?' Oh I cannot tell you how happy these words made me. I felt as if a heavy load had fallen from my shoulders. I went in, and after the usual salutations, yes and a secret prayer for him, I began my petition. I rehearsed the whole matter to him from the beginning, and concluded by saying that I had come there not to oppose him, which I could not think of, but to beg that the poor women might be spared and allowed to remain with us. To think of taking them away was out of the question. If he did not consent to their staying, only one thing else remained for him to do; *viz.* to send and *shut up the other eye* (Anglicè, kill them). One eye was already shut up (*i.e.* they had been beaten). Only one remained; but what advantage would he gain by destroying that? 'I beg then that you will allow me to return

home to *collect the bones*, and see what I can make of them. I know very well that you will answer, *Shall I enlarge the nations?* but I deny that by your people becoming Christians your strength will be diminished. Your strength is diminished by your people running away to Natal; but I wish to identify myself with your nation; and I do not call your people mine, nor wish to take them from you when they become Christians. I therefore beg most earnestly that you will spare these women, and allow them to live and bear children *for you'* (*i.e.* who will be your subjects). The above is the substance of what I said. I took pains to make every thing very clear to him, and put it in thorough Zulu fashion. He remained silent all the time, and for a few minutes after I had done speaking; when he said 'Yes, you may go and collect the bones.' Oh how I thanked him: I hardly ever remember feeling so grateful. He then asked quite kindly after them by name, shewing that he knew them quite well. Were they much hurt? Did I think I should be able to cure them? &c. To all of which enquiries I made suitable replies; after which the conversation became general. In the course of it he made a very touching allusion to my beloved wife. 'Ah! Umfundisi,' he said, 'we are very sorry for you; the insika' (pole which supports the roof of a hut) 'of your house has come down!' I tried to turn the allusion to good account. I am sure Ketchwayo has a good heart in him, and that the horrible cruelties which, alas! so often occur, are to be laid to the system under which he lives, rather than to him.

"Being anxious to get home for Sunday I soon took my leave, and slept at Enhliwayini about two miles from Ondine. I was also anxious to deliver my good news as soon as possible.

"*Dec. 3rd.* I started early this morning, and reached home in the afternoon. The walking took me eleven hours, and I rested one hour. During the latter part of the day it rained hard, but I pushed on, and was rewarded by the joyful welcome which awaited me. One welcome was not

there, and my heart filled when I thought how glad she would have been. * * * * * *. Although the rain was coming down in torrents every one came running to greet me as soon as I arrived. * * * As for the poor women they could hardly speak for joy.

"*Dec. 4th, Sunday.* Had this been a week-day I think I should have remained in bed, I was so stiff and tired, but I managed to get up in time for church. I felt very grateful to God for being permitted to worship with my poor friends.

"*Dec. 5th.* During the past two months I have been constantly teaching the young women Scripture history, Christian doctrine and duty: and D. V. I propose to baptize them on Sunday next. The preparation is a much shorter one than I have ever allowed before, but I feel sure that in their case I am justified. They are thoroughly well-behaved, but I know that among these poor natives it is unwise to defer marriage long, when once it has been decided on. Then their sincerity is undoubted, they having persevered in their profession even to the risk of their lives. Besides, I have never known any make the rapid progress that they have done. And it must not be supposed that marriage was their sole or even their prime motive, for ever since the death of their husband, their relations, anxious to get cows, have been constantly urging them to marry, but they steadily refused, long before they knew anything of us.

"*Dec. 6th.* Heber and Usajabula started for Ondine with the cattle (constituting the marriage dowry) for Ketchwayo, fourteen in number.

Dec. 8th. Heber and Co. returned to-day. Ketchwayo was very gracious, and gave the cattle to the relations of the girls. I ought to say of them that nothing could exceed their gratitude. I can see how our influence will be widely extended, for they do not belong to the common herd, but are well connected. It is a strange coincidence that a large kraal belonging to their tribe is now moving to within a few miles of us. Hitherto they have lived at

the other side of the Imfuli, but in consequence of a girl having been killed by their neighbours, they are now removing to near Pakade's kraal.

"*Dec.* 11*th*. This has been a very happy Sunday to me; the baptisms took place. The gentle one I named 'Anne,' and the other 'Fanny.' I know that you and all our friends will pray for them, that they may abundantly adorn their Christian profession, and may soon be followed by many others. Usomcubu professed his desire some time ago, and is now being prepared; and Usibopo and his sister Unomxuma are still here, and are giving me hopes.

"*Dec.* 16*th*. One thing that has come to my knowledge within the last few days has made me happy. * * * * From the first (nearly) of our coming to Zululand I have perceived that there was a stumbling-block which lay in the way of the Zulus being allowed to become Christians. Ever since the 23rd Jan. 1863, I have kept it steadily in view in all my interviews with Ketchwayo, and I hope that by God's help it has now been removed. * * * * The Norwegian missionaries, some of them, had been at work for about fifteen years, but with the exception of a very few, who, like little Tapatapa had been given to them, they had made no converts, their Christian natives—the few they have—being Natal Kafirs. The chief reason of this I conceived to be, and Ketchwayo has over and over again confirmed me in my view—a mistaken principle upon which the missionaries have acted of making an *imperium in imperio*—teaching that it is wrong for Christians to continue to serve—pay the usual duties of allegiance to—a heathen ruler. Ketchwayo has over and over again frankly said to me when I have spoken on this subject, when I have protested most strongly that I had no wish to take his people from him, that to become Christians would only make them better and more faithful subjects—often, I say, has he replied, 'What? Ngi za kwandisa izizwe ini na?' (Shall I increase the nations?) Shall I diminish my strength by giving away my people, to other nations? When I was last at Ondine I dwelt very strongly on this point, and I

am thankful to say that God has blessed what I, His unworthy servant, said. After I left he discussed the whole matter with his counsellors with great satisfaction, and sent a message two days after to say that he had 'laid hold of that word.' A Christian Kafir, belonging to the Norwegians, happened to be there, reported all, and before a week had passed away Schreuder went to say that he now wished his people to konza (pay allegiance).

"Immediately after Christmas, I mean, D. V., to go and introduce all my people—not as mine, but his—and I pray that God may grant His blessing, without which all our efforts will be in vain. An anxious work it will be in consequence of the weakness of the poor natives, but if it is right, we must not shrink from it because of the difficulties we may see ahead. I shall leave them as little as possible to themselves—going with them, or sending some one with them as a rule. If they behave well, I can well see how much good may come out of it. For the time, we may say, a little Church will be bearing witness to Christ at the head-quarters of the heathenism of the country; and the missionaries will have many good opportunities given them, we may hope, of influencing the Prince himself.

"*Dec. 20th.* I cannot tell you how hearty were the congratulations with which I was greeted almost every day last week. My dear friend Umaigani, as soon as he heard of my return, sent me a vessel of beer and a few mealies, saying they were his eyes, and a few days after a sheep to kill. He and his whole family, I am sure, are 'not far from the kingdom of heaven.' I have never known such a happy heathen family. He says a prayer every night, and three of his daughters come dressed to church every Sunday; they are the only ones from the kraals who do.

"Began to teach Fanny and Anne sewing, *i.e.* Alice is teaching them.

"*Christmas Day.* A very nice service. The women returned in the afternoon. They hoped to get here yesterday, but were prevented by rain. As a rule we never travel on Sundays, but they were very near home, and being half

famished, they could not resist coming on, and I cannot blame them.

"*Dec. 27th.* Very wet weather. I have never known a year when we have had so much, and the crops in the upland districts are suffering in consequence. I have eaten my first fig to-day, the first grown at Kwamagwaza, perhaps in Zululand. Both the fig and the peach-trees are beginning to bear now.

"*St John's Day.* How beautiful is the *Christian Year* for to-day, 'When the shore is won at last,' &c.

"The marriages are, D. V., to take place on Monday next, so Christina has begun her cooking. I am so very thankful that all has gone on well so far, and I have a good hope that the unions will be long and happy ones. I have never known any so earnest as Fanny and Anne are. It is quite wonderful how they have taken to civilized habits, which were so entirely new to them. Of soap they wish for more than I find it convenient to let them have. They are beginning too to make out for themselves the easier words, such as have no compound syllables, and can sing nicely many of our hymns.

"We are sometimes indebted to circumstances which *look* like chance for ideas of great value. Some years ago, finding that beginners had great difficulty in remembering Scripture names and histories, I wrote a few narrative hymns, not in verse, but as like the Psalms as possible. Not having them in print they were laid aside. But since I have had to teach these women, I have taken them up again, and am more and more convinced of their utility in communicating religious truths to an illiterate people, and I find that such hymns have existed from the earliest times in the Christian Church. 'We cannot estimate fully,' it has been said, 'the effect of the narrative hymns in keeping up a knowledge of the facts of Christianity among the people through the middle ages.' How very applicable then must they not be for the Zulus.

"*Dec. 29th.* Passers by * * * confirm the report that the Boers are taking forcible possession of the western

portion of the country. They claim it in virtue of a promise (they say) they received from Ketchwayo in 1861."

Mr Robertson's solitary labours were not to continue long now, and when we read in the next entry of his having a severe illness, it is with a thankful heart that we are able to tell of friends at home having raised funds to send him out a tried helper in Alfred Adams, who had gone with the late Bishop Mackenzie to the Zambesi, and remained from the beginning to the close of the Mission as an industrial teacher to the natives there. In the same capacity he has now joined Mr Robertson, and mention of his arrival will be made in a future letter. He sailed from London early in December.

Mr R. continues his journal letter-writing on Jan. 2, 1865:

"On Friday night I was suddenly attacked with acute dysentery, the first attack of the kind I have ever suffered from in my life. I am a little better now, I am thankful to say, but thoroughly prostrated. I feel sure that had the attack continued long I could not have lived; so very ill was I. I can only thank God for having given me some measure of relief to-day. Every one is most kind to me—I cannot say how kind—but the hours are very long and lonely. * * * * You and all the kind friends of this Mission are often in my thoughts, or I should rather say, never entirely out of them. But other thoughts are forced upon me; my cares follow me to my sick room. Little Hali is my attendant by day and Longcast by night. By means of the former as messenger, I manage to keep things going.

"Two sets of messengers have arrived from Ketchwayo to-day. * * * He wishes very urgently to see me, and then afterwards I should go for him to Natal to plead his cause with the Natal Government in the matter of the Boer invasion. Unless God speedily raises me up again I shall be

unable to go, for which I shall be very sorry, as I hope much by helping him indirectly to benefit my own work.

"The marriages took place to-day, as had been appointed, Mr Samuelson officiating. They wished to put them off until my recovery, but I felt that happen what may, I shall be most happy in knowing that that work has been happily ended. God bless them, and give them as much happiness as shall be good for them!

"*Jan. 3rd.* I am thankful to say, that although at times in great pain, I am better upon the whole. I have sent away the Prince's messengers, and mean to send Heber to-morrow to get more ample information, and partly that I may gain a little time to get strength for the journey.

"Mr Samuelson's herd-boy has just come to me with the beginning of a fever upon him. For the sake of the sick I am always sorry to leave home. Poor old Mam has been very ill lately. So much sickness I have never known before. I think it must be in consequence of the unusual amount of rain which has fallen this year.

"After morning prayers, which are conducted by Usajabula, all the people visit me in my room. The brides and bridegrooms are looking perfectly happy—the teeth and eyes of the former gleaming as usual. One and another have told me some of the incidents of yesterday. * * * * It had been decided by the 'grand authorities' that when they left the church they were to walk arm-in-arm, a custom yet in its infancy in Zululand. Fanny, who is a thorough picture of self-reliance and determination, went through every thing all right; but Anne, after walking a few steps, bolted away from her husband, and hid her face on the shoulder of one of the girls.

"*Jan. 4th.* I have had a long and refreshing talk with Umdwendwe to-day. Some of his neighbours are quarrelling with him, and I am endeavouring to make peace, but it is very difficult. He is not to blame, which is good.

"I have also had a visit from Unongoko (Godi's father), two of his wives, and a daughter; also from a man of Ko-

teketeni. It is very cheering to see how deeply these people sympathize with me in my troubles. Many of their kind words, were I to produce them, would give to those who did not know differently the idea that they were all Christians. 'The Lord preserve you for our sakes!' and similar expressions are continually upon their lips. I have sent off Heber to-day.

"*Jan. 6th.* Two more messengers have arrived from Ketchwayo. I mean to go to him as soon as ever I am able.

"*Jan. 7th.* Heber has just returned from Ondine in high spirits about Ketchwayo. Lately I have often been wishing and hoping that the 'door' may be opened in Zululand; and his first words accompanied with a bright smile were, 'The door is opening.' Ketchwayo wishes to see me as soon as possible, and if I am able, that I should go on to Natal to urge in person the mediation of the Government between him and the Boers. And he further promises to give up to the English a portion of the territory all along his western border, thereby placing friends whom he entirely trusts between him and the Boers whom he dreads. * * * * * I am most thankful for the news Heber has brought, and pray that this work may be brought to a happy conclusion."

In spite of weakness from his recent illness, and heavy rain, which went through the poor old wagon like a sieve, Mr Robertson, accompanied by Heber, obeyed Ketchwayo's call, and had a long and interesting interview with him, and others of the princes and great men.

Ketchwayo assured Mr R. that no promise had been given to the Boers either by his father or himself of the district in question, and seemed thoroughly alive to the danger he is in from them. Mr Robertson tried to turn the conversation to good account on the Sunday he spent at Ondine, being, he says, quite

sure that the Zulus are thoroughly prepared for a radical change. He adds:

"I think I convinced Udumdum, in particular, that the only chance of safety for the Zulus lies in their taking lessons from the teachers God has sent them. A historical resumé always interests these natives extremely, so I often go on that tack. I shewed him how many changes he had seen during the last fifty years, and it was absurd for him to think that the Zulus could exist unchanged, while all the world was changing around them. Their only safety lay in changing also. If Udumdum's words and looks are any index, he is ready for this change. God grant that the day may soon come!"

On Mr Robertson's return home on the 17th January he found the health of the station much improved, but a few days after little Godi's mother, Umsiti, arrived, ill with fever, ending in an attack of paralysis, which rendered her quite powerless on the left side. Mr Robertson in his letter said:

"It is very wonderful how that family has been drawn to me. They run to me with all their ailments and all their troubles, and she especially. I had a very pleasant talk with her and Tobi the other day. They both acknowledged that they were Christians in their hearts, and Umsiti added, that she hoped the day would soon come when all her children would be taught as Godi is.

"She is quite powerless, and cannot move a finger. All her children are here, and are extremely kind to her; they are a very affectionate family. It is very touching to listen to her murmurings about her helplessness. She has made her daughter lift her up I know not how often, saying, 'Oh if I could only walk. How sweet it is to walk.' I could not help reflecting upon the wonderful ways of God, who by this very affliction may be granting to her, her so often expressed desire of being here."

A month later we heard of the poor woman [illegible] so far better as to be able to walk about a little by the help of a stick, but her left arm was still quite powerless; in fact her whole left side more or less so.

Early in February Mr Robertson sent off the wagon and people to the Umhlatuze to cut timber for the church now to be built, and also to make a shed for the new wagon. Hali and Billy were of the working party. The letter of this month told us of a new station being formed 24 miles from Kwamagwaza on the road to Durban, of which Mr Samuelson was put in charge. The site was given by Ketchwayo, and Mr Robertson said, "It was very gratifying to see how willingly he granted it, before the words were hardly out of my mouth." He thus describes it:

"It is a most beautiful spot, having splendid views in all directions, forest, river, mountain, and on clear days the ocean in the distance. Near at hand also is a series of waterfalls of various heights. The three largest I estimated at eight, twenty-two, and forty feet in height. We had a refreshing shower-bath under the second. I am sure bathing is a grand means of preserving health. I do not know any other district in Zululand of equal extent with so large a population, and the district is capable of supporting that population increased a thousand fold. The valley of the Umhlatuze is very rich as well as extensive, and there are people alive who remember its being cultivated throughout its whole extent. It is now a dense bush, and the haunt of herds of buffaloes and other game. Such is war.

"Udosi, the Induna of this district, and several of his people, were present at the service we held on Sunday, and are grateful at the prospect of having a Missionary among them. It is a strange coincidence from which I [illegible] that in Udosi I meet with a relation of the two young women lately baptized as you know by the names of Anne and Fanny. Nothing can be more encouraging than the

kind feeling the people are shewing towards us, and one old Inkosikazi (chieftainess) in whose kraal I have often held service, means, I am told, to send an ox to Ketchwayo to thank him for what he has done."

Mr Samuelson's account of the interview with Ketchwayo, which is as follows, confirms all that Mr Robertson has said of the Prince's friendliness with him.

"We arrived at Ondine at 1 P.M. It is not customary with the people to get audience of the Prince in the afternoon, but Mr Robertson sent a message at once to say that he wished to see him. We remained in a hut in silent prayer till a messenger called us. Having entered the Isigodhlo, the quarter of the kraal where the Prince resides, we sat looking at one another for a little while, as the Zulu custom is. Then the Prince shook hands with Mr Robertson so heartily, that every one could see they are intimate friends. He also soon recognized me as his old friend, who in years past lived at the Empangeni, and shook hands with me most heartily. He looked very attentive whilst Mr R. was speaking; when he had finished, the face of the Prince gleamed with pleasure, and he gave his consent at once, saying: 'Ye are Missionaries, and do no harm in my land, build ye where you like.' All his attendants and ourselves thanked him heartily. Mr Robertson gave him a present, and we shook hands again, and took our leave with thankful hearts.

"The place for the intended station is a beautifully elevated site overlooking the Umhlatuze valley, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, with innumerable patches of forest and bush. It is formed by nature into the shape of an acute triangle, having a small river on either side, which joining together and flowing on for about 300 yards, falls down a precipice about 200 feet high, and forms the most splendid shower-bath I have seen in this land. The place is one day's walk from this station, on the road to Ondine and Natal, so it will be a place of

refreshing for our Missionaries coming or going past. We think the ground is good, and there is no end of fuel. It is accessible with wagon from three different sides, and it is one of the most populous districts we know of in Zululand. We have called the place St Paul's, Zululand.

"On our way home many came to testify their joy at our coming to live amongst them."

One advantage of this new station over sites granted before for Mission Stations, was, that being on the road to Durban, the same wagon and oxen would serve for the Samuelsons and for Kwamagwaza, which was a great saving of expense; it is named St Paul's; and in the course of a few weeks we heard that Mr Samuelson had nearly finished building a house 20 ft. by 12 ft., and a little outside kitchen, and was thoroughly happy.

Mr Robertson paid another visit this month to Ketchwayo, who was in great alarm as to the intentions of the Boers, and is, Mr R. believes, only restrained from trying his strength with them from fear of offending the English, whom he said he both loves and fears, adding,

"No man can put his hand into a snake's hole and not be hurt, and if the English do not interfere we shall die to a man, and then the Boers can occupy our country."

The next letter, dated March 9th, was written from the kraal of a chief of considerable importance, named Matyana. Mr R. says:

"I am writing under the usual difficulties of a hut, my seat being my mat and my table my feet. This I find is the most comfortable mode of writing under such circumstances. Epidemic dysentery is raging here and in Natal, and Umatyana and five of his people are suffering from it. His kraal is quite 60 miles from Kwamagwaza, but he sent a horse for me, and begged me so urgently to come, that I

could not refuse. I look upon it as a duty to avail myself of every opportunity of getting nearer and nearer to the hearts of this people, and few ways are more successful than when we are able to administer to their bodily infirmities. It is, however, very difficult to treat them successfully, their clothing is so spare and the huts fearfully damp."

Mr Robertson here mentions with gratitude the cork mattrass sent him by kind friends at home, without which he would not have dared to remain. By God's blessing on the remedies he took with him, all his patients recovered, except two women who died, and the chief rewarded him with the present of a fine ox. One of the women who died was very old, and it was well for the other, who was a young wife, that she did die, for they had smelt her out, as the cause of all the sickness, and had she lived a few days longer they would have killed her.

This letter ended very joyfully; for while he was still in what he called the sick kraal, Mr Robertson heard from Alfred Adams of his arrival at Durban, and on his return home on the 14th March he found he had arrived four days previously. He did not then know how valuable his help and sympathy would shortly be! It thrills one with horror to read of the murder of good Umdwendwe, whose life was thought to have been saved when his enemies sought it before. Mr Robertson thus tells us of it:

"*April 6th.* Little did I know when I began this letter how sorry it would make you before its close. Good Umdwendwe is no more. He was killed yesterday. Just as I was finishing the last page a lad came and told me that a large body of men had passed his kraal for that purpose the night before. I at once started for his kraal, accompanied by Adams, Usajabula, and John. A most sad sight met

my view on reaching the kraal. Blood was every where. In the first hut into which I entered one of his wives was lying dead in a pool of blood. Poor thing, when the alarm had been first given, she had prepared herself for flight, by tying the cotton sheet round her waist. On going a little further I came to Umdwendwe himself, covered with wounds and quite dead. I cannot tell you how sorry I was. His shield was by him, the rod which traverses it broken. His hands were firmly clenched, and his teeth set, but I thought that about his eyes, which were open, there was a happy look, and I trust that he had time to commit his soul into the hands of Him who, we may be sure, will judge mercifully; and I cannot help indulging the hope that he will see and be seen by her he loved so much, and who loved him no less. I took some rings from his arm, one of which I send to you. In another hut I found his old mother with a fearful wound under her chin, the flesh was literally separated from her jaws, which were quite visible; and she also received a fearful blow on her shoulder. She with two dogs were the only living creatures in the kraal. I had not been there long before three boys (friends of mine) joined us, and from them I learned that early in the morning, before it was light, a force of, they suppose, over 100 men surrounded the kraal, and began their bloody work. Umdwendwe, on coming out of the hut, was soon overpowered. His spear seemed to have been pulled out of his hand, for it was fearfully gashed, as if the blade had been pulled through it. Two of his sons also were very badly wounded, but they made their escape, and have not been heard of as yet, although diligent search was made for them all day yesterday. One of them in getting clear gave a man a terrible wound on the head. A second wife was, I learned, lying dreadfully wounded, a little way from the kraal, and the third had escaped unwounded. All the other wives are prisoners in a kraal close by, and with the cattle will be taken to Prince Umahanana's kraal. They will be nothing but slaves to him, and the girls, when grown up, will be sold for cattle.

"I now considered that my first duty was to see what I could do for the living, so I covered the dead over with grass, and went to the kraal where the executioners (too mild a term for one of them) were staying. Soon a considerable company was gathered round me, some from curiosity and mischief, and others from very different feelings. I spoke kindly to them at first, appealing to their better natures. I lamented what had taken place, expressed my hope that none present had been personally interested in what had been done, and ended by saying that I meant to do what I could to cure the wounded, and hoped they would not interfere with me. Several of the better-disposed approved, and praised my mercy, but others jeered and said I must pay them blankets. I then altered my tone, and in no uncertain sound proclaimed the wrath of Heaven upon the bloodthirsty and cruel man, until the blackest of them became *pale* before me. These men have consciences, and I have reason to know that a single word often clings there like a serpent, entwining itself closer and closer around the man's being, the more he strives to drive it away.

"They all agreed but one young man, who said I must give him two blankets. I stood up and said, 'Well I am going, but mark what I say. I cured your cousin of a bad knee' (he had fallen from his horse, and the knee-cap had got on one side), 'I have just successfully treated your neighbour Umatyana. It may be that before long you, or some of your tribe, may be glad of my help, and I give you my word, which I will not break, that you may die every one of you, before I move one step to look at you.' This brought him to his senses, and he apologized, saying that he had only been in joke. I must explain that it was necessary for me to seek their consent, for they had left the two poor women as dead, and had I attempted to remove them without respecting their authority, they might have come in a rage and quite killed them.

"After this I returned to the poor sufferers. The wounds of the elder I have already described. The younger

was wounded in eight places, the worst through her left breast right into her chest, wind even coming out of it when she turned. Wonderful to say, she was able to walk all the way to the station, a distance of more than two miles, but the other was so old and weak we were obliged to put her on horseback, Adams and Usajabula supporting her on each side. They are both in the sitting-room, and most sad it is to see them, and to listen to their sad complainings. I have a hope—a very slight one it is—that they may recover, but so very little can be done for such mortal wounds, especially the one in the chest. Ututose was born in the year in which Chaka was killed and in which Dingan became king of Zululand. The elder (Umdwendwe's mother) must be between 70 and 80. She is quite white-headed, has not been more than a few yards from her home for years, and is nearly blind.

"A boy and two girls, children of Umdwendwe, passed here this morning in charge of a young man on their way to Umahanana. The man came this way to inquire after another full-grown girl and a boy who had made their escape during the night while their captors were asleep. He expected to find them here, but I knew nothing of them. I was glad to see and comfort the poor things. The eldest, a girl, was crying bitterly. I gave them each a piece of cloth to cover them, for the wretches had taken everything from them. One was a child of Ututose, and it was very touching her parting with it.

"Poor Umdwendwe! How very differently he deserved. He worked like a slave for Umahanana, building his kraal, planting and weeding his garden, and this is the return. In his time he had been in several battles, and bore the marks of several wounds. When I remarked that with one he must have had a very narrow escape, he replied so nobly that 'the Lord had not said he should die that day.' I added that I hoped He had graciously spared him in order that he might end his days in His service. It cannot be but that a judgment will fall upon this bloody land, and I think I can see signs of that day not being very far distant.

Any comments on this bloody deed must seem trite and unneeded. Mr Robertson has done all that he could to alleviate the sufferings of the living. From Ketchwayo he obtained permission to keep the mother and wife of Umdwendwe, so he was able to shut the mouths of whoever might wish to do them evil. On the 15th May he wrote that he was thankful to say they were much better, and able to walk about a little. He also tried to get some of the children from Prince Umahanana, who refused them, but promised to give a child one day. The last account we have had of these two poor women was written on the 1st of June, 1865. Mr R. says:

"I fear we shall not be able to do much with Umdwendwe's old mother, beyond feeding and clothing her. Ututose is forgiving and resigned to her lot, but the other spends her days in lamentations and revengeful thoughts. One day I told her to put away angry thoughts from her, and that God in His good time would visit the guilty. She replied with a grunt that it would be well if He did so quickly, she should be happy then. Another time she startled me with an explosion of breath like a puff from a steam-engine. I asked her what she meant. She named certain parties, and said, 'I wish I could blow so and make them as sick and sore as I am.'"

Mr Robertson's own heart was very sore when he discovered that two of his neighbours, both of them much indebted to him for help in their troubles, had not only been concerned in poor Umdwendwe's murder, but regretted that he was allowed to do anything for his poor mother and wife, fearing that they would speak badly of them to him. One of them, Ungiza, was extremely bitter against poor Ututose, who was related to him. She begged for a little beer when

she was ill. His wife made it for her, but when he heard of it he would not allow it to be sent. This man died very suddenly on the 21st May, after an illness of only a few days. The witch-doctor died on the 24th. Neither of these men applied to Mr Robertson for help. They thought he would be angry with them. Mr R. wrote:

"I was both glad and sorry they did not; glad because having such thoughts in their hearts, their families might have said I killed them had they died, and sorry not to have the opportunity of shewing them how very differently we Christians act under such circumstances. Another witch-doctor who was instrumental in bringing about Umdwendwe's death, has been killed by Prince Dabulamanzi, charged with having poisoned one of his men. These events are impressing them much. My answer to them of course is, 'Except ye repent,' &c. I preached on Sunday to them from the text, 'Can the blind lead the blind?' and I entered fully into their belief in witchcraft and witch-doctors. I grieve to say that this evil is very much on the increase among this poor people. I expect it will come to a climax one of these days, as it did among the Amatonga. No congregation could be more earnestly attentive than they were, and I trust that some of them at least felt the truth of what I said."

On the 25th April, late in the evening, two messengers arrived at Kwamagwaza from King Panda, desiring Mr Robertson to go immediately to see him, as he was very ill.

The following entry is taken from his journal:

"*April 26th.* As it was impossible to go last night I started this morning, accompanied by Daniel, William, Heber, Umanembeza, and the two messengers. We slept at a kraal on the edge of the bush. I proposed going on by moonlight, but the messengers objected, several times

having been lately seen here. I was very tired, and not sorry to stay. The people were very kind, and we had a goodly company at the evening service. When lions are supposed to be near, the Zulus will not speak about them, believing that to do so causes them to come. I began talking about them when one remonstrated, but another said, 'Oh! he is a white man, his talking won't matter.'"

On reaching Kanodwengu Mr Robertson found the King very ill, and suffering from bronchitis. The Princes Uhamo and Ketchwayo had arrived that day, each with a large number of followers, and the scene of confusion and quarrelling was indescribable. The King had not tasted food for four days, and was not expected to live, but for the time he has made a wonderful rally. Mr R. administered calomel and antimonial wine, and says:

"This is the second time I have been called to the King in illness, but I hate it much, he and those about him are so troublesome. I have had frequent interviews with Ketchwayo and other great men; I cannot say how kind the Princess Ubatonyile (Umkungo's sister) was to me, sending me ample supplies of food every day, mealies, amasi, pumpkins, and beer. Neither did we want for beef. Besides sending goodly joints of beef, we ate a whole ox, *i. e.* we and our numerous friends. After three days not a bit of it was left. Perhaps you will say, 'Why did I not keep it for the wagon?' I might have done so, but it would have been unhandsome, and we ought to be careful not to appear mean. I had many conversations with Umasipula and Usirayo, (the latter I consider one of the most enlightened chiefs in Zululand,) and at their urgent request I have promised to visit them both at their homes this year."

One visible fruit of this visit to Kanodwengu was the present of a little boy called Rutele, one of the sons of the King's doctor, who wished him to be

brought up like Hali and Billy. Mr Robertson thus describes him:

"He is a thoroughly nice active manly little fellow. Two cows have been sent me to help to support him. His father's position is one of great peril, and it was that consideration mainly that made him give this boy to me; 'I wish,' he said, 'to have at least one child in safety.'"

It was also on this occasion that he obtained leave for the mother and wife of Umdwendwe to live unmolested at the station. The poor old woman's unforgiving spirit has been mentioned, but the description of Ututose is beautiful. Mr R. says:

"She was most grateful for all that was done for her, and told her brother I was both father and mother to her. She is often talking of being always here and being a Christian. Once when she was talking thus I said, 'Oh! perhaps if you get well your friends will take you away, as they did one of the women who stayed so long with us last year.' She replied with an earnestness which shewed her sincerity, 'They shall kill me first. Never, never shall I again live in a hut.' I do not conceal from her how very little hope I have of her recovery. I tell her of a better world and a Saviour. Her answers on such occasions are all that one can expect, 'I love the Lord. I delight to worship in church. I did so even when you were from home. I know my Saviour, I know His name—Christ. I trust in Him, I praise Him.' What more can we expect from such a poor afflicted creature? She likes me also to pray for her, and frequently talks of my beloved wife. During her illness she was delirious at first, and I was obliged to sit up with her all night; Adams, who is everything to me that I can desire, taking the first half of the night's watching. I asked her if she knew me? she answered, 'Yes, Umfundisi.' 'Shall I pray for you?' I said. 'Yes.' I then prayed for her and commended her to God. I never thought she would see the light of another morning, but in

a short time the bloody expectorations from the wounded lung began to indicate that nature had nearly built up her wall of fortification against the dread enemy. It is very interesting now to observe her gradual reconcilement to our civilized ways, and I trust her change of heart. On her first coming I supplied her with a blanket; afterwards, when she was able to move, with a piece of cloth to put round her, and after a time with a shirt, which with some demur she put on. By and bye she of her own accord asked for a skirt, which I gave her, with a pocket handkerchief for her head. On Sunday she asked for a book to learn to read. I gave it her, and was surprised before the evening to find that with Blanche's help she had mastered the alphabet nearly."

One of Umdwendwe's murderers was brought to the station with a frightful wound in his back, in a state of high fever, and with so very little strength left, that no hopes of his recovery were entertained. The charges against Umdwendwe should have been mentioned before. Mr Robertson says:

"They were numerous. He is said to have caused the death of people 80 miles and more from hence, and where he has not even been for years. Four of the charges can be traced to private malice, but the one which immediately caused his death was, that he had bewitched Ungidhlana, one of the king's sons, who a few days previously had a crick in his neck. Hitherto the king had protected him, but as a continual dropping at last wears away the hard rock, the accusation of bewitching his son did the work.

"About 4 o'clock on Easter morning,' Mr R— says, 'I heard some one come tap tapping at my window, and looking out I saw a little girl, who in a low voice said, 'I am Dwendwe's child, let me in.' I opened to her at once, and found it was Usilungile, a girl of about fourteen. She had run away from a kraal about thirty miles distant. She had started directly after dark the night before, and had

come alone all that way. I did not know what to do with her, but for the time I hid her in the room that used to be occupied by my niece. I tried to persuade her to go back, for running away is fraught with much danger, but liberty is sweet; she determined at all risks to try and find her two brothers, who are hiding somewhere in the valley of the Umhlatuze, and cross over to Natal. Oh how sad it is to witness such suffering, and feel so helpless to relieve it! The witch-doctors, who are thorough mischief-makers, describe the future of Umdwondwe's family as a black hill, newly burnt, without one green patch to rest the eye upon. The Easter sun is shining brightly. Oh that the Sun of Righteousness, whose risen glories we this day commemorate, may soon shine into the hearts of the Zulu rulers of this land, and give the people rest!

"The Boers in South Africa are an aggressive race, and it may be that in the hands of the Almighty Disposer of events, they are destined to be the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in this heathen land. War is a frightful calamity while it lasts, but we know that God can bring good out of it. Almost any change must be for the better, but I cannot but dread the consequences which may ensue, should the Boers get possession. They have seized the territory of a small tribe lying between them and the Amaswazi, and abutting upon Zululand. The Germans had a mission there, but were obliged to leave, the Boers demanded £3000 for the land."

On Whitsunday Mr Robertson writes:

"Inclusive of Adams (the only white man besides myself) 14 communicated to-day, only 3 being absent, one from illness, and two away from home."

The long experience which Mr Robertson has had as a missionary to the heathen, entitles his opinion to some weight upon the question as to how Missions may best be carried on; and as the following letter contains matter which has given rise to frequent and

earnest thought in those who have read it in MS., it is inserted here, in the hope that the hints he throws out may some day be practically carried into effect. The *Zulu Church Society* of which he speaks, is merely a knot of friends who have taken a special interest in the work of which Mr Robertson has the charge, by whom his letters have been read, and from whom he has received assistance, in money to pay native catechists, &c., and in clothing for his people.

This letter was written to one of these friends:

"There is one thing which has been occupying my thoughts very much of late, which I should like to communicate to you. It appears to me that our beloved Church is only *learning* how to conduct missions to the heathen—a work essentially different from that which the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* has hitherto carried on among our own countrymen in foreign parts. There can be no doubt whatever, but that the Apostolic mode of sending out a Mission was, to send a Bishop at once with his little band of Priests and Deacons. However small that band might be, a Bishop was deemed a *sine qua non*. Without a Bishop on the spot I am sure the work can never prosper as it ought. I see this more and more every day. I believe that the office of a Bishop is of Divine appointment, and we cannot look for an equal blessing to follow an imperfect organization. Another point which ought ever to be borne in mind by the promoters of missions to the *heathen* is this: that such missions are, and *ought to be*, from their very nature, always spreading and extending. If this does not take place, then like a tree which ceases to grow, they will fade away and die. A healthy Mission is like a healthy and increasing family. The analogy here is complete. In a family, if the children do not increase it will in the natural course of things come to an end. But, as children are born and grow up there are increased calls upon the parent for fresh out-

lay. Clothing, food, and a number of other things, must be provided. Until the children arrive at a certain age every thing must be done for them—and so it is with new missions to the heathen. Unlike the missions among white people, who may be expected to do something for themselves from the very first, and more and more as years go by—they call for increased outlay. After a time no doubt they too will not come behind in this duty of self-support; but we cannot expect it soon. Two points are thus suggested to us: (1) That when a Mission is established, it is not enough to provide for it only what is requisite for the first starting, but also for its expansion. (And in this respect *I* have no reason to complain. I bless God for having put it into your heart, and into the hearts of so many others, to provide for this in the Zulu Mission.) (2) That where it is possible, advantage should be taken of such means as God may place within our reach, to do something for ourselves on our several Missions towards rendering the work self-supporting. Now, to my mind, Mission-work is not less important to a Church, than is the building up in the faith, those members already within her fold. A healthy Church ought to be Missionary both at home and abroad. The religion of Christ is essentially an aggressive religion—and when any Church ceases to fight the Lord's battle, itself will begin to decline and die. Herein especially it will be found to hold good, that 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth:' and our own measure will be large or small in proportion to the measure of our liberality to others. No—the importance of Mission-work cannot well be over estimated. But when we look at the Church of England, and compare her greatness with what she is doing to spread the Gospel among the heathen, one cannot but be humbled, and alarmed too, to find what a faint proportion the one bears to the other.

"Now what I should like to see is this. The Zulu Church Society (a name I do not like, it is not *catholic* enough) extend itself so as to embrace the whole Church. And why should not this be? 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole

lump.' In fact, I should like to see it become a kind of religious Order, with its manual of devotions and rules of action—something like the Order of St Vincent de Paul or St Francis de Sales. From them we might get many valuable hints. I should not interfere with the S. P. G. The world owes too much to that venerable Society for anything to be done that would interfere with her. Rather should it be her right hand in raising funds for her. I think it well that the zeal of individuals should not be cramped by forbidding them to contribute to particular objects, but the rule should be that whenever a favourite mission is assisted, an equal sum should be paid into the general funds of S. P. G. I can well understand S. P. G.'s operations being much hindered, if individuals were largely to patronize their favourite missions, and the work suffering in other parts of the world.

"These are a few hints which I have hastily thrown out. If they possess any virtue which will tend to the glory of God and the good of His Church, may He grant His blessing, and stir up your heart and many other faithful hearts to take the work in hand. I can well imagine such an Association exercising a most healthful influence upon the Church at home. *Love* to God and man ought to be its distinguishing feature, excluding every subject of a polemical nature, and constraining the members to works of charity and prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our faith is sorely assaulted in the present day by infidelity. Against this solid argument is very good, but a not less efficient instrument of defence will be, a movement which will give individuals plenty of work to do, and will teach them lessons of piety and devotion to God."

In the last letter that has been received, which is dated July 2nd, Mr Robertson speaks of the efficiency of native teachers, and gives an account of the daily life and needs of a missionary in Zululand:

"I had occasion lately to send Heber and Daniel to the

King to fetch an ox, which the kind old gentleman had told me (by a messenger) that I might send for, and he kept them nearly a month. Heber possesses the gift of a ready tongue, and I hear that he got on excellently with Umasipula and other great men. Umasipula often had them in his hut, and asked them to read and sing hymns to him. Prince Umahanana has begged to have one of our young men, Joseph, to live with and teach him. I fear to send one so young as Joseph to live in a heathen kraal, but I do not mean to let the opportunity go by unimproved.

"I am sure it is good to make use of natives largely in this work. A white man may talk till his throat is dry, and the natives will say, 'Oh, that is the inheritance *by nature* of the white man. *Nature* did not mean it for us.' It is different when they see the Christian graces shining under a black skin.

"Here is a picture of the daily life of a Zulu Missionary.

"*Sunday.* Prayers at sunrise. 10 A.M., full English service. 12, native service. 3 P. M., Sunday-school. 6.30, native service.

"*Every day in the week.* Prayers at sunrise, and school for all, young and old, until breakfast-time. 9.30 A.M. English prayers. 10—11, school for children. The rest of the day devoted to study or visiting the people. School again and prayers in the evening.

"At times however the Missionary must throw off his coat, and lend a hand at brick-making, brick-laying, planting, &c.

"With regard to food, I hold that if a man in health has plenty of porridge and milk, bread and butter, meat and vegetables, tolerably regularly, and tea and coffee as the beverage, it is quite enough, and as a rule it will never do for a Missionary to go beyond that. We can do without other things, and wine should only be taken sparingly, as a medicine, when necessary. I am very sorry that any thing should be diverted from the 'Mackenzie Fund' that can be helped."

These remarks were elicited by Mr Robertson hearing that wine and other things were on their way to him from friends in England.

I will now conclude with a few words to those who from reading this Memoir may wish to help forward this Mission, which is under the charge of one so devoted and single-hearted as well as judicious as Mr Robertson, and with the rise and progress of which, these pages will have made them acquainted. The mission to Zululand is supported by the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, who maintain Mr Robertson, Mr Samuelson, and a native and English Catechist. The latter is now on his way from St Augustine's College to Kwamagwaza. A Memorial Fund to the late Bishop Mackenzie has been raised, and is administered by the S. P. G. By means of it Alfred Adams was sent out, and his expenses are paid; and when a married couple is found willing to go, the 'Mackenzie Fund' is bound to assist them. By it too the Mission begins to be self-supporting. One native Catechist is provided for by friends in Scotland.

For many years it has been a wish of Mr Robertson to make his Mission self-supporting, and Bishop Chase, the Missionary Bishop of America, who he says as one of his model bishops, "helped forward his work very much by means of flocks of sheep and herds of horned cattle." Zululand is eminently fitted for a project of this kind, as it supplies Natal with most of the cattle used in the colony. Mr R. writes:

"I imagine that the history of many a once-promising Mission will be this. At first they are well supported, but after a time their first friends are one by one removed by

death. Some find it inconvenient to continue their help, and the interest of others cools, as the claims of new missions are brought more prominently before them. Of this we cannot complain. It is quite right to expect the youth, who has long been fostered and nourished, to begin in time to stand alone. But in missions to the heathen this period of nonage does not terminate so soon as is desirable. It therefore becomes, I think, a sacred duty for missionaries and their friends to do every thing in their power to render their work self-supporting."

Mr Robertson's great wish then is, to have a little stock of breeding cattle attached to the Mission, which shall be marked and known by all on the Station to be Mission property, and of which a report shall be sent home yearly, by all connected with the work. The present price of full-grown cows in Zululand is 2*l.*, in Natal 5*l.* or 6*l.*, and oxen from 6*l.* to 10*l.* (cattle are considered full grown when they are about four years old); and most likely the price of cattle will rise rather than fall in Natal as the white population increases. Mr R. says on this subject:

"It cannot be objected that we are thus becoming traders, for the buying will be done entirely by our people; they do it much better than I could, and it is anything but a pleasant job for a white man to buy from a Zulu, so much talking is necessary."

Another consideration which favours the wish of Mr Robertson is, that there is no currency in Zululand. Everything is bought and sold by barter, the commonest necessaries of life: food: labour: everything: it is not therefore introducing a new principle to grant him his wish. 100*l.* was what he asked for soon after he was settled in Zululand. Had this sum been then

expended on the purchase of cows, they would now have begun to bring in an annual income of 250*l.*

"Few things," he says, "would give me more happiness than to work for God, doing all for His glory, without being chargeable to any one."

But Missionaries in South Africa have not only to maintain themselves. It is essential that they should endeavour to get as many boys and girls as possible to live with them, and these must be supported and their labour paid for. They cannot live in their kraals as Christians, they must come out and be separate. Mr Robertson has several so living with him, and the Samuelsons would have more had he the means of giving them 3*l.* or 4*l.* with each child.

With respect to clothing what is most wanted is:

For the women:—Skirts and jackets of printed cotton, fast colours, and woollen petticoats for the cold weather. Also chemises of unbleached calico.

For the men:—Shirts of strong blue calico, such as is worn by working men at home, and of strong blue flannel for winter. Also working coats and trousers made of shepherd's plaid in flannel, or of a strong grey cloth that washes.

For children:—Boys and girls of all ages; smock-frocks for the one, and frocks and chemises for the other.

For native women, a very favourite garment is, four large pocket-handkerchiefs two yards square, when sewed together.

For the princes and other great men:—Presents of gay table-covers, coloured scarves, &c. &c. are very acceptable.

For barter:—Selampore (a dark blue cotton material), common knives and small beads, are chiefly used.

***Any information that is wanted may be procured by application through the Rev. W. T. BULLOCK, Secretary to the S.P.G. 79 Pall Mall.

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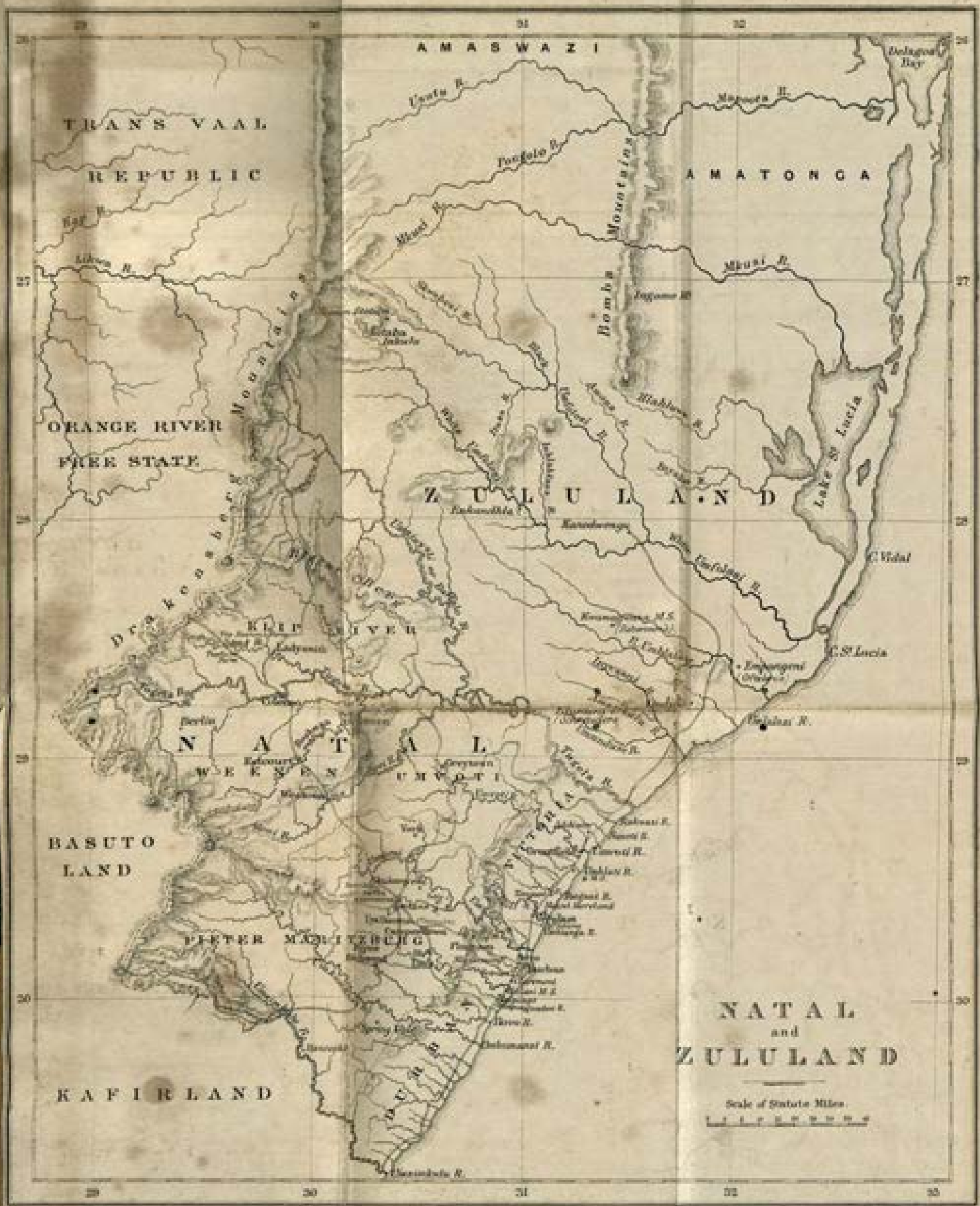

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